May 22, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

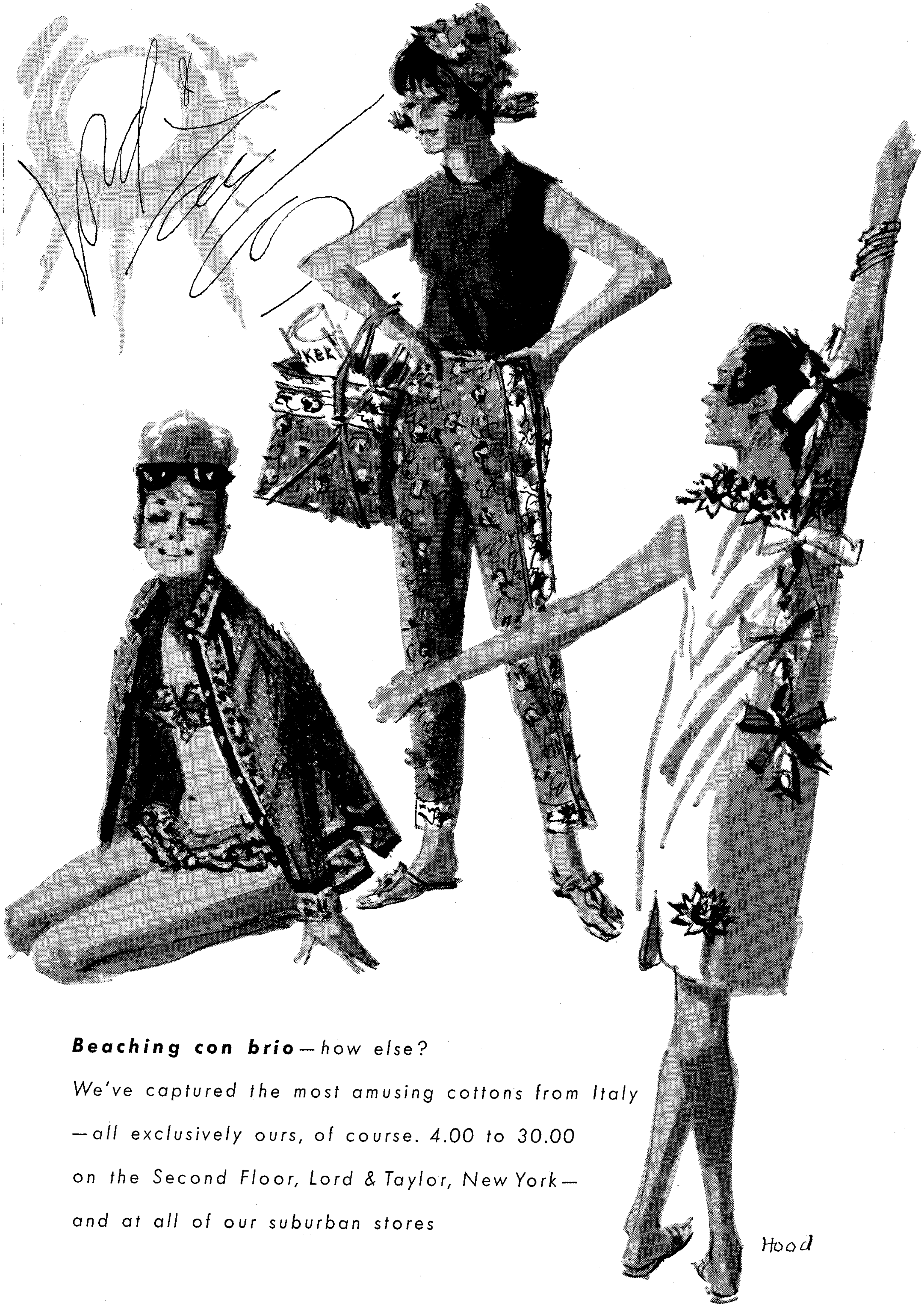
"Commander, you make the best Tonic drinks in the world."

"Schweppes makes the best Tonic drinks in the world, my dear. Schweppervescence, remember? Curiously refreshing."

"I like Schweppervescence. It tickles my nose."

TONIC MIXER
Schweppes
QUININE WATER

Lord & Taylor



Beaching con brio—how else?

We've captured the most amusing cottons from Italy —all exclusively ours, of course. 4.00 to 30.00 on the Second Floor, Lord & Taylor, New York— and at all of our suburban stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Amen Corner—A meandering account of some sad and funny events in a Harlem store-front tabernacle. Written by James Baldwin a dozen years ago, the play, for all its discursiveness, does occasionally offer an arresting scene. As the pastor of the church, Bea Richards is apt indeed, and so are most of her colleagues in the enterprise. Directed by Frank Silvera, who also figures in the action. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Catch Me If You Can—An almost interminable whodunit about a man whose wife disappears during their honeymoon in the Catskills, only to be replaced in the bridal bed by a toothsome pretender. Dan Dailey, Tom Bosley, and Bethel Leslie do what they can to inspirit this leaden enterprise. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—A limited engagement of Tennessee Williams' play, starring George Grizzard, Pat Hingle, Piper Laurie, and Maureen Stapleton. Directed by George Keathley. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Luv—Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson all mixed up in a cheerful soufflé by Murray Schisgal. Directed very comically by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40: Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's comedy concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment is by long odds the funniest thing that has come along this season. Mike Nichols (him again) directed it, and everybody in the cast, led by Walter Matthau and Art Carney, is admirable. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A comedy by Bill Manhoff that contains two characters—one a pedantic would-be author with a weakness for voyeurism (Alan Alda) and the other a distrustful prostitute (Diana Sands). Intermittently amusing. Arthur Storch has directed the play most capably. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tiny Alice—An almost completely mystifying drama by Edward Albee, in which the world, the flesh, and various kinds of devilment get quite a metaphysical workout. John Gielgud, Irene Worth, John Heffernan, and Eric Berry do as well as anyone could expect. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 22.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. Barbara Cook is the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and George Gaynes. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bajour—Gypsies having a gaudy time dancing, singing, and swindling in Manhattan. The musical has a book by Ernest Kinoy, who made use of the researches of Joseph Mitchell, and the music and lyrics are by Walter Marks. Peter Gennaro did the choreography, and Nancy Dussault, Chita Rivera, Herschel Bernardi, and Robert Burr lead the large cast through its paces. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Baker Street—Sherlock Holmes vs. Professor Moriarty in a musical bout that is only fitfully entertaining. Jerome Coopersmith wrote the book, and Marian Grudeff and Raymond Jessel did the music and lyrics. Fritz Weaver is Sherlock, Inga Swenson a girl who loves him, and Martin Gabel the dread Moriarty. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 23.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Richard Rodgers, not at the top of his game on this occasion, has composed some incidental music for a musical rendition of Arthur Laurents's "The Time of the Cuckoo." The tunes are periodically pleasant, but not outstanding, and the lyrics, by Stephen Sondheim, are not precisely catchy. Elizabeth Allen and Sergio Franchi play an American spinster and a married Venetian blade in pursuit of her. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel gives a splendid performance in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. Jerome Robbins provided the choreography and direction, Joseph Stein did the adaptation, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick created the music and lyrics, which are often effective. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Flora, the Red Menace—The early thirties viewed retrospectively in a musical written by George Abbott and Robert Russell, and directed by Mr. Abbott. It doesn't make the depression days any more stimulating than they actually were. The music (John Kander), the lyrics (Fred Ebb), and the dance arrangements (Lee Theodore) are by no means noteworthy, but the cast, headed by Liza Minnelli and Bob Dishy, labors valiantly against heavy odds. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. This adaptation of an Odets play is distinguished by a couple of fine production numbers but by little else. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Half a Sixpence—Tommy Steele disporting himself happily in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps" that is full of pleasant airs and diverting dances. David Heneker wrote the music and lyrics, Onna White did the choreography, and Gene Saks is responsible for the over-all direction. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Had a Ball—A mob of drifters at their fun and games on Coney Island. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are in it. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FUNNY GIRL:** The late Fanny Brice, as portrayed by Barbra Streisand. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Calisthenics with Carol Channing. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?:** The life and times of an upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. With Steve Lawrence, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Roar of the Greasepaint—The Smell of the Crowd—A musical by Anthony Newley and

	Page
BOOKS	174
THE CURRENT CINEMA	167
LETTER FROM LONDON	123
MUSICAL EVENTS	169
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: THIS AND THAT	128
THE RACE TRACK	118
THE THEATRE	114

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLI, No. 14, May 22, 1965. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1965 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. Other foreign, $11.00.

To turn the tide against dryness that exhausts your skin...

Revlon creates a remarkable moisture-and-cream concentrate

REVLON
'MOON DROPS'
MOISTURE CREAM

New

'Moon Drops' Moisture Cream

This is a new and different kind of night cream—so delicate, so exquisitely light, so readily adsorbed—you're barely aware of it at all. While other night creams may coat your face with grease or leave it slick with oil, 'Moon Drops' seems to disappear instantly. It goes beneath the surface to lend your skin the vital moisture it needs. This moisture works from within—all night long—to help rescue your skin from dryness. Use it faithfully. Your skin will wake up looking rested and replenished...feeling deliciously fresh and springy to the touch!

(You'll also want to enjoy new 'Moon Drops' Moisturizing Body Balm. It lets you treat your skin from head to toe—as beautifully as you treat your face.)

THE COMPLETE 'MOON DROPS' SERIES INCLUDES: NEW MOISTURE CREAM; NEW MOISTURIZING BODY BALM; MOISTURE BALM; MOISTURE FOUNDATION; SKIN CONDITIONER AND FRESHENER; MOISTURIZING CLEANSER; FIRMING FACIAL; MOISTURIZING BATH OIL; ULTRA-MOISTURE BALM (FOR EXTRA-DRY SKIN).

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Leslie Bricusse, starring Mr. Newley (who is also the director) and Cyril Ritchard. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—New York City Center Light Opera Company: Patricia Morison, Bob Wright, and Nancy Ames in **Kiss Me, Kate.** The second in a series of four shows by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 30.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—Final performances of the season—**Tartuffe,** Molière's old war horse about a pious fraud, has been newly translated by Richard Wilbur. Michael O'Sullivan, Hal Holbrook, and Larry Gates are in it. Performances Thursday and Friday, May 20-21, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 22, at 2 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Arthur Miller's lengthy drama **After the Fall,** which is apparently autobiographical, deals with intellectual and political difficulties of all sorts. Hal Holbrook has the leading role. Performances Sunday, May 23, at 2 and 7:30; Tuesday through Friday, May 25-28, at 8; and Saturday, May 29, at 2 and 8. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

APA at the Phoenix—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Giraudoux's **Judith:** Thursday and Friday, May 20-21, at 8:30; Saturday, May 22, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, May 23, at 2:30 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, May 27-28, at 8:30; and Saturday, May 29, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Tolstoy's **War and Peace:** Tuesday and Wednesday, May 25-26, at 8:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Amato Opera Company—"Il Trovatore." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays, Saturdays, and Thursday, May 20, all at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, May 29, at 2:30.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday, May 20, at 7:30; Friday, May 21, at 8:40; and Saturday, May 29, at 3 and 8:40: "H.M.S. Pinafore.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 3 and 8:40: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 23, at 3 and 7:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 25-26, at 8:40: "The Gondoliers.". . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 27-28, at 8:40: "Iolanthe." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

The Exception and the Rule and **The Prodigal Son**—The first play of this double bill is an adaptation by Eric Bentley of a 1929 Bertolt Brecht work, and the second a song-play by Langston Hughes. Opens Thursday, May 20. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A revival. Six actors, three of them colored and three white, perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 13.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

Othello and **Baal**—Shakespeare's tragedy in repertory with an adaptation by Eric Bentley and Martin Esslin of the Brecht play. "Othello": Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ "Baal": Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Mystery and torment and wildly funny talk are again the ingredients of these brilliant one-act comedies by Harold Pinter. "The Room," his first play, written in 1957, takes place in a dingy rooming house; the country setting for "A Slight Ache" is far more genteel. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Sound of Silence—The daughter of a conventional Southern family brings a Negro clergyman home for the weekend. The play is weak but otherwise harmless, and so is the performance. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. LO 4-2298. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3:30. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

Square in the Eye—A play by Jack Gelber, with Philip Bruns and Carol Rossen. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

That Thing at the Cherry Lane—A revue with sketches and songs mostly by Jeff Steve Harris, and with a cast that includes John C. Becher and Jo Anne Worley. Staged by Bill Penn. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

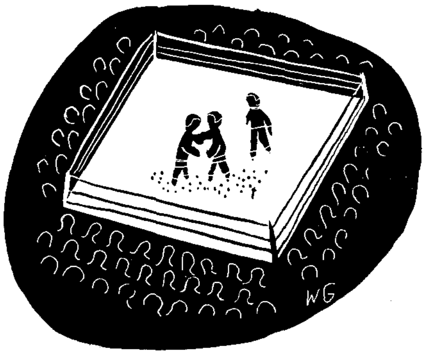
The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis is the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Wives—Anne Meacham in a play by Lionel Abel, directed by Herbert Machiz. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, May 20, at 8:15: "Fanfare," "Apollo," "Interplay," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday, May 21, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "Donizetti Variations," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 2:15: "Four Temperaments," "Agon," "Meditation," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 8:15: "Agon," "Apollo," "Meditation," and "Donizetti Variations.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 23, at 12:45: "Four Temperaments," "Allegro Brillante," "Tarantella," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 23, at 5:15: "Episodes," "Pas de Deux and Divertissements," "Ivesiana," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 27, at 9 (benefit preview); Friday, May 28, at 8:15 (première); and Saturday, May 29, at 2:15 and 8:15: "Don Quixote." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 13. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)



Moiseyev Dance Company—A hundred and ten dancers from Moscow, plus a symphony orchestra, in a two-week engagement presented by S. Hurok. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1554. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 29.)

Percival Borde—With his company, in "Dark Rhythm," choreographed by Pearl Primus. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Ken Murray's Hollywood—Home-movie clips that go back to 1927 and include the faces and mugging of a lot of Hollywood people you thought you had forgotten. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Hudson Theatre, 141 W. 44th St. 757-9570. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

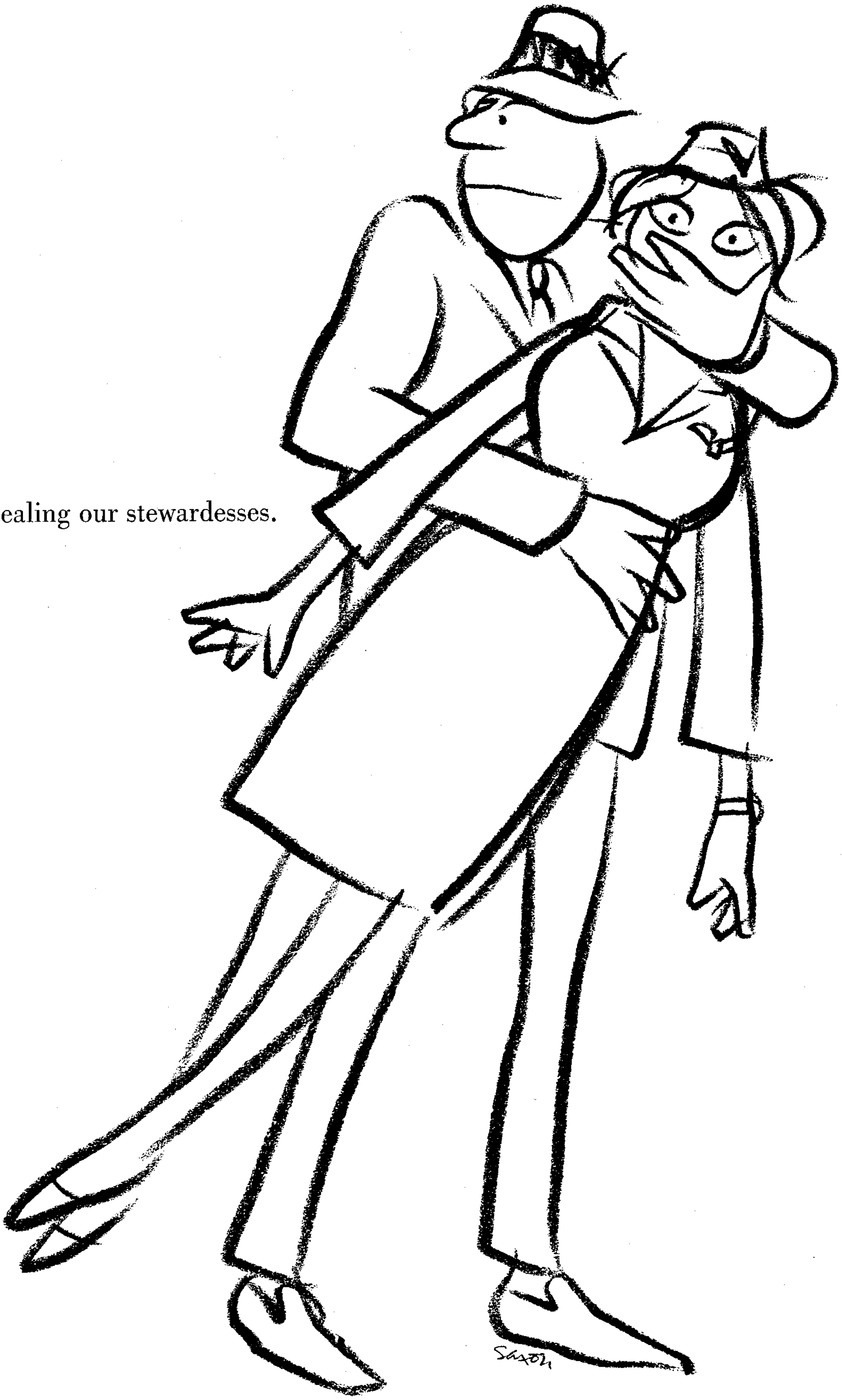
Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Carol Lawrence, who looks as though she could dance all night (and prettily, too), pauses once in a while to essay a ballad. This is the dinner and supper divertissement in the Royal Box, where there is music all evening, mostly from the band of Lee Evans, which does some nice work. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—George Anaya's Latinos are in the fairly formal restaurant, where, after a spate of at-ease music that runs from eight to ten, they turn to the light fantastic. Mondays are their holidays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The newest British colony, and one that wishes to preserve all the prerogatives of royalty. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra move the populace to mild exercise. In the Champagne Room, one absorbs sitting-down music by a romantic threesome (Ernest Schoen's). Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Just about as far as the eye of Samuel Clemens could reach. The period pretense is enhanced by Stan Rubin and his Tiger Town Five, who are on the dance deck from around dinnertime until after midnight. Sundays, though, when the Rubins are absent, the music is produced by the rubbing together of electronic tubes.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—In the Seven Hills, a scenic device that can *trompe* the *oeil* into imagining it is in Rome, the important monument is a clutch of Italian dance musicians, the Quintetto di Roma, with whom a tenor named Dino Palermo carols angelically. They start off at



People keep stealing our stewardesses.

Within 2 years, most of our stewardesses will leave us for other men.

This isn't surprising. A girl who can smile for 5½ hours is hard to find.

Not to mention a wife who can remember what 124 people want for dinner. (And tell you all about meteorology and jets, if that's what you're looking for in a woman.)

But these things aren't what brought on our problem. It's the kind of girl we hire. Being beautiful isn't enough. We don't mean it isn't important. We just mean it isn't enough.

So if there's one thing we look for, it's girls who like people.

And you can't do that and then tell them not to like people too much.

All you can do is put a new wing on your stewardess college to keep up with the demand.

American Airlines

Peck & Peck

Suntan show-off: white's bright look for the Peck & Peck Girl

Slip into stark white—and suddenly, your tan takes on a golden glow. Here, two-piece chic in an important new fabric look: cotton piqué, corded in wide ottoman stripings. Also in town black. 8 to 16, 30.00

Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia
Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis
Indianapolis • Atlanta • Minneapolis • St. Paul • Buffalo
Kansas City • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

eight. Curfew is at one, except Fridays and Saturdays, when it is postponed until two. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's Yale crews works out every night in the Café Pierre, so no dance-lover's foot need ever be idle here. Yvette Souviron, who chirps at her work, plays solitaire piano every night but Monday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Fighting trim is the favorite costume of Eartha Kitt, the small but resolute spitfire who bursts into fairly special song during the Persian Room's dinner and supper hours. Music for the customers is done by the peppery small band of Mark Monte and Burt Farber's smooth and new Plaza Orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano tinkle away from four-fifteen to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. The duo's holiday is always Monday, when the Edwardian Room makes do just with piano. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court is transformed into a fashionable watering place in Erewhon, where—to the tune of Gunnar Hansen's eloquent violin—the fine arts of the pastry-maker, the coffee chef, and the vintner are celebrated until one. No celebration Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The top of the evening to you—i.e., the sixty-fifth floor and two rooms (cocktail and dining) with a view. Michael Longo's orchestra, an easy, *en-famille* group, does the dance tunes in the second of these cubicles from eight to one every night but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Quintero, whose dance band brings out the Latin latent in all of us, has the run of the Maisonette, that venerable affair of state, and so does the band of Charles Turecamo, which brings out the Southampton and Water Mill in all of us. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a smaller and calmer *salle à manger*, affords the musings of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano from dinner through supper. Closed Sundays.

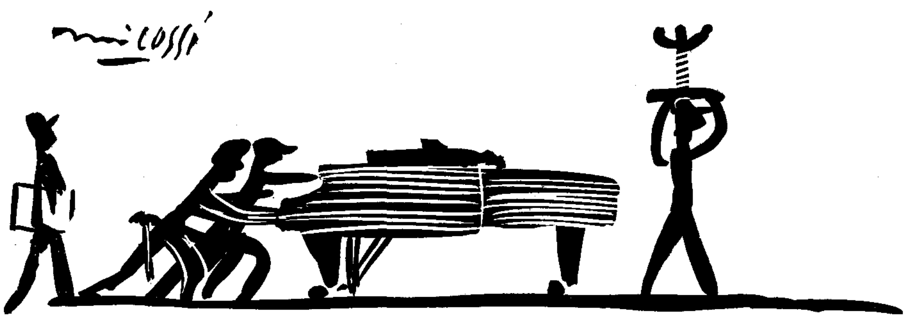
Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—The temple belles who frequent this up-to-date excursion up the Nile are expert in such sacerdotal rites as the Frug, the Watusi, and the St. Vitus, and so are their young men. The music comes, between seven and ten, from a trio and after ten off a tape measure, and the nights (except Sundays, which have a 1 A.M. curfew) are long—until four Fridays, until three the rest of the time.

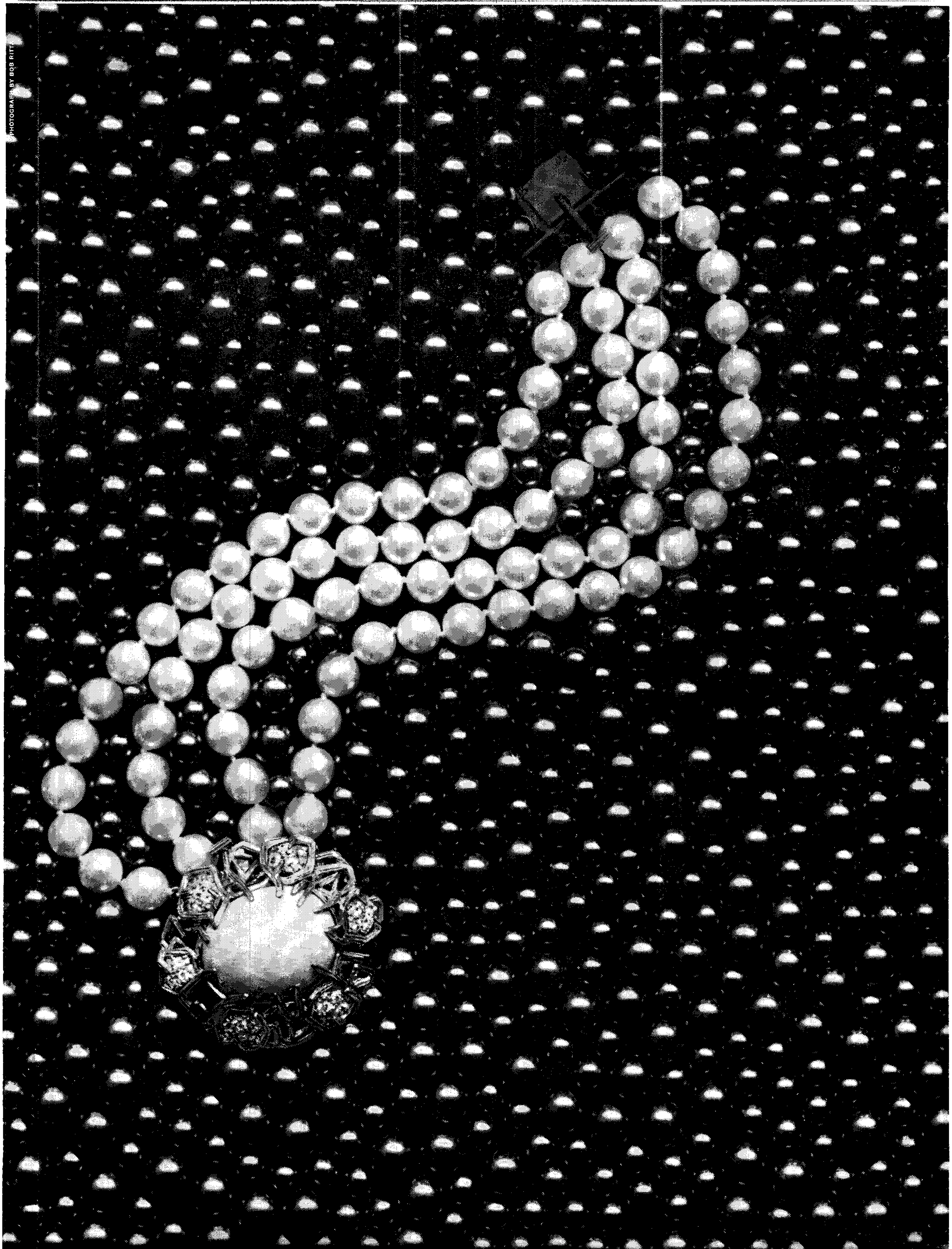
Note—Mass participation is no problem at all in **roseland dance city**, at 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), for the dance floor is the size of the playing fields of Eton. The air is complacent and conducive, and among the perquisites are two orchestras, bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays are rest nights.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Young America at table, at play, at ease. Oh, a few fogeys—old, middle-aged, and even quite youthful—too, but not many. The party begins at cocktail time with piano, operated just about without cease until early morning. The music—solo during the evening, four-handed after the theatre—issues from permutations and combinations of Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself. Closed Sundays. . . . **in boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Moonlight in the formal gardens of Firenze. The occasional singers are hearty in both Italian and American. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **drake room**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): A fairly diplomatic mission, presided over by the piano of Cy Walter, which keeps the room temperature at a most comfortable balance between warm and cool. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **le caprice**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The words Bobby Short sings in his nighttime stints (ten-thirty until two) often suggest that the only trade it is permissible to indulge in is the carriage one, and his surroundings compound this ducal state of mind. His stalwart aides, apart from his facile piano, are Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Earlier on (cocktails through dinner), there is sedate piano by Jules Kuti. Closed Sundays. . . . **il mio**, 65 E. 59th St., in Delmonico's Hotel. (EL 5-2500): The elaborate needlepoint here is done by a record-player that never grows weary, and the free-form, untogetherness dancing it eggs on is led by the inventive and invincible Tanya Everett, earlier in the evening part of "Fiddler on the Roof." Audience participation, rife and rugged, starts at eight and ends at three. The list of edibles is much more restricted. Closed Mondays. . . . **sheraton-east**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): The kingpin of the Café Ambassador is Ray Hartley, whose piano regards show tunes as characters with distinct individual idiosyncrasies. He is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Le Palais, the down-cellar restaurant here, is a little Austria almost armorial in its bearing and ardently devoted to the cuisine and the wine of the country. Hans Hansberg's zither is another appropriate touch. Seven to ten is the running time. Closed Sundays. . . . **downstairs at the upstairs**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The care, promotion, or prevention of love—aye, there's the rub, but Mabel Mercer's words and music, offered up in her stately, ceremonial fashion, help the inexperienced to make the choice. She sets to at ten-thirty. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be always, her accompanist. Closed Sundays. . . . **el chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The most venerable Spanish settlement in the New World. The natives, unrestless during the day, go nuts about singing and dancing at night. It is legal for the audience to prance, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **château henri iv**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): That merry old soul Hans Christian Andersen slept here, and his castle walls still ring in tune to the music of his fiddler one, Norbert Faconi, dean of the tribe of our stringed friends. No music Sundays. . . . **king henri iv**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated by an expense-account court jester. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **waverly lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past ten years, is the definitely permanent party in the rumbustious corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to the consideration of the worthiest tunes and lyrics of our day and yesterday. . . . **roma di notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Rome as it might look from a villa in Frascati. The musicians who march up and down from six until two would be at home in Frascati, too. Closed





PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB RITT

TIFFANY & CO. NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57th ST. • SAN FRANCISCO 233 POST ST. • BEVERLY HILLS 9601 WILSHIRE BLVD. • HOUSTON FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG.

Bracelet of cultured pearls with clasp of turquoise and diamonds in 18 karat gold

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

Deep tone checks
are favored by the knowing traveler, especially this 3-part, cool seersucker, unlined suit of cotton and Arnel* triacetate with matching dark shell and bias trim of spun rayon. By David Crystal in green-black, gray-white-black or brown-black. Sizes 8 to 18. (N-6) 40.00
4th Floor

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000
Also at our Branches

*Celanese reg. T.M.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Not all the legions are Roman, but the table talk and some of the cookery could persuade one that he is having a night out on the Via Veneto. A set of dulcet violinists and such are also out at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The New Spain can be as handsome as the Old. In the largest of the four rooms that prove this premise, a guitar (Gustavo Lopez) dwells, from seven until twelve, upon the delights and the deliriums of Iberian love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this dining room, and it's a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of a guitar (José Luis Franco) that holds forth from eight to one. No music Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The old life of the Isle of Jamaica is giving way to something else (tourism, perhaps), but mourners can enjoy a decent wake on these premises, which have a very Isle look and cuisine. A Jamaican wandering minstrel parades from dinner through supper every night. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The last chance on the way home for those whose workaday lives are passed in the ateliers where wax and film are the tools of the trade. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced six days a week by a tireless jazz trio and on Sundays by a solitary pianist. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin, whose piano does *not* believe in clichés. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A cote to delight the view of any bird's or biped's eye. In the bar, off the principal dining room, the ear is cozened—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): The games mistress is Nancy Steele, who sings a frolicsome song; the man of the house (and of the world) is Jimmie Daniels, the perpetual, who does a brisk ditty; the professor is Murray Grand, who plays a reminiscent piano. This high-fidelity reproduction of club life in the outgoing days begins at five-thirty, with piano; the rest of the doings begin at ten, along with the jazz background of Ronnie Ball and Sonny Dallas. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): It's Town Hall Tonight every Sunday in this rambling and picturesque *ranchero*, which is south of several borders—Mexican, Argentine, Peruvian, to name three. The menu is below our borders, too, and so is the music—flamenco singers, dancers, and players on the briskest sort of patrol from one to nine. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Blithe hearts and gentle people, immersed in the Hungarian lively arts—zimbalon, violin, soprano, tenor, the dance, the last of which is provided for by Béla Babai's band. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): The fifth-floor Crown Restaurant is a startler for adherents of the original school of Hudson River architecture, but it should amuse the rest of us. It offers a good look at the river of the same name all the time and a harp belonging to Gerald Goodman, a pretty bright boy, from seven to ten-thirty every evening. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): St. Petersburg in the irrevocable past, or in a sort of Neva Neva Land. Marina Fedorovskaya, the landed proprietress, sings the great big sad songs of her native heath as the chef puts more chicken à la Kiev on the fire. Brooding violin and piano fill the interludes between her concerts. The hours are seven-thirty until two. Closed Mondays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Bunty Pendleton, who hails from the days when Volstead thought he was President, plays peppery piano and sings bouncy words from six to three. Lynn Richards spells her at the keyboard. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The uptown drill hall for the palace guard. George Feyer's old-lace piano does the tinkling. His musicales run from eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ENTRE NOUS,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The return of Ramon Zabala, who once ran the music room called La Zambra. The chef can quick as a wink turn Spanish, as before, but the music, which sets to at ten, arrives by direct wire and is devoted to American folkways, American dance. Curfew is late, and Sundays are dark. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Is it Naughty Marietta, Frou Frou, or the Merry Widow singing away at dinner and (Fridays and Saturdays) at supper, too? No, no, it is our own Rita Dimitri, giving her arias the classic soubrette treatment. Dream-sequence dance music happens now and then, as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, whose specialty is calm, collected pianism, is in the Casino-on-the-Park, an ample rest haven, from five-thirty until midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The next voice you hear will be your waiter, your busboy, having a tilt at Verdi, Leoncavallo, or whatever. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Life of ease, with proper attention to décor, part of which is the piano of Muriel Roberts, who owns a carefully guarded inclination toward progressive jazz. She's on duty from six to eleven every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the bar-restaurant. Johnny Ryan potters around the piano from six-thirty to one every night but Monday; Enzio Lembo chortles to his own guitar from nine-thirty to one every night but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Gaggles and even galaxies of girls, long, lean, and luxurious, prancing and prattling through a mighty extravaganza called "Tonight's the Night." Along with them go Edie Adams, a *diseuse* and chanteuse of some renown, and the team of François Szony and Nancy Claire, who impart an Olympian grace to their ballet. These three characters depart on Saturday, May 22, and one night later Mamie Van Doren, a figment of the Hollywood imagination, who walks, talks, and sings, will arrive. Dancing for the guests, too. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Johnny Mathis, who can weave a melodic line into the oddest formations, is doing the singing. The humor comes from some wit or other; the youth and beauty come from a fetching set of prancing damsels, one of whom—Jane Zachary—is an ideal door prize. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, a sort of Beatle babble commences on the bandstand at ten, and there's not a moment's peace from then until four. No dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The voice of Ella Fitzgerald, which neither bends nor breaks under the weight of all the glorious ballads—both soulful and bab—she puts upon it, is heard in the land. Wild Bill Davis's band works itself into a tizzy, and Ram Ramirez plays that big, poignant piano of his. Closed Sundays. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): A house divided: On the one hand, Neil Sedaka and his crew, or What Hath Elvis Presley Wrought?; on the other hand, a girls-girls-girls romp, partly Seine and partly Nevada. Twice a night every night is the scheme. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): All the truths in "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the just about peerless Julius Monk revue, are spoken in the best of jest, not to mention the bitterest of. Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason wear their Monkish habits with excelling skill; Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Barbara Minkus, and Nancy Myers are the neatest of playmates and foils. Robert Colston and Carl Norman are at the continuous pianos. Tee-off times are nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, Spain's largest private army, is marching, singing, and gallivanting like

THE MERCEDES-BENZ 220. PURE AUTOMOTIVE DESIGN—FROM THE INSIDE OUT.

Mercedes-Benz advocates the wide-open door policy.

The most dramatic opening of this or any other season: the big, big doors of the Mercedes-Benz.

Lets the ladies be lady-like, stepping in or stepping out, and you can see (above) how they love it.

The Mercedes wide-open door policy is based on a simple view of automotive design. You start with the passengers—their comfort, safety, the space they'll need.

And then you build the motorcar around these considerations.

From the inside out.

This is design logic. It lets you have graceful entrances, graceful exits, and graceful interiors. And you may have real wood, real leather combined in the Mercedes-Benz living room for lasting luxury.

You ride a little higher in a Mercedes—in spirit and in fact.

And you ride a lot safer in a Mercedes. You'll appreciate the padded dash and steering wheel; the pliable window handles and the recessed handles on the doors.

This is what design logic leads to: safety, comfort, quiet elegance.

Your own logic will lead you, sooner or later, to step up and into a Mercedes. Maybe sooner.

MERCEDES-BENZ

GOING TO EUROPE? FOR TRAVEL GUIDE, WRITE HANS VON BROCKHUSEN, MERCEDES-BENZ OF NORTH AMERICA, INC., 158 LINWOOD PLAZA, FORT LEE, N. J., 07024
MERCEDES-BENZ OF NORTH AMERICA, INC. A SUBSIDIARY OF DAIMLER-BENZ A. G., GERMANY

We know of nothing that gives makeup a smoother finish than loose powder. And who knows better than Charles of the Ritz?

Charles of the Ritz

mad. The daughter of the regiment is Luisita Sevilla, a ballerina to cozen any eye. These characters give their vast all at dinner and supper through the week, thrice on Saturdays, at dinner on Sundays. The orchestra of Emilio Reyes offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order occurs on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ After ten, in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The second edition of the small revue entitled "The Game Is Up" deals with many matters of exceeding inconsequence, and does it with the enthusiasm of a household pet discovering an especially succulent bone to pick. The deal is in the hands of the same editorial staff, led by R. G. Brown, whose patent disbelief in the reality of anything at all places him among the merriest of Andrews. His most valiant accomplices are Carol Morley and Marian Mercer. Playtime is nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Cuba Libre, expansive in mood and cuisine. A vigorous ballet is enacted by a collection of Spaniards led by Lydia Torea and seconded by a lively wisp named Maribel de Cirez. These enthusiasts are turned loose at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty night after night. Dinner and supper go with all this. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The revue called "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen through the Eyes of Cole Porter Revisited" is a surprise package, for it brings from unmerited obscurity a great many arias that even the Porter partisans don't know. It likewise provides Kaye Ballard, queen of the May, with a regular field night, in which she is ably abetted by the voice and feet of sturdy Harold Lang. One small exception: The antics occasionally suggest that the producers have forgotten that nearly everything Mr. Porter wrote was pen-in-cheek to begin with. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays at eleven as well, is the deal. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Pillar of fire is Felicia Sanders' way with most of her ballads; tender is the night as she approaches others. She has the special advantage of first (and only) call on the songs composed by her accompanist, Irving Joseph. Also onstage: George Matson, a paragon among parodists, whose studies of womankind at work and at play are convincing and convulsing, as well as the double piano of Norene Tate and Warren Vaughn, which represents nostalgia at its best. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Sonny Rollins takes his own sweet time as he develops a theme and variations, and the resultant sound is all to the good. Herbie Hancock is the intermission pianist. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening sessions. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Erroll Garner, of whom there has been a great scarcity, is applying his high-pressure, high-handed tactics to a piano in a fashion that is dynamic, all right, if not especially diversified. Two sidemen are enlisted in the project. Leon Bibb combines artfulness and a rotund voice in his exposition of folk music. Dancing, too, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. One floor above the showroom, dinner and such are served from five to eleven every night but Monday, on which evening Symphony Sid (dear me!) talks about music and a Latin band plays it. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffee mill that grinds exceeding small in its effort to produce a fine-grained product—folk music in its native state. The names in the office directory change swiftly: The Bitter End Singers, a merry assortment of tomboy, tomgirl, and tomfoolery, will be replaced by the group known as the Womenfolk on Wednesday, May 26. Departing with the B.E.S. will be Woody Allen, a speaker who ranges in the most absorbing fashion from broad comedy to fantasy and on to a point of view almost psychodelic. Tuesdays are given over to visitors. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Music for civilization to fall down to, conveyed during the evening by such as the Village Stompers and during the late afternoon by other ilk. On Friday, May 28, Gene Krupa's firecracker brigade will join the night watch. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The music in this frontier blockhouse comes from Kai Winding's quartet, which has a good time living up the past. On Tuesday, May 25, Clark Terry-Bobby Brookmeyer's quintet and Ronnie Scott's quartet will be taking over. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Nothing but live ammunition is used on this old rifle range. The gun club is headed by Eddie Condon, and Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Cliff Leeman, Dill Jones, and Herb Gardner are the firing squad. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The trio of Teddy Wilson, precisionist and perfectionist, gets equal time with the quintet of Pepper Adams. Mondays, Walter Bishop's threesome is the sole occupant of the premises. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Willie Ruff and Dwike Mitchell, more interested in the steady beat these nights, are still applying nostalgic French horn and wide-ranging piano, among other things, to their intent music, which sounds like the music of no one else on earth. Helcio Milito is their drummer boy. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard operator gets in many good licks, too. Mondays they stay home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The spirit of the old 52nd Street lives on here. Wild Bill Davison, Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): New England barn dance. A small, articulate, traditionalist dance band starts at nine-thirty every night and quits rather late in the morning. On Sundays, a band that is given to rock-and-roll and such is in charge. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—the new youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. Sundays, from four-thirty to eight-thirty, the music comes in on a direct wire from Dixie.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

VIRGINIA BANKS—Casein and transparent watercolor on film; through June 12. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

GEORGE BELLOWS—Landscapes and figure paintings; through Saturday, May 29. (Allison, 32 E. 57th St.)

BEN BENN—An exhibition of paintings that is running concurrently with his show (ending Sunday) at the Jewish Museum; through Saturday, May 29. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARNOLD BLANCH—Nudes and landscapes; through Saturday, May 29. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

BRUCE CONNER—Assemblages (1954-64) and drawings; through Friday, May 28. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

JOSÉ LUIS CUEVAS—Drawings by a Mexican artist; through June 5. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

CLAIRE FALKENSTEIN—Free-form sculptures in

Saks Fifth Avenue

SEERSUCKER KEEPS SUMMER IN LINE—S.F.A's TWO-PART SHAPING, $26

Our split-level plan for sun-warmed days—partnered for town or country. The short-sleeved top with side-bowed roll collar resides over a stemmy skirt. A crisp, cooling blend of Dacron® polyester-and-cotton seersucker in blue, pink, or grey, striped with white. 8-16 sizes. Young Elite® Sportswear. Mail and phone orders filled.

BONWIT TELLER

ROSEBUDS BY THE SEA

Swimsuit of flowers with a shift to match...it's Tina Leser's delightful coupling in white rayon and linen embroidered with red. Suit, 10 to 18 sizes, 35.00. Shift, S, M or L, 28.00 No mail or phone, please.

SPORTS FLOOR

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Also in Manhasset White Plains Short Hills
Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tangled metallic wire and colored-glass nuggets, plus kinetic paintings; through June 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Henri Ford—Posters; through June 12. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Hostetler—Wooden-figure sculptures; through Friday, May 21. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Ralph Humphrey—Paintings; through Saturday, May 22. (Green, 15 W. 57th St.)

Taku Iwasaki—Collages made of aluminum sheeting and cast-off electronic parts; through Saturday, May 29. (Grippi & Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Morris Kantor—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 22. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz—An exhibition of drawings commemorating the twentieth anniversary of her death; through June 11. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fernand Léger—"The Figure," an exhibition of paintings (1913-54); through Saturday, May 29. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arthur Okamura—Landscapes and flower pieces by a West Coast painter; through Friday, May 28. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Reginald Pollack—Paintings and bronzes; through Saturday, May 22. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Leo Rabkin—Constructions; through Saturday, May 22. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Electronic pieces; through June 12. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dorothy Ruddick—Drawings; through June 4. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Gordon Russell—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes; through Saturday, May 22. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Kurt Schwitters (1887-1948)—A retrospective of nearly two hundred collages, assemblages, paintings, and drawings; through June 12. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Teiji Takai—Paintings; through Saturday, May 29. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Wilson—Landscapes and cityscapes; through Saturday, May 29. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

National Association of Women Artists—The annual exhibition of paintings and sculptures by the members of this organization (now in its seventy-fifth year), who are professional artists and number about seven hundred; through May 30. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **american federation of arts**, 41 E. 65th St.: "One Hundred Years of American Realism," a showing of watercolors and pastels (by, among others, John Singer Sargent, Henry Varnum Poor, and Robert Andrew Parker) from the Paul Magriel collection; through June 12. (Closed Saturday mornings.)... **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: Pop Art by Arman, Dine, Fahlstrom, Marisol, Oldenburg, and Segal; through Saturday, May 29.... **lewison**, 35 E. 64th St.: Paintings by Thomas Cole, Theodore Robinson, George Inness, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through June 26. (Closed Mondays.)... **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by the gallery artists, among them Waldo Peirce, Nathan Cabot Hale, and Robert Vickrey; through June 5.... **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by such artists as Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Stephen Etnier; through June 25. (Closed Mondays.)... **pace**, 9 W. 57th St.: Objects by James Rosenquist, Richard Artschwager, Chryssa, and others; through Saturday, May 29. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **greenross**, 41 E. 57th St.: A benefit showing of the Jacques Kaplan collection of paintings and sculptures by (to mention a few) Larry Rivers, Karel Appel, and Ben Nicholson; through Saturday, May 22.... **griffin**, 32 E. 58th St.: Art Nouveau and *fin-de-siècle* bicycling posters; through Saturday, May 29.... **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century flower still-lifes by, for instance, Fantin-Latour, Vlaminck, and Arbit Blatas; through July 2. (Closed Mondays.)... **kootz**, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, Ibram Lassaw, and other members of the gallery in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Saturday, May 29. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **david b. findlay**, 11 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings by, for example, Degas, Vuillard, and Monet; through Saturday, May 29.)... **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century French masters, including Bonnard, Utrillo, and Miró; through Saturday, May 22.... **saidenberg**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Picasso, Dubuffet, Giacometti, and others; through Saturday, May 29. (Closed Mondays.)

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until dark, starting Friday, May 21, and continuing through Sunday, June 13.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17.... ¶ Matisse, Brancusi, and Alfred Maurer are three of the artists represented in "Stieglitz and his Galleries," an exhibit paying tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) and comprising prints, photographs, drawings, and a few sculptures; through Oct. 17.... ¶ Italian drawings (by Piranesi, Canaletto, and Raphael, to name several) from the collection of Janos Scholz; through Sept. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"John S. Newberry: A Memorial Exhibition," a selection of about forty drawings (by Grosz, Klee, Modigliani, Bontecou, and others) either presented to the Museum by Mr. Newberry or purchased with funds made available by him; through June 13.... ¶ Collages (1950-65) by American artists, including Robert Goodnough, Robert Motherwell, and Conrad Marca-Relli; through July 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nearly two thousand objects covering fifty centuries of the arts of Indian peoples from the Arctic to the Argentine are on view in the new Hall of the Americas. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Glenway Wescott, Walter Lippmann, and John Cheever. Also paintings, graphic art, sculptures, and architecture by Alexander Calder, Andrew Wyeth, Marcel Breuer, and others; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

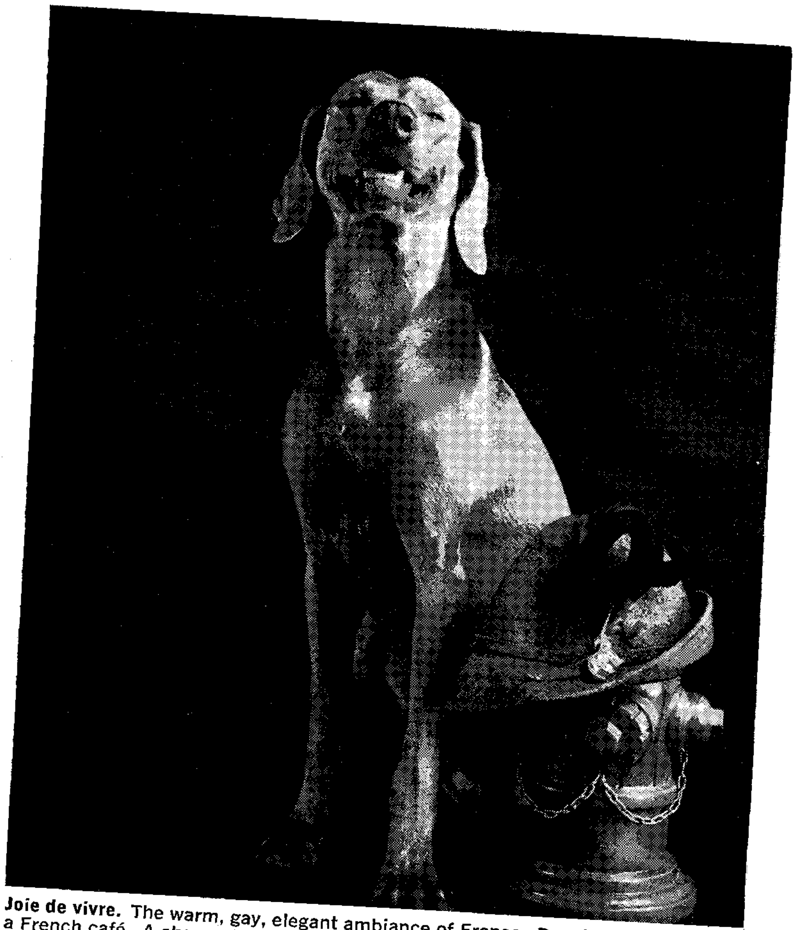
Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Mingei: Folk Arts of Old Japan," containing furniture, pottery, textiles, lacquers, paintings, dolls, and books; through July 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of master drawings, from Fra Bartolommeo to John Singer Sargent; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

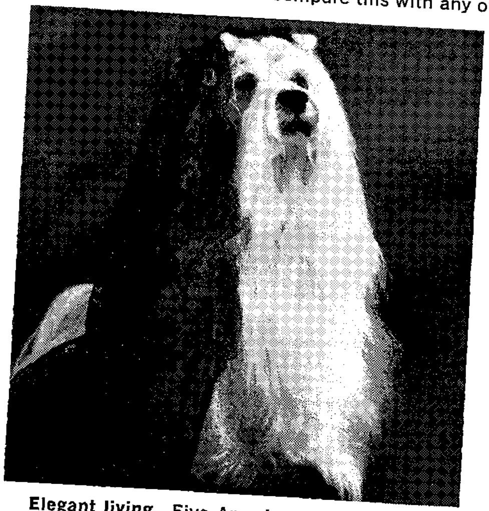
Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings (1877-1914) by William Merritt Chase, lent from American and European public and private collections; through June 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new galleries

Take a long look at what you get *besides* transportation on the fabulous S.S. France. It's the most civilized way to go to Europe. It's amazingly inexpensive, just 6¢ a mile. Compare this with any other means of "getting there."

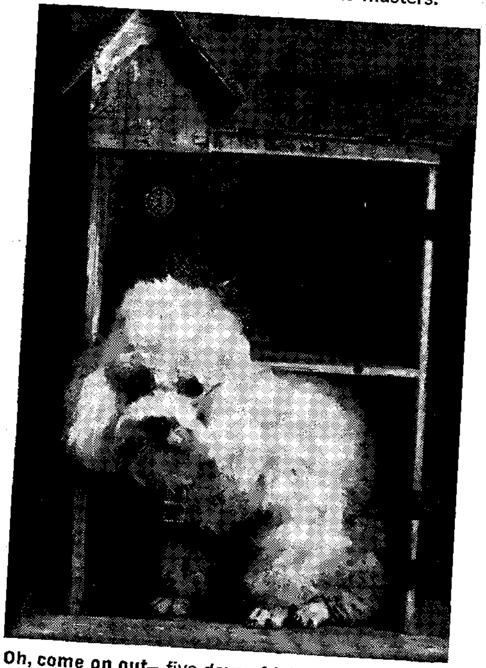


Joie de vivre. The warm, gay, elegant ambiance of France. Dancing, music in a French café. A chance to meet new friends, practice your French, go shopping in Paris, get a French hairdo. Learn the art of leisure from the masters.

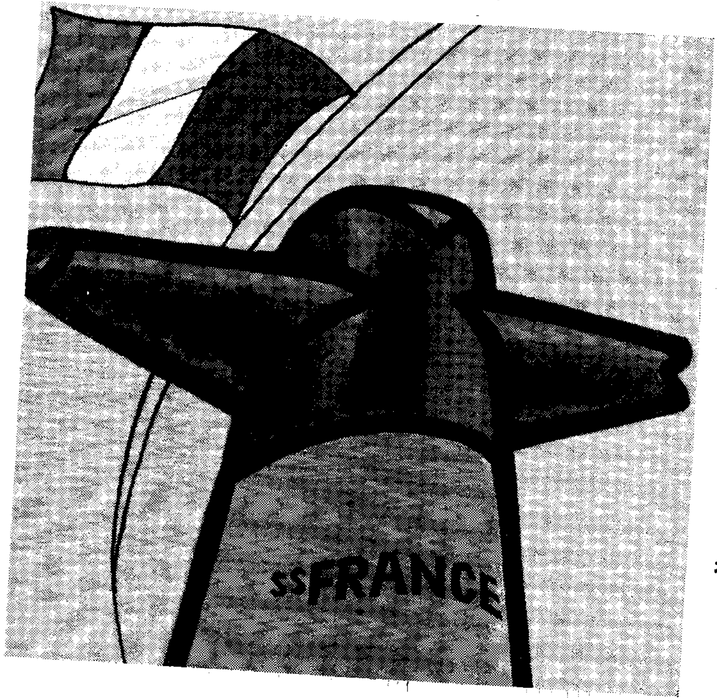


Elegant living. Five American breakfasts. Mid-morning bouillon. Five French luncheons. Tea each afternoon. Five French dinners. Vin rouge et vin blanc with luncheon and dinner, compliments of the line. Served in magnificent salles à manger with French Line service par excellence.

Spacious rooms and suites. Beautiful, thick carpets, air-conditioned, soundproofed. Swimming pools, saunas, golf, gymnasium. A palatial theatre—seats 700. Loads of deck space. Priceless works of art by Braque, Picasso, Utrillo, Dufy, Hillaire, Idoux, Jean Picart le Doux.



Oh, come on out—five days of leisurely living in France will do you good. There's nothing else like it on land, at sea, or in the air. It could easily be the most exciting part of your trip. And it costs less per mile than renting a car, riding a cab.



Five days of glorious living in France. French food. French service. French atmosphere. Joie de vivre.

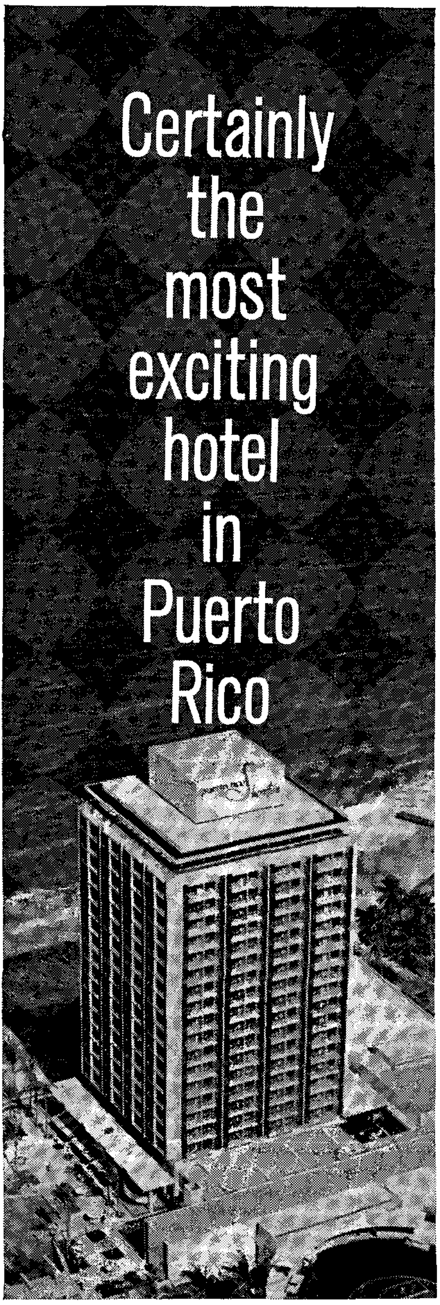
as little as 6 cents a mile*

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT SOON

REGULAR SAILINGS TO AND FROM ENGLAND AND FRANCE.
Excursion rates as little as **$330** First Class and **$176** Tourist Class.

*Based on ½ round-trip off-season Tourist fare to Southampton—even less with 15% or 25% reduction excursion rates.

French Line®
610 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.


Certainly the most exciting hotel in Puerto Rico

and rates start at $10.50*

You dine in the magnificent Alhambra on our 22nd floor with all of San Juan below you, you swim in the Atlantic from our front yard beach or in our gorgeous big pool, you fish in the deep-blue sea or play golf nearby or dance in El Salon Carnaval or shop in charming old San Juan or enjoy the wonderful view from your air-conditioned room. It's a great place! *Per person per day, two in a room effective thru Dec. 15. (Except $11.50 from July 1 thru Sept. 6).

For Insured Reservations call a travel agent, any Sheraton Hotel or Sheraton Reservation Offices: in New York—CH 4-0700, Chicago—SU 7-4585, Los Angeles—DU 2-8408.

puerto rico Sheraton
SAN JUAN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

constructed for them. Through Sept. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of landscapes, still-lifes, figures, and portraits by Ben Benn; through Sunday, May 23. . . . ¶ Paintings by the Belgian-born Paris artist Pierre Alechinsky; starting Friday, May 21. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.) A good complement to the Benn exhibition is his showing at the Babcock Galleries, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Dante," a seven-hundredth-anniversary exhibition of manuscripts and printed books; through July 30. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions; namely, the Morgan volume of "The Hours of Catherine of Cleves," master drawings, bookbindings, and autograph manuscripts; through June 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Hudson River Steamboat Portraits," a loan show of pictures by the nineteenth-century twin brothers James and John Bard; through May 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the South Seas," a display of a hundred or so objects (in wood, stone, ivory, jade, and the like) from Melanesia, Polynesia, Micronesia, and Australia; through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"A Decade of American Drawings, 1955-65," the eighth exhibition organized by the Friends of the Whitney Museum, with works by Charles Burchfield, David Smith, Larry Rivers, and others; through June 6. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, William Steinberg conducting the final performances of the season—A Gluck-Bruckner program on Thursday, May 20, at 8:30; Friday, May 21, at 2:15; Saturday, May 22, at 8:30; and Sunday, May 23, at 3 (no soloists); and performances of Bach's Mass in B Minor on Thursday, May 27, at 8:30; Friday, May 28, at 2:15; Saturday, May 29, at 8:30; and Sunday, May 30, at 3 (all with Lois Marshall, soprano; Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Kenneth Smith, bass-baritone; and the American Concert Choir.

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a program of baroque music, with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, May 21, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Music in Our Time: 1900-65—A concert followed by a discussion period with the program's composers, among them Easley Blackwood and Henry Brant. The last in a series of concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Thursday, May 20, at 8.)

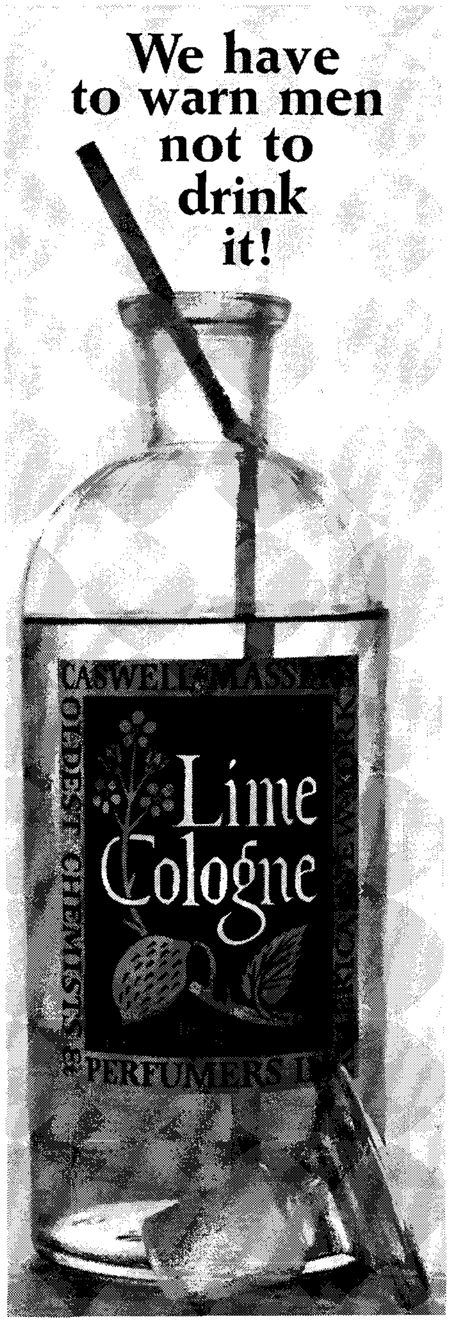
New Art String Trio—With Adele Addison, soprano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, May 20, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Friday, May 21, at 8:30.)

Virgil Fox—Organ, in a Bach recital. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, May 24, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Boston, Thursday, May 20, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, May 21, at 8; Saturday, May 22, at 2; and Sunday, May 23, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Monday, May 24, at 8, and Tuesday, May 25, at 2. . . . **shea stadium**: Mets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, May 26, at 8, and Thursday, May 27, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh,



Summer coolers don't come any more refreshing than this. Caswell-Massey's new Lime Cologne Water smells as good as a gin & tonic tastes. Intoxicating! One sniff, and you'll swear there's real lime juice in it. There is—and the fragrance doesn't fade. (That's the zesty difference between ours and others.) Caution: Caswell-Massey's Lime Cologne Water is definitely habit-forming.

Cologne Water from $4 plus tax; Toilet Water from $10.

At the best men's shops and department stores, or write:

CASWELL-MASSEY Co. Ltd.
Est. 1752
America's Oldest Chemists & Perfumers,
114 E. 25th St., New York, N.Y. 10010

Friday, May 28, at 8, and Saturday, May 29, at 2:15.

Boxing—Rubin (Hurricane) Carter vs. Dick Tiger, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday, May 20. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.) . . . ¶ Cassius Clay vs. Sonny Liston, heavyweights, 15 rounds. (Lewiston, Maine. Tuesday, May 25.)

Dog Show—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. Saturday, May 22.)

Hunt Racing—Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. A benefit meeting. (Purchase. Saturday, May 22.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30. The Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, May 22; the Juvenile, Monday, May 24; and the Mother Goose, Saturday, May 29. . . . **garden state park**, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2; last day Monday, May 31.

Sports-Car Racing—At **lime rock park**, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, May 22, at 1. . . . **watkins glen:** Saturday, May 22, at 1:30, and Sunday, May 23, at 1:05. . . . **bridgehampton race circuit**, Bridgehampton: Saturday, May 22, at 2:15, and Sunday, May 23, at 1:30.

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 28. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . **saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, May 20, through Saturday, Oct. 23.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene on Friday, May 28. In the meantime, there will be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, May 21, at 1:45: Garden and terrace furniture and sculpture, from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 27, at 1:45: Oriental art, from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, May 21.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

Hours—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits don't open until 10 A.M., although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. Now is probably the best time to go to the Fair, since it still isn't very crowded.

Admission—Adults $2.50, children (2-12) $1. Admission for children accompanied by an adult will be twenty-five cents on Mondays and Fridays in July and August.

Pavilions—The Winston Churchill exhibit consists of an almost endless series of photographs of Churchill, a collection of Churchill's paintings, and various objects related to his career, including political cartoons and Churchill cigarette and bubble-gum cards. Adults, $1, children, fifty cents. . . . ¶ The Spanish Pavilion is probably the best at the Fair. The exhibit of paintings is different from last year's, and includes two large El Grecos, two new Goyas, and a vast painting by Dali called "The Apotheosis of the Dollar." The Marisqueria restaurant is less expensive and less formal than the other Spanish restaurants, and is a particularly pleasant place to eat on a sunny day. . . . ¶ There is a booth at the I.B.M. pavilion where seats may be reserved for later in the day; for those who prefer to stand in line, on the other hand, I.B.M. provides live entertainment. . . . ¶ In the American Express pavilion, there is an exhibit of Pop, Op, and some more archaic forms of modern painting and sculpture by artists who are, for the most part, under thirty. Free.

for the warm days ahead...
OUR LIGHTWEIGHT SPORTWEAR
featuring our own styles and colorings

SPORT JACKETS *of Terylene® polyester and Irish linen in bamboo, straw, navy, green, white, faded blue, yellow or rust,* $57.50; *in fancy patterns,* $65

Navy, stone or light blue Brooksweave, $39.50

Hand-woven cotton India Madras plaids, from $42.50; *Dacron® polyester and cotton cords,* $35

Cotton seersuckers, $29.50

BLAZERS *of lightweight Dacron® and worsted in navy, hunter green, medium blue or rust,* $65

ODD TROUSERS *of Dacron® and worsted tropical, from* $27.50

Terylene® and Irish linen, $26.50

Dacron® and cotton Brooksweave, $17.50

Dacron®, rayon and mohair, $20

Pima cotton poplin, $17.50

BERMUDA LENGTH SHORTS, *from* $12

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
BOSTON · PITTSBURGH · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Banana Peel—A French melodrama distinguished by the presence, in a merry mood, of Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe, all of whom are worth watching for hours and perhaps days on end. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Becket—The witty tragicomedy by Jean Anouilh has been brought to the screen with surprising success. Richard Burton plays the murdered bishop, and Peter O'Toole plays Henry II. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 25. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; May 21-23.)

Goldfinger—The third James Bond picture, and well up to scratch. Sean Connery, of course, with Gert Frobe as a formidable villain. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 25.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—A Cinerama version of Christ's life, which has already been told well enough in the words of the New Testament. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 9:30 and 2. Reserved seats only.)

A Hard Day's Night—Yeh, yeh, yeh! (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

How to Murder Your Wife—Jack Lemmon stars in George Axelrod's amusing and deeply felt study of the horrors of marriage. Also on hand are Virna Lisi, Terry-Thomas, and Eddie Mayehoff. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting May 26, tentative.)

Mary Poppins—A picture-postcard version, by Walt Disney, of a creature who would have had no patience with picture postcards. Starring Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Masquerade—A rousing and purposely silly thriller, with Cliff Robertson and Jack Hawkins as a couple of incompetent conspirators. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 25.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn delightfully enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye—A more or less documentary study of an unhappy adolescent, written and directed by Don Owen and superbly acted by Peter Kastner. Much less gloomy than it sounds, and not to be missed. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger in the title role makes this account of a corner of hell in Harlem one of the remarkable pictures of the year. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—A wonderfully well-acted thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. The scene is in and around London. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 25. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through May 26, except the afternoons of Saturday and Sunday, May 22-23.)

Il Successo—An Italian comedy about how to get rich quick and be sorry, starring the great Vittorio Gassman and Anouk Aimée. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Train—How the Nazis, losing the Second World War, attempt to steal a whole trainload of French art. With Burt Lancaster and Paul Scofield, and ably directed by John Frankenheimer. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—*Garçon rencontre fille*, but with a difference, for in this captivating picture everyone sings and the buildings are rainbow-colored and sadness is hardly to be distinguished from joy. Music by Michel Legrand, screenplay and direction by Jacques Demy. The boy and girl are Nino Castelnuovo and Catherine Deneuve. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Zorba the Greek—Anthony Quinn plays a roaring, passionate old man, and Alan Bates plays a soft-spoken, unfeeling young one, in a melodrama set in a small and forbidding village in Crete. Michael Cacoyannis was the director and Walter Lassally the photographer. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 25.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 25.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting May 25.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; May 25.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; starting May 26.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 25. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; May 21-23.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; starting May 26.)

Girl with Green Eyes (1964)—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 26.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich Von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 21-24.)

He Who Must Die (1958)—A French picture about some Greek villagers who, in the course of staging a Passion play, unwittingly revert to the original roles. With Pierre Vaneck and Melina Mercouri. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

High and Low (1963)—A Japanese thriller based on an American novel about a kidnapping. Directed by Akira Kurosawa and starring Toshiro Mifune. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788; through May 24.)

The Lower Depths (1962)—A Japanese adaptation of the old play by Maxim Gorky. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788; starting May 25.)

Mafioso (1964)—A glimpse into the workings of the Honored Society, here and in Sicily. With Alberto Sordi. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; May 26.)

Open City (1946)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting May 25.)

Picnic on the Grass (1960)—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. Paul Meurisse plays a professor of science who forgets science at the sight of a good-looking girl in her skin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 22 at 1:25 and May 23 at 1:45.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle of the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 26.)

The Secret Passion (1962)—An account of the origins of psychoanalysis, directed by John Huston and starring Montgomery Clift. Formerly called "Freud." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 20.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 20.)

A Shot in the Dark (1964)—Peter Sellers as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 25.)

La Strada (1956)—An Italian film that deals with the fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 21-24.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; May 24.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 21-24.)

The Thin Man (1934)—William Powell and Myrna Loy in the Dashiell Hammett mystery. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; May 26.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—A three-part Italian comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through May 25.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through May 22, showings at 3, and on Thursday evening at 8: "Intolerance" (1916), directed by D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ May 23-26, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The River" (1938) and "The City" (1939), both documentary films. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE TRAIN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through the afternoon of May 25: "Peyton Place," revival, Lana Turner, Hope Lange; and "Return to Peyton Place," revival, Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler.
May 25, at 8:30: Telecast of the Cassius Clay-Sonny Liston fight. (Reserved seats only.)
From May 26: "The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders," Kim Novak, Richard Johnson.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through May 25: "In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.
From May 26: "Mirage," Gregory Peck.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through May 25: "Your Cheatin' Heart," George Hamilton; and "Signpost to Murder," Joanne Woodward, Stuart Whitman.
From May 26: "Girl Happy," Elvis Presley.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through May 25: "Taboos of the World," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration; and "Go Go Mania."
From May 26: "The Battle of the Villa Fiorita," Maureen O'Hara, Rossano Brazzi; and "The World of Suzie Wong," revival, William Holden, Nancy Kwan.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Harlow" (in Electronovision), Carol Lynley.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Through May 24: **HIGH AND LOW** (in Japanese), revival.
From May 25: **THE LOWER DEPTHS** (in Japanese), revival.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through May 25: "Mister Moses," Robert Mitchum, Carroll Baker.
From May 26: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival; and **DR. NO**, revival.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
GOLDFINGER; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 25: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.**
From May 26: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**, revival; and "The Battle of the Villa Fiorita," Maureen O'Hara, Rossano Brazzi.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through May 25: "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel; and "A Kind of Loving," revival, Alan Bates.
From May 26 (tentative): **HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE**; and "The Pink Panther," revival, David Niven, Peter Sellers.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through May 25: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** and "Seduced and Abandoned" (both in Italian and both revivals).
From May 26: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through May 25: "Mister Moses," Robert Mitchum, Carroll Baker.
From May 26: "Girl Happy," Elvis Presley.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through May 25: "Young Cassidy," Rod Taylor.
From May 26: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival; and **DR. NO**, revival.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through the afternoon of May 25: "Taboos of the World," an Italian documentary *film, with an English narration; and* "Go Go Mania."
May 25, at 7:30: Telecast of the Cassius Clay-Sonny Liston fight. (Reserved seats only.)
From May 26: "The Battle of the Villa Fiorita," Maureen O'Hara, Rossano Brazzi; and "The World of Suzie Wong," revival, William Holden, Nancy Kwan.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Magnificent Cuckold" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, Ugo Tognazzi.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE TRAIN.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through May 25: "Backfire" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean Seberg.
From May 26: "In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
Through May 25: "In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.
From May 26: "Mirage," Gregory Peck.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through the afternoon of May 23: "White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari.
From May 23, at 8:15: "Murder Most Foul," Margaret Rutherford.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
HE WHO MUST DIE, revival.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
May 20: "Knights of the Round Table," revival, Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner; and "King Solomon's Mines," revival, Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger.
May 21-23: **BECKET**; and **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival.
May 24: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival; and "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.
May 25: **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; and "Al Capone," revival, Rod Steiger.
May 26: **MAFIOSO** (in Italian), revival; and **THE THIN MAN**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE PAWNBROKER.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 25: **GOLDFINGER**; and **A SHOT IN THE DARK**, revival.
From May 26 (tentative): **HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE**; and "Dear Heart," Glenn Ford, Geraldine Page.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 26: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.** (On Saturday and Sunday afternoons, May 22-23, "Hansel and Gretel," a revival, with a cast of electronic puppets, will be shown instead.)

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through the afternoon of May 25: "Taboos of the World," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration; and "Go Go Mania."
May 25, at 7:30: Telecast of the Cassius Clay-Sonny Liston fight.
From May 26: "The Battle of the Villa Fiorita," Maureen O'Hara, Rossano Brazzi; and "The World of Suzie Wong," revival, William Holden, Nancy Kwan.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 25: "Die! Die! My Darling!," Tallulah Bankhead, Stefanie Powers; and "Code 7 Victim 5," Lex Barker.
From May 26: "The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders," Kim Novak, Richard Johnson.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
May 20: **SHADOWS**, revival; "Come Back, Africa," revival, a semi-documentary film; and "On the Bowery," revival, a semi-documentary film.
May 21-24: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau. (In addition to the regular films, **PICNIC ON THE GRASS**, a French revival, will be shown on Saturday, May 22, at 1:25 P.M., and Sunday, May 23, at 1:45 P.M.)
From May 25: **OPEN CITY** (in Italian), revival; **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival; and "The Young and the Passionate" (in Italian; formerly called "Vitelloni"), revival, Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 25: **BECKET**; and **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival.
From May 26: "The Battle of the Villa Fiorita," Maureen O'Hara, Rossano Brazzi; and "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
BANANA PEEL (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Bus," a documentary film; and "Albert Schweitzer," revival, a documentary film.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through the afternoon of May 25: "Crack in the World," Dana Andrews, Janette Scott; and "A Boy Ten Feet Tall," Edward G. Robinson, Fergus McClelland.
May 25, at 7:30: Telecast of the Cassius Clay-Sonny Liston fight.
From May 26: "Die! Die! My Darling!," Tallulah Bankhead, Stefanie Powers; and "Code 7 Victim 5," Lex Barker.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARY POPPINS.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through May 24: "Between Tears and Smiles" (with Mandarin dialogue).
From May 25: "The Kingdom and the Beauty" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG *(in French).*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through May 24: "The New Angels" (in Italian).
From May 25: "China!," a documentary film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
IL SUCCESSO (in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Male Hunt" (in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Sunset Boulevard," revival, Gloria Swanson, William Holden; and "Ace in the Hole," revival, Kirk Douglas, Jan Sterling.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 25: **MASQUERADE**; and "The Pleasure Seekers," Ann-Margret.
From May 26: **RICHARD III**, revival; and "Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 20: **THE SECRET PASSION** (formerly called "Freud"), revival; and "The Eternal Mask" (in German), revival.
May 21-24: **LA STRADA** (in Italian), revival; and **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival.
From May 25: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.

They fit into ANY outdoor picture because

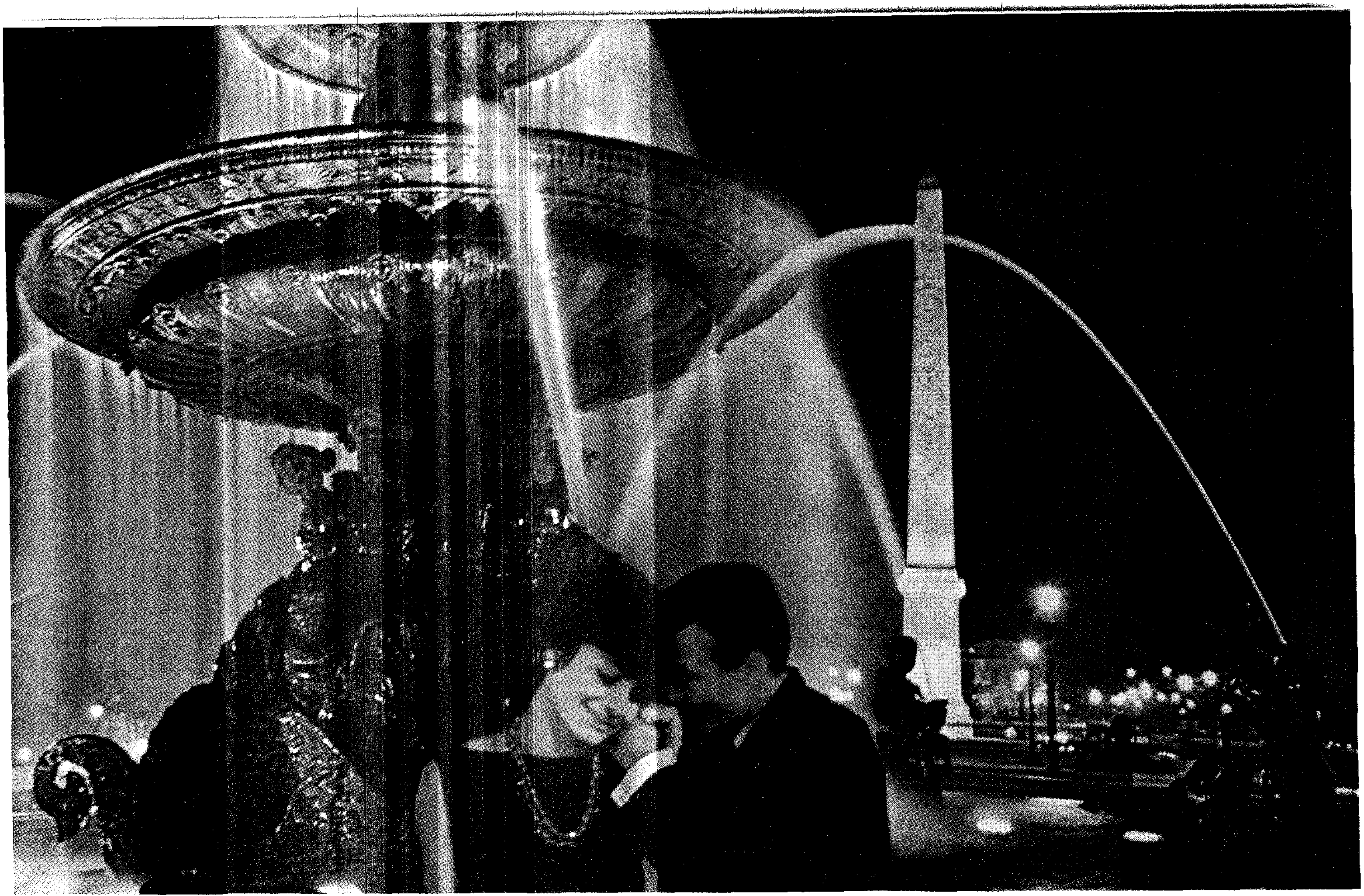
COOL-RAY POLAROID SUNGLASSES

shut out harsh reflected glare

Smart people know wherever they go that the sun's harsh reflected glare from water, beach, snow, roads and city sidewalks can be mighty uncomfortable. They see more and see more clearly with the smart, new styles of Cool-Ray† Polaroid® Sunglasses which eliminate reflected glare as no ordinary sunglasses can. That's because these remarkable sunglasses utilize Polaroid polarizing lenses, the best way known to science to eliminate harsh reflected glare. When you buy sunglasses, get the genuine and original Cool-Ray Polaroid Sunglasses. You (and your eyes) will be glad you did. Available in a wide selection of attractive styles and lens colors, plus slip-ons for those who wear eyeglasses, at drug, variety and department stores everywhere. From 98¢ to $5.98.

†T.M. Reg. by Cool-Ray, Inc.
®by Polaroid Corp.

COOL-RAY POLAROID SUNGLASSES
Also available in Canada.
Cool-Ray, Inc., 80 Heard Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02150



Place de la Concorde, where you'll fall under the unforgettable spell of Paris.

Europe?
TWA offers more for your money...

Everyone has low jet fares (as little as $300*). But only TWA adds all these extras!

Only TWA shows color movies over the Atlantic—makes flying time really fly. The big wide screen in your jet features the best from Hollywood—an Inflight Motion Pictures presentation.

Direct jets to Europe's best—no change of plane from the U. S. to: London, Paris, Rome, Shannon, Frankfurt, Milan, Zurich, Geneva, Lisbon, Madrid and Athens. Plus one-airline service from 70 U.S. cities—no terminal changes in strange airports.

A variety of quality tours. No other airline gives you more ways to adventure abroad. TWA shows you Europe by land, sea, air. There are trips for first-timers, old-timers. Even tours for golfers, gourmets, gardeners. Plus a stopover plan that lets you visit up to 20 extra cities at no extra fare!

**14 to 21-day round trip Economy Excursion fare, New York-London. Monday through Thursday, except for peak periods.*

Free! 40-page booklet—Europe on $10 or $15 a day! Plus new tour folders!

TWA, Dept. 412, P.O. Box 1460, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me TWA's $10- or $15-a-day Adventure Travel Plan plus the following:

- ☐ Popular and Grand European Adventures
- ☐ European Countryside/Capitals Adventures
- ☐ European Premium Adventures
- ☐ European Open Road Adventures
- ☐ Iberian Peninsula Adventures
- ☐ Mediterranean Air/Sea Adventures
- ☐ Other ____________

Nationwide
Worldwide
depend on **TWA**

Name ____________

Address ____________

City ____________ State ____________ Zip Code ____________

Telephone ____________

My travel agent is ____________

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

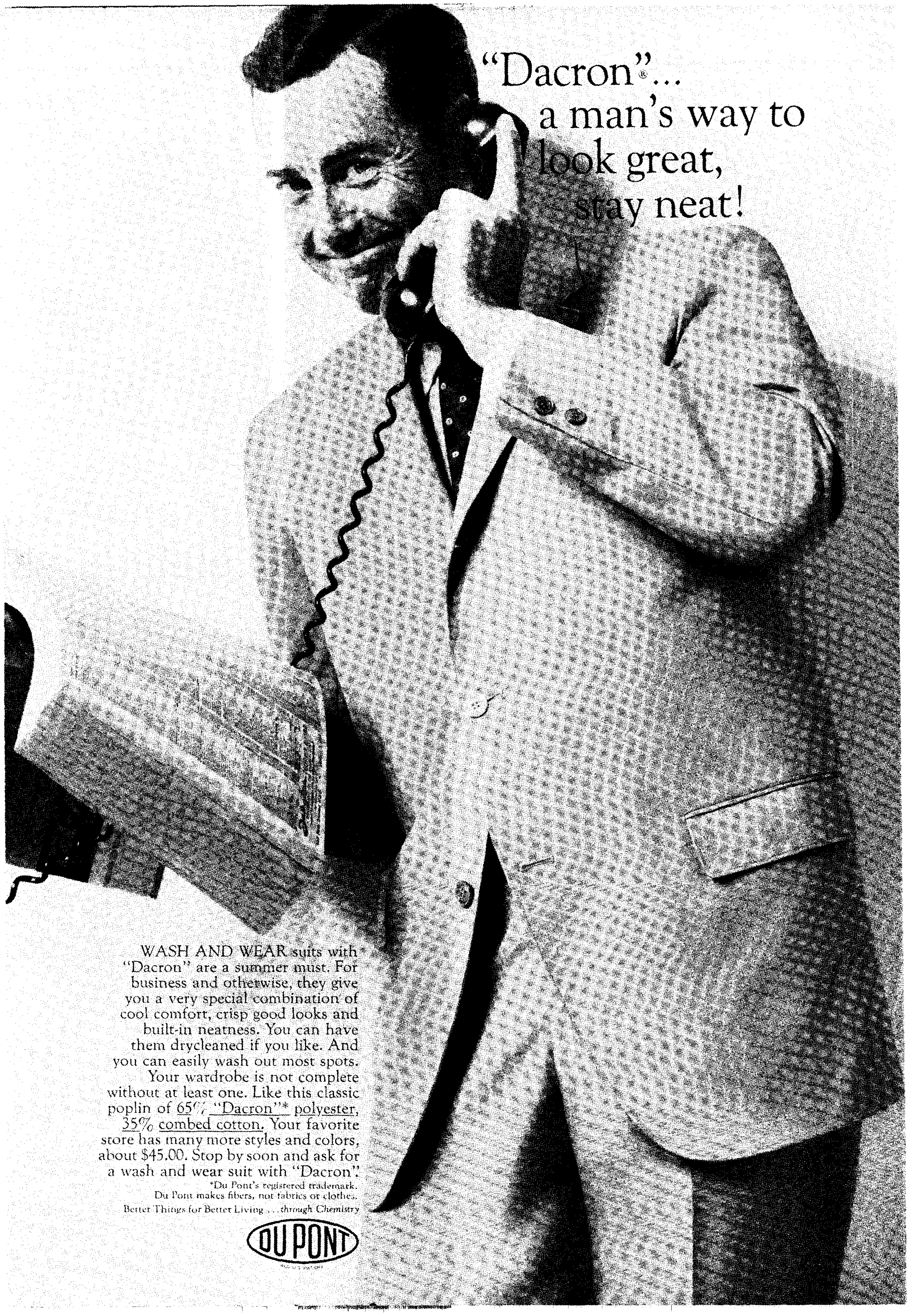
100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. SOLE DIST. U.S.A.: MUNSON G. SHAW CO., N.Y.

Classic light scotch –
100 years experience

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
VAT 69
Gold
CLASSIC LIGHT
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY

VAT 69 GOLD

Why are so many smart people discovering Vat 69 Gold?
Because Vat Gold is the truly Classic light scotch made with a century
of scotch blending experience. As smooth as the glass it goes in.
Vat Gold is for those who look beyond price. Discover Gold…soon.



"Dacron"®...
a man's way to
look great,
stay neat!

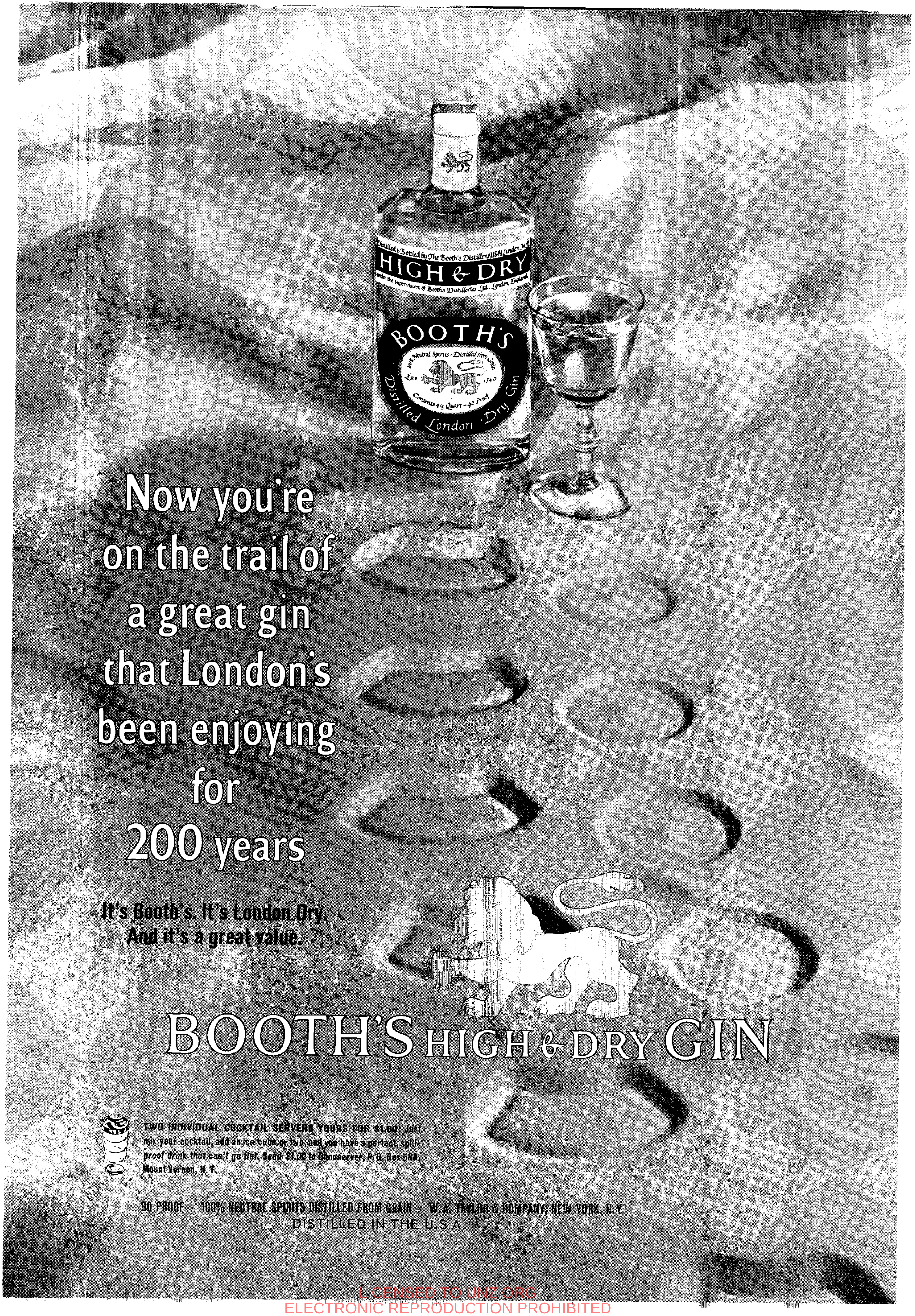
WASH AND WEAR suits with "Dacron" are a summer must. For business and otherwise, they give you a very special combination of cool comfort, crisp good looks and built-in neatness. You can have them drycleaned if you like. And you can easily wash out most spots. Your wardrobe is not complete without at least one. Like this classic poplin of 65% "Dacron"* polyester, 35% combed cotton. Your favorite store has many more styles and colors, about $45.00. Stop by soon and ask for a wash and wear suit with "Dacron".

*Du Pont's registered trademark.
Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry

DU PONT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Distilled & Bottled by The Booth's Distillery (USA) London, N.J.
HIGH & DRY
under the supervision of Booths Distilleries Ltd. London England
BOOTH'S
Distilled London Dry Gin
100% Neutral Spirits - Distilled from Grain
Est. 1740
Contents 4/5 Quart - 90 Proof

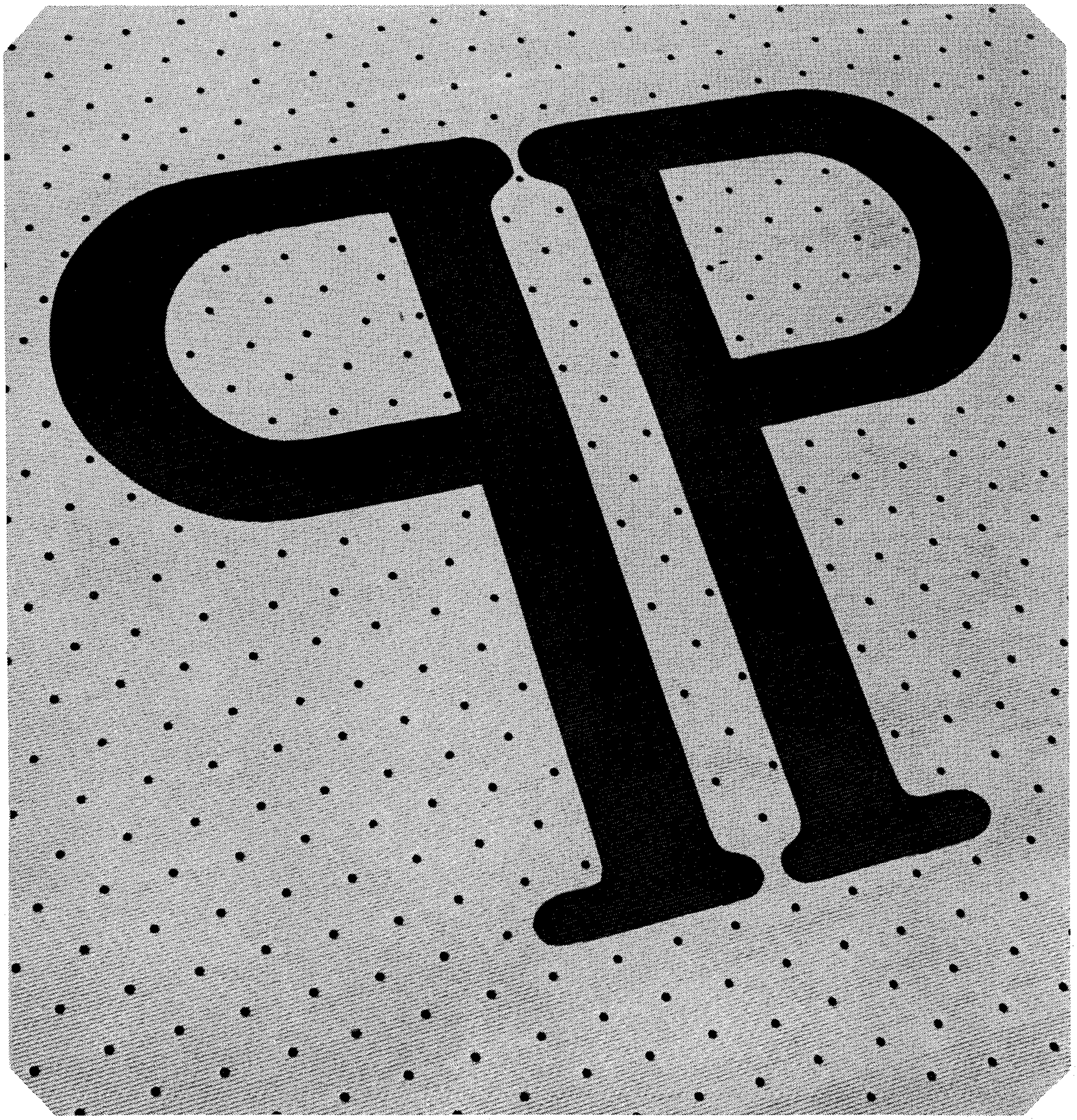
Now you're
on the trail of
a great gin
that London's
been enjoying
for
200 years

It's Booth's. It's London Dry.
And it's a great value.

BOOTH'S HIGH & DRY GIN

TWO INDIVIDUAL COCKTAIL SERVERS YOURS FOR $1.00! Just mix your cocktail, add an ice cube or two, and you have a perfect, spill-proof drink that can't go flat. Send $1.00 to Bonuserver, P.O. Box 58A, Mount Vernon, N.Y.

90 PROOF · 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN · W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
DISTILLED IN THE U.S.A.



New York has a wide selection of World's Fair welcome mats

You'll find this one just outside The Plaza on Fifth Avenue at 59th Street. Look no further. It welcomes you to a fair world of good living, good food, good service, and good night.

It stands for the fun you'll have before and after your trip to the Meadow. In the Persian Room. The Edwardian Room. The Oak Room and Bar. The Palm Court. Good times in good taste.

Good night begins in each of The Plaza's large, lovely, and fully air-conditioned guest rooms. Each room has been redecorated with visiting royalty in mind. One of them should be yours. Call PLaza 9-3000 for reservations, or see a travel agent who owes you a favor.

But hurry please.
Our welcome mat
is selling fast this year.
To get it, step on it!

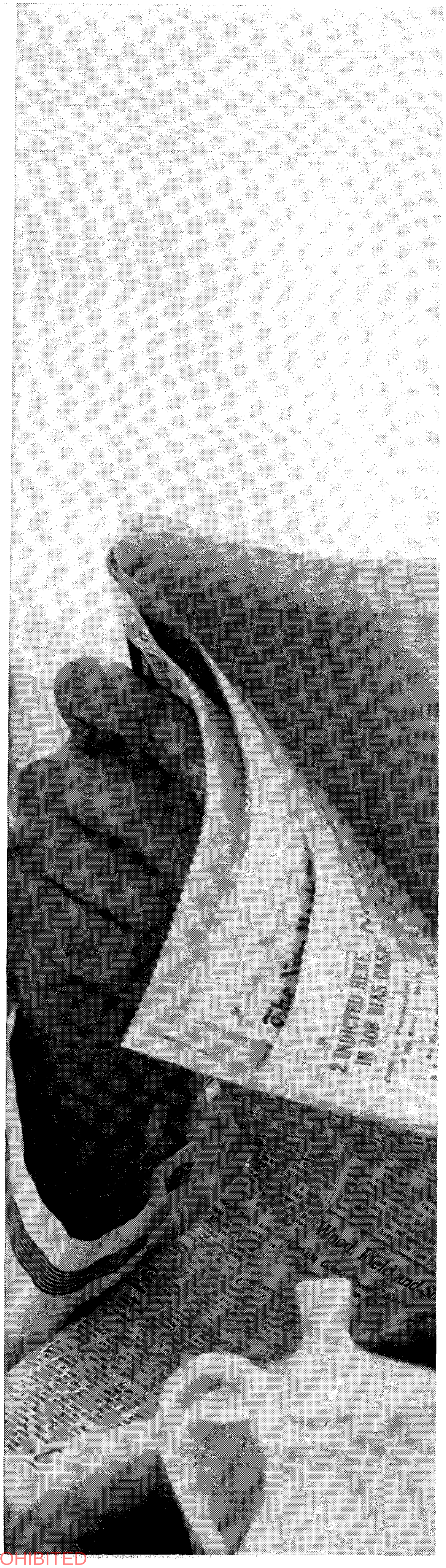
THE PLAZA

HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

He's going to brush his teeth with his Ronson

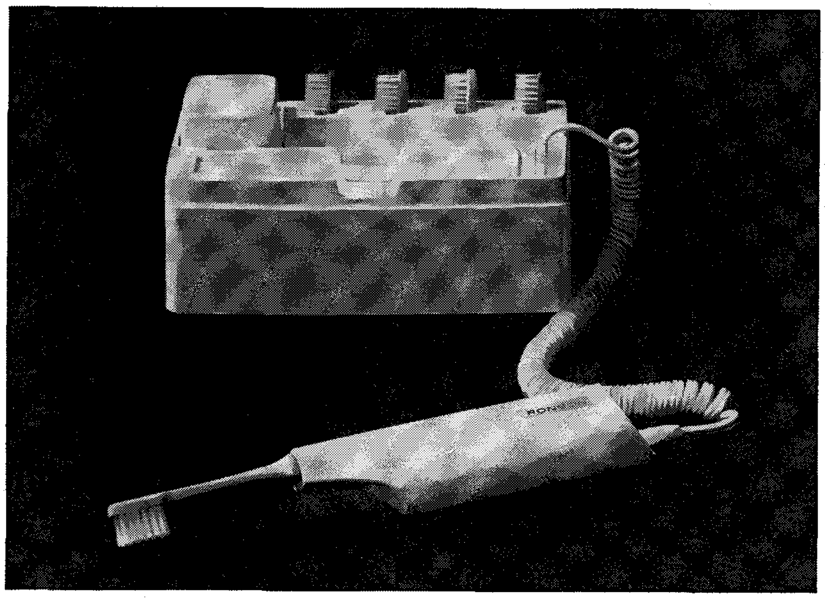
Isn't that hard to do with a cigarette lighter?

Where have you been? Now there's a Ronson Electric Toothbrush. The electric toothbrush molars are mad about. Made the Ronson way. With great engineering precision and skill. Designed the Ronson way. Just pick it up and you begin to get the picture. Once you use it, you'll feel the whole happy story. Want to see it? For all the details on the new Ronson Electric Toothbrush, turn the page. Remember, Ronson does a lot more than light cigarettes.

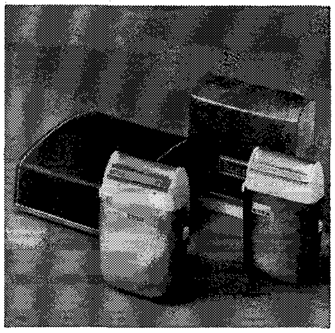

2 INDICTED HERE IN JOB BIAS CASE
Wood, Field and S

EDITION
ED
INS;
KEI

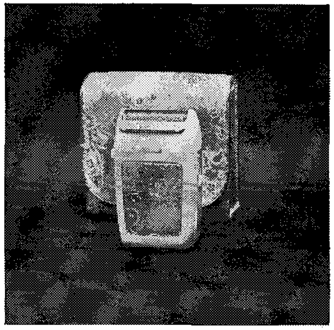
He's going to brush his teeth with his new Ronson Electric Toothbrush



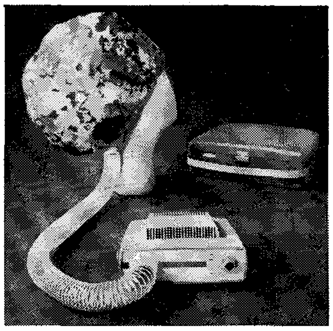
The Ronson Electric Toothbrush cleans with correct up-and-down strokes. Precisely engineered to combine contoured bristles with proper speed for maximum comfort and efficiency. Operates from wall outlet through exclusive Safety-Coupler that reduces house current to a safe 5 volts. Also runs on 4 standard batteries. Very light because batteries are in case, not handle. Available at your favorite store.



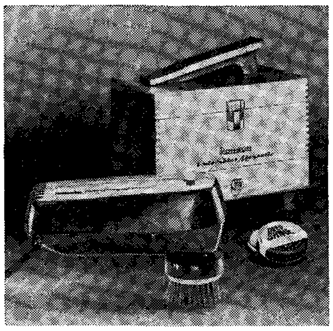
He's going to shave with his new *Ronson "400" Electric Shaver.* *36* micro-honed blades. Micro-thin screen. "Super-Trim" sideburn and mustache clipper and unbreakable Lexan body. **The "200."** As great with 32 blades.



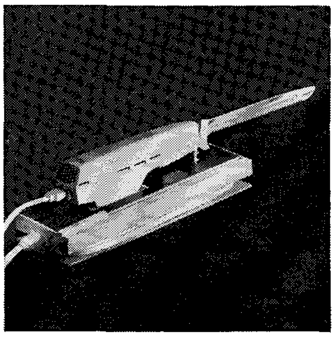
His wife will use the new Ronson Caress *Ladies Electric Shaver.* *Screen is* largest, thinnest for close, fast, comfortable shaving. Has contoured "Trimette" for underarms. Protective roll-top shield. Gold brocade purse.



She'll dry her hair with the new Ronson *Escort Portable Hair Dryer.* *40* oz. light. Fast and quiet. Long cord. Four heat ranges. Fitted case with adjustable shoulder strap can be worn as handbag. Extra-large hood. Brush and comb.



He'll shine his shoes with the new *Ronson Roto-Shine "Magnetic"* Electric Shoe Polisher. The only one that picks up attachments magnetically, ejects at touch of a button. Applies polish, brushes, buffs. Storage chest.



He'll carve a roast with the new Ronson Carve 'N' Slice Electric Knife. Carves, slices and shreds quickly, easily and quietly. Slim balanced grip. Wall rack with built-in extension cord can be used as a knife stand at dinner table.

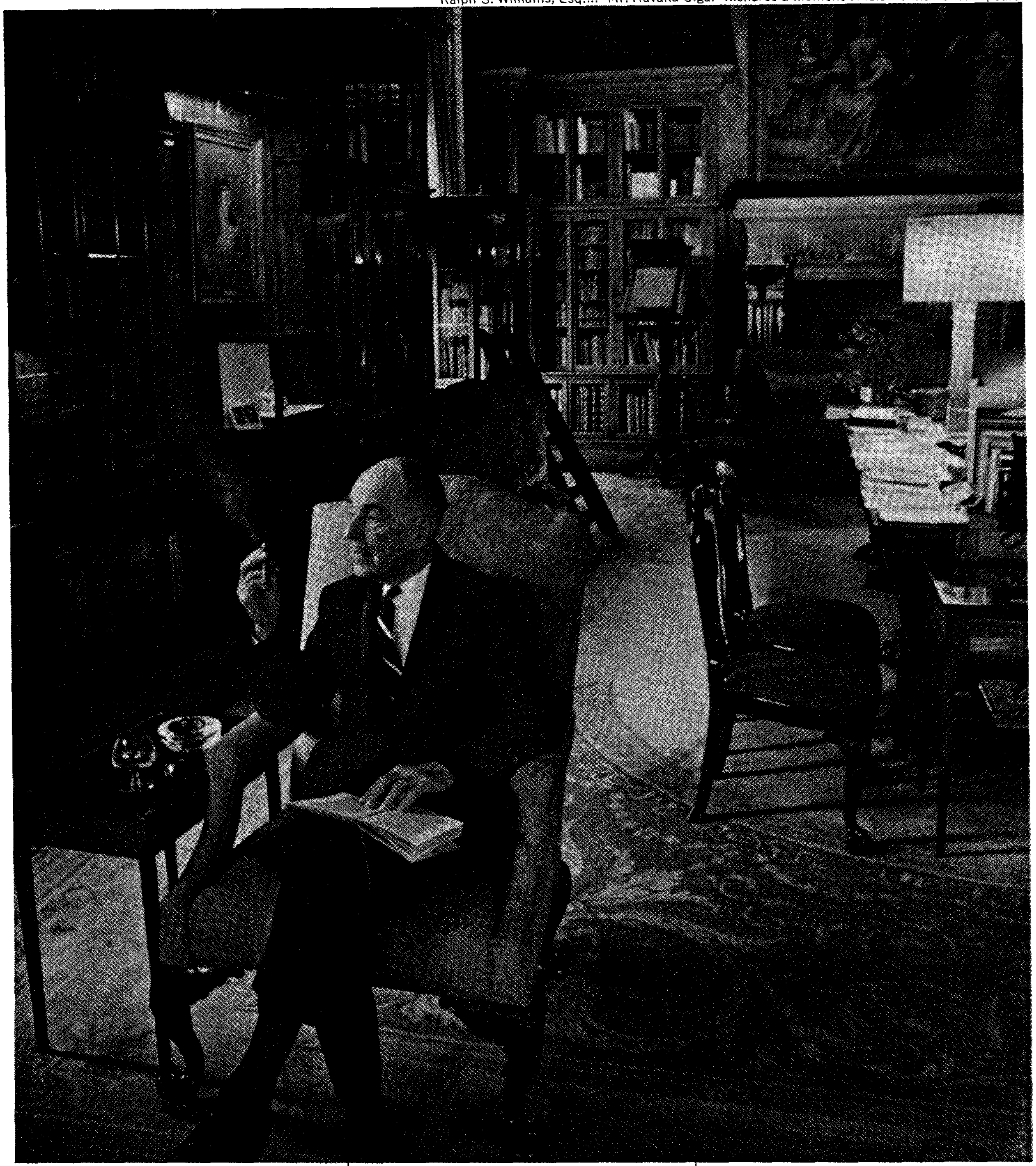
She'll use the new Ronson 5-speed Blender to blend, whip, pulverize, chop, grate, mix. Only blender with self-feeding wide base 1½ quart container and longer blades to take whole fruits and vegetables. Easy to clean.

She'll open a can with the new Ronson Can-Do Electric Can Opener. Portable, versatile. Opens any size and shape can. Mixes drinks, whips food, mashes potatoes and sharpens knives. Comes with attachments and handy wall rack.

Remember, Ronson does a lot more than light cigarettes.

RONSON
automatically better ®
RONSON CORP., WOODBRIDGE, N. J.
ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

Ralph S. Williams, Esq...."Mr. Havana Cigar"...shares a moment of leisure with Shakespeare

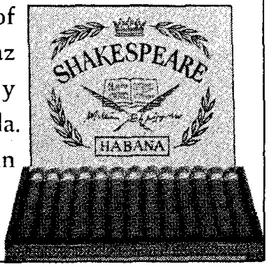


AN EVENING WITH SHAKESPEARE

"I'll note you in my book of memory"

—KING HENRY VI

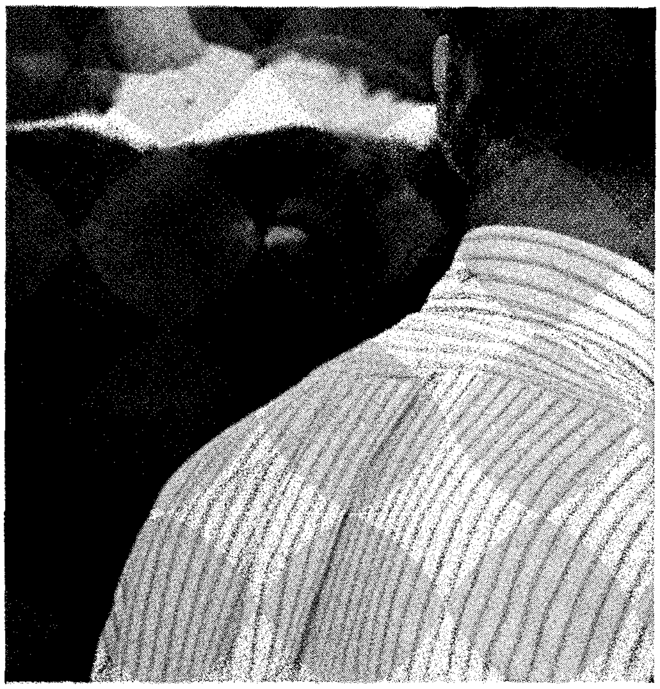
As a man reads great words, his own life is given new dimension, fresh perspective, greater meaning. In the rush of remembrance, the words lend a poignancy and point to his own experience. In such moments of quiet introspection, he chooses as a companion the magnificent Shakespeare *Habana* cigar. As he smokes, the unmistakable flavor and matchless mildness of the Shakespeare's prized vintage Havana tobacco are merged with the magic of his memories. There is literally no other cigar available today that can match Shakespeare for *true Havana flavor and aroma.* So for your warmest recollections, choose the Shakespeare *Habana* – America's prestige cigar. In 15 distinctive sizes and shapes from 25c to $1.00 at select tobacconists, clubs and hotels coast to coast. Also in Seleccion Suprema at the five distinguished Humidors of Alfred Dunhill of London. Gradiaz Annis, Factory No. 1, Tampa, Fla. World Leader in Luxury Cigars.



Country fresh:

Rep Stripe...

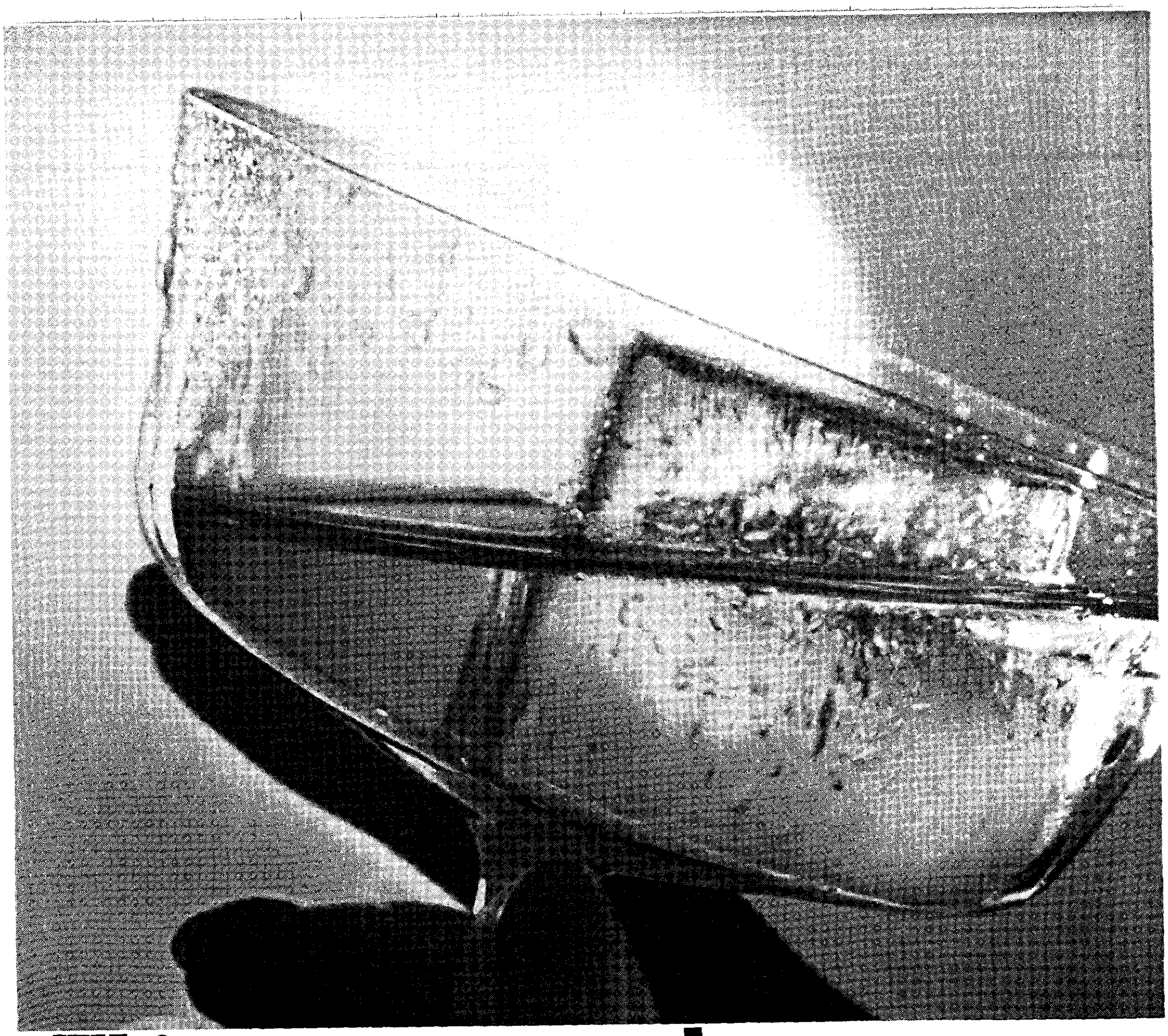
oxford batiste...


crisp, thin...

typically Gant

Buttermilk-cool cotton oxford striped for town or country wear. Like all Gant shirts, Rep Stripe Oxford has élan in a gentlemanly manner. In stripings of blue/green, gold/black or brown/green. About $7.00 at discerning stores. For one nearest you, write Gant Shirtmakers, New Haven, Connecticut.

GANT
SHIRTMAKERS



This summer send your martini on a long vacation.

you'll never miss it.

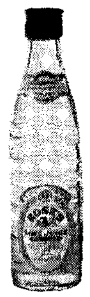
The Gimlet will keep you company.

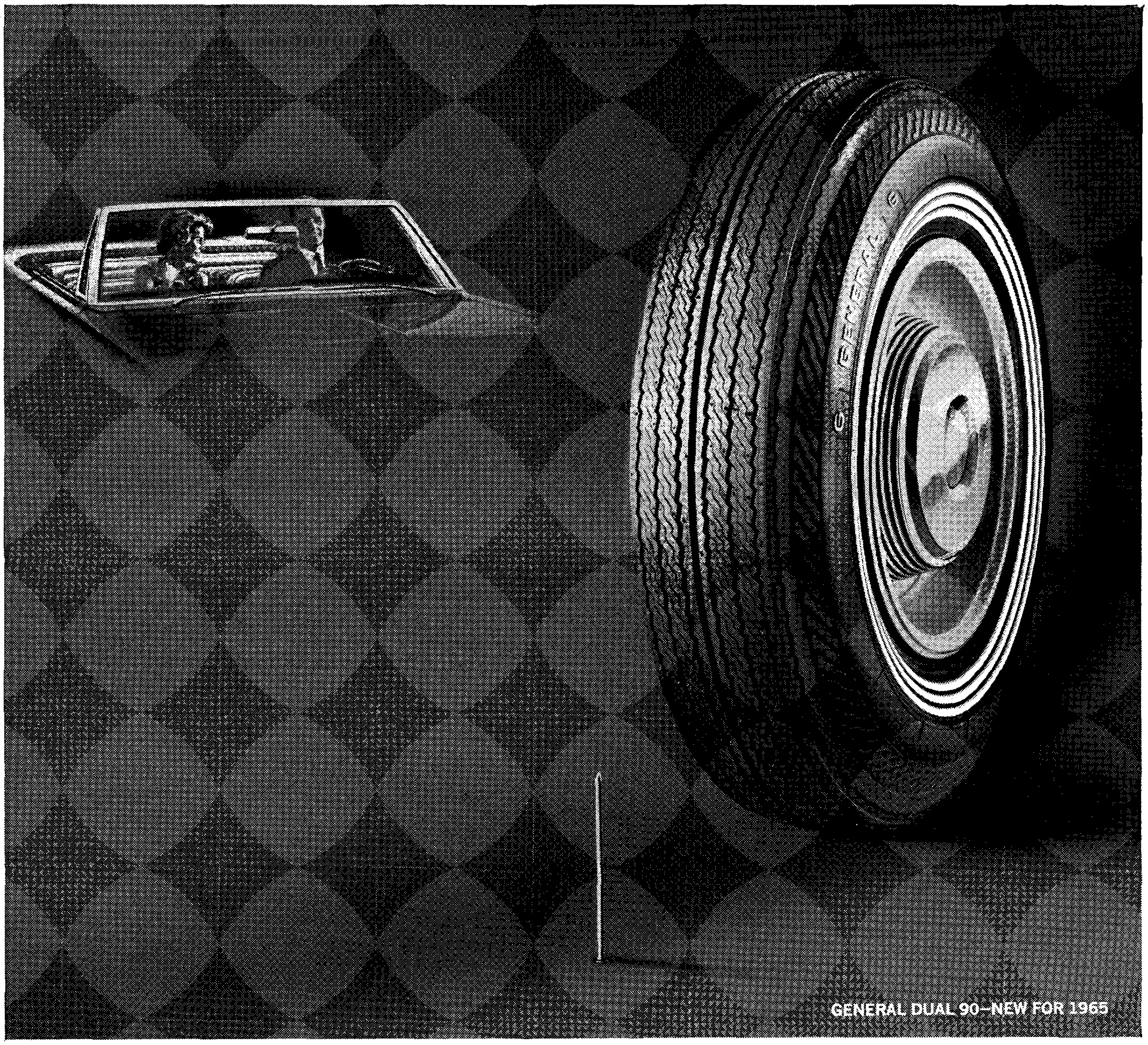
Beautifully.

Because the Gimlet is the most beautiful thing that ever happened to gin or vodka. It's a tropical cocktail made only with juice of limes grown by Rose's in the sultry West Indies.

The Gimlet is tart and uncluttered and robust and superbly cool. So take four or five parts of gin or vodka, add one part Rose's, ice, stir, serve in a cocktail glass or on the rocks.

If your martini doesn't send a postcard, you'll never know it's away.





The incomparable puncture-sealing General Dual 90

the tire that takes care of itself—and you!

This is the remarkable tire that seals punctures as you drive—simply rolls over nails, glass, sharp rocks! Great for years—better than ever for 1965. With the flexible armor of super-strong Nygen cord for blowout protection. With new, unbelievably long-wearing Duragen rubber. And with the important new Continental tread for even more quiet, comfort, and safety. Considered by many to be the world's finest and safest tire—*the tire that takes care of itself...and you!*

GENERAL
TIRE
TM

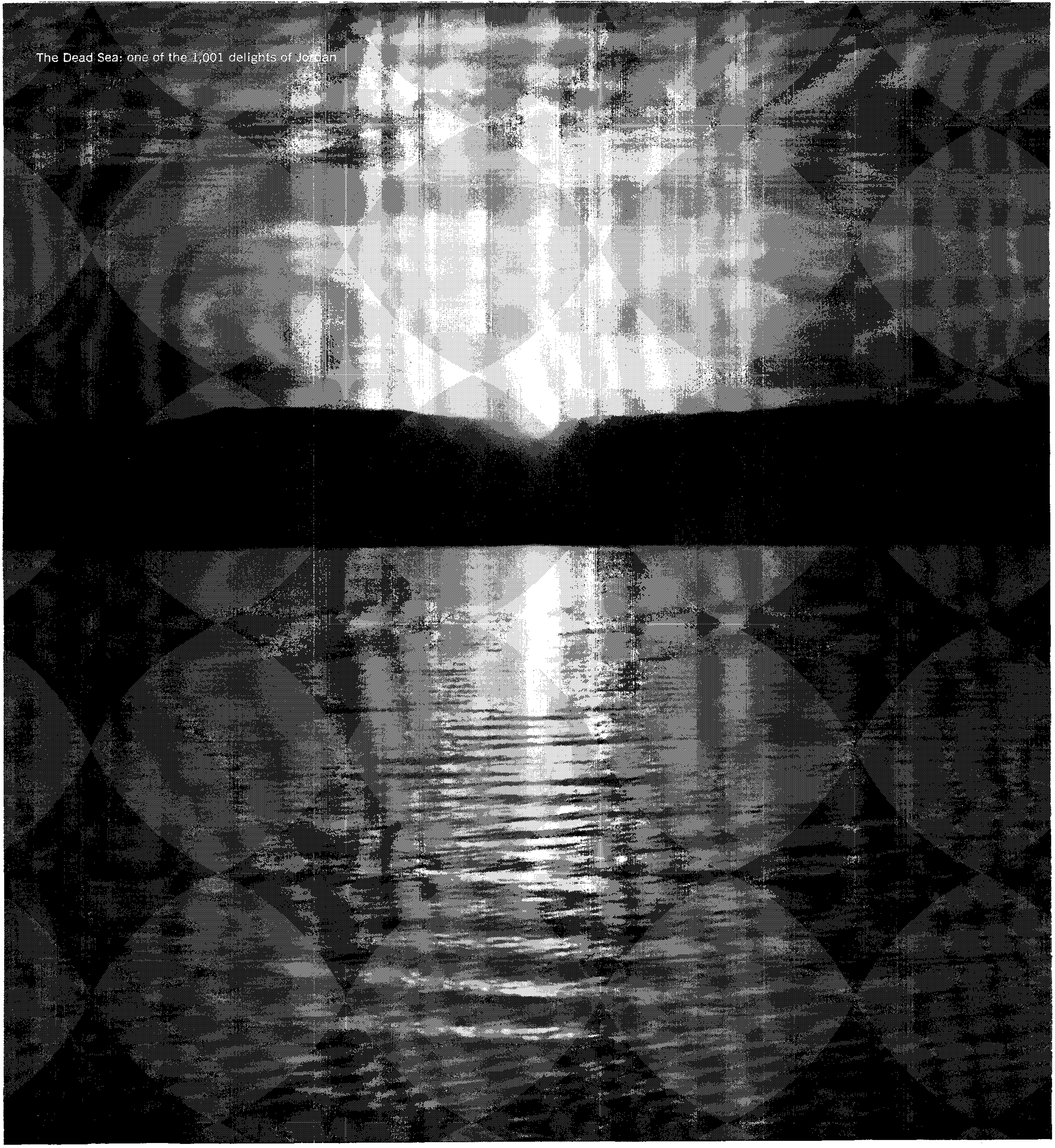
TOP QUALITY FOR 50 YEARS

Power train warranted for 2 years or 24,000 miles

I'm no Grand Prix driver...but I drive a Mille Miglia every day: to the shopping center, to school, to the club, to the 5:48. And my SAAB is so dependable. Even I can start it in winter. And park it. And it likes me!

the longer, lovelier, livelier SAAB... just $1985 p.o.e.

For the full story, including overseas delivery details, write to Dept. (N-5), Saab Motors, Inc., 405 Park Avenue, New York.



"After a day in Jericho, I took a moonlight dip in the Dead Sea"

Postcards home from Jordan tell a rich and fascinating story.

Flashes of brilliant contrast: In the sun-baked city of Jericho, you walk among banana, orange, and date groves…gardens that once grew balm for Cleopatra …explore the ruined glory of a Caliph's palace…see fragments of what may be the very wall that Joshua sent tumbling down...and realize you are in a metropolis that is *at least* 9,000 years old—possibly even older.

Minutes away lies the Dead Sea, the lowest spot on earth. The famous Scrolls were discovered near its shores. A midnight dip in its buoyant waters (you actually swim on *top* of the sea here) is a good way to end the day. In the clear air, the stars seem close enough to reach out and touch. You return to a modern, air-conditioned hotel.

Everything about Jordan will surprise you. It is so *compact*, for one thing. Within an area the size of Indiana, you have ancient Jerusalem, Bethlehem, the great Roman ruins of Jerash, the nightclubs of Amman, the incredible rock-carved city of Petra. Here, in fact, is a giant chunk of world and religious history in a capsule.

Jordan is painted in bold colors, with a climate that can be as you like it—from the cool days and nights of the hilltop cities to the lush tropical valleys. The people are proud, industrious, and they like Americans. The "second language" is English. Prices are low. Best of all, Jordan lies just a few hours by plane from Europe's capitals, or you can go by ship to the Eastern Mediterranean.

For free Jordan folders, write Jordan Travel Information, Box NY-55, 530 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 36, N.Y. Tel: PL 5-3431 (Code 212). Or see your travel agent. Visit the Jordan Pavilion, New York World's Fair.

HISTORIC **JORDAN** THE HOLY LAND

Every night George Thomson carries home the secret of the world's finest Scotch.

An umbrella and a heated car protect George Thomson and his secret from the damp night air.

If you look at the photograph carefully, you can actually see the secret. The reason for the outstanding quality of Johnnie Walker Black Label is Mr. Thomson's nose.

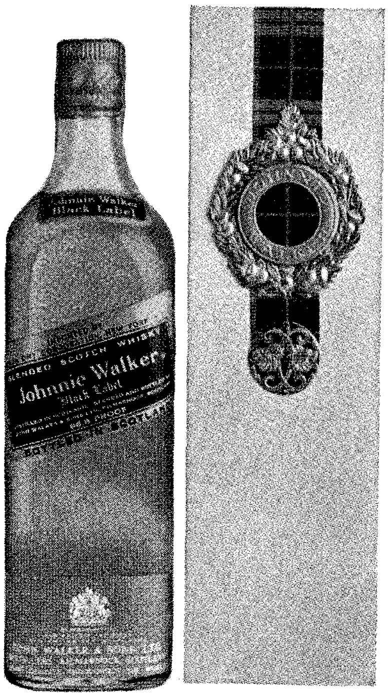
And a most talented nose it is. Mr. Thomson uses it to sniff out the subtle differences among the finest aged malt whiskies in Scotland. It dictates the ones to choose for character, the ones unique in body or maturity. He selects more than forty in all, adds just the right amount of mature Scotch grain whisky and creates the perfect balance of richness, smoothness and mellowness. A balance that is, so to speak, on the nose.

Black Label is a rich, satisfying Scotch quite unlike any other, because Mr. Thomson's secret is quite unlike any other.

Can everyone share Mr. Thomson's secret?

Almost everyone. It is no secret that Black Label is a favored Scotch. So much in demand in fact, it is actually rationed in the United Kingdom. But fortunately, the current U.S. quota is sufficient to maintain a reasonable supply.

We suggest you carry home Black Label tonight. It's now available with a year round gift carton as distinguished as the Scotch inside. The smooth, satisfying flavor of Johnnie Walker Black Label could change your taste for fine Scotch.



BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

GET LOST

Imagine...2,631 Schumacher rugs and carpets to choose from and not one is just ordinary. Our unique collection includes every fine quality domestic variety and imports from 21 of the world's most famed centers of hand-crafted carpeting. Sizes, colors, textures and yarns are almost limitless. If you want to be floored...see the Schumacher collection. Ask your decorator. F. Schumacher & Co., 58 W. 40th St., N.Y. Showrooms: 939 Third Avenue.

Schumacher's
FABRICS/CARPETS/WALLPAPERS

Hear all the fanciful, fun-filled music in Broadway's brightest new show...

Harold Prince's and George Abbott's production of

FLORA THE RED MENACE

Original Cast Recording Available Now!

THE ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST RECORDING
HAROLD PRINCE
presents
The New Musical Comedy
RCA VICTOR DYNAGROOVE RECORDING
I AM
FLORA THE RED MENACE
with
LIZA MINNELLI
MARY LOUISE WILSON CATHRYN DAMON ROBERT KAYE
STEPHANIE HILL JAMES CRESSON DORTHA DUCKWORTH
JOE E. MARKS LOUIS GUSS
and BOB DISHY
Book by GEORGE ABBOTT and ROBERT RUSSELL
Music by JOHN KANDER Lyrics by FRED EBB
Dances and Musical Numbers Staged by LEE THEODORE
(Based on the novel "Love is Just Around the Corner" by LESTER ATWELL)
Orchestrations by DON WALKER
Settings by WILLIAM and JEAN ECKART
Costumes by DONALD BROOKS
Lighting by THARON MUSSER
Musical Direction by HAL HASTINGS
Dance Arrangements by DAVID BAKER
GEORGE ABBOTT
Produced for records by GEORGE R. MAREK

RCA VICTOR

RCA The most trusted name in sound

Keep your skin cool and moist all summer with

BEAUTY COOL

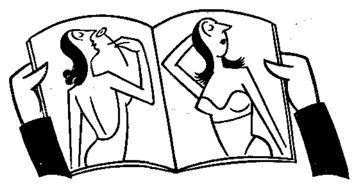
Icy-cold foam that melts on your skin like a snowflake—moisturizing, soothing, refreshing as rain on a wilted garden and cooling as a dip in a mountain stream. Beauty Cool restores the moisture your skin loses to summer wind and sun. It vanishes almost instantly into the skin, leaving a cool smoothness and delicate fragrance as its only trace.

Germaine Monteil

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

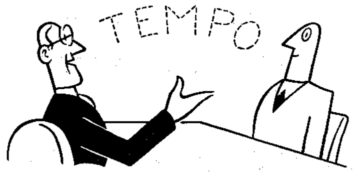


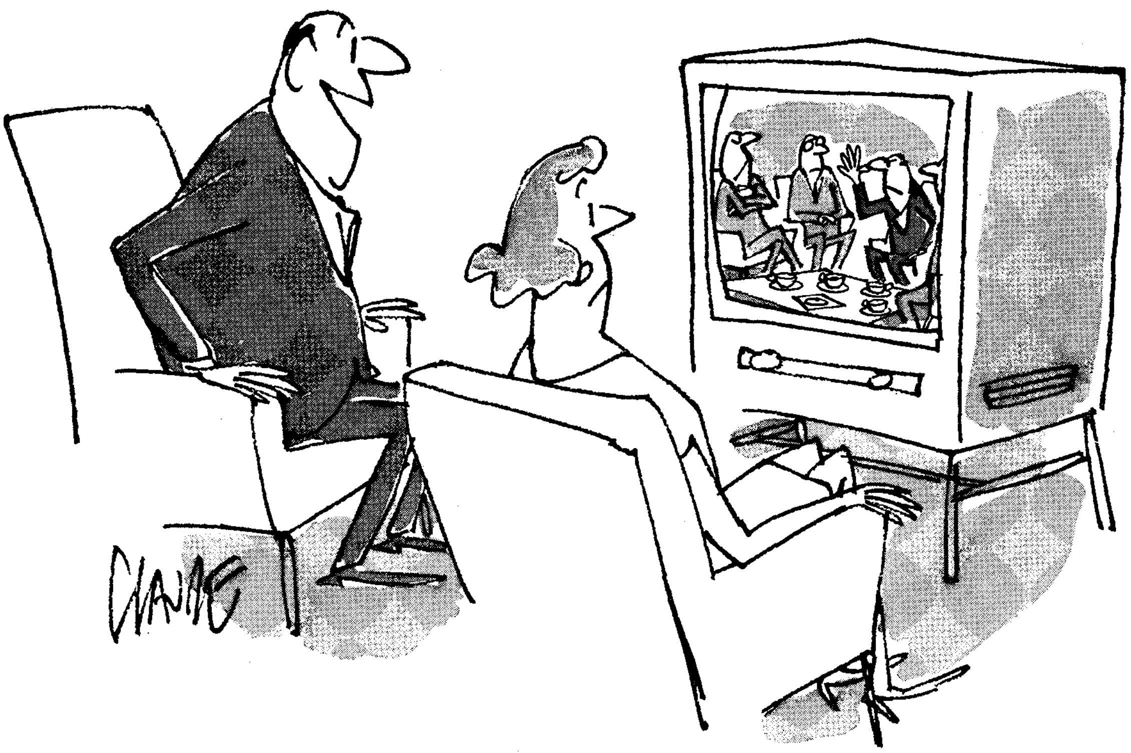
FAR be it from us to generate a wanton hubbub at the expense of the poor old advertising industry, but it has suddenly struck us that advertising may be a prime cause of the well-known Battle of the Sexes. This reflection popped into our unoccupied head the other day as we were idling through the pages of a plump magazine dedicated to women's fashions. There, on page after advertising page, we gazed upon beauties, serene and great-eyed, glamorous and inaccessible. These remarkable goddesses lost none of their conscious majesty even when they were attired in nothing more than the vaguely hilarious integuments of elastic that strive to reduce the infinite variety of American curvature to a classic norm. From time to time, the illustrations of fashion admitted a male model to their backgrounds. He was commonly a dark and saturnine sort of person, sitting at a small café table with a glass in his hand. Generally speaking, his expression, as he gazed at the back of the model's impeccable neck, carried lovesickness to the point of outright queasiness. To move abruptly from such a ladies' magazine to one that is dedicated to men is to be translated to another sphere. The windows of advertising open upon a new universe of relationships. No lovesickness afflicts its male inhabitants. They are great, buoyant, hearty chaps who hunt and fish and drink beer out of cans. And such women as appear in these ads are equally transfigured. They are not queenly; they flutter like little doves. No daunting light of mystery, or even of much intelligence, glows in their eyes. They willingly snuggle pretty faces into the lapels of even the most outlandish sports coats, and their posture is expressive purely of surrender. One sees (does one not?) the possibilities for mischief in these contrary views of life. Picture the young lady who buys high expectation with her frocks meeting a young man who puts on confident anticipation with his natty cuffless trousers. She strikes a becoming pose, gazes into the middle distance with veiled eyes, and awaits his subsidence into doggy devotion. He, meanwhile, expands his chest, exposes all thirty-two teeth in a wholesome grin, and wonders obscurely how the young lady contrives to restrain herself from springing lightly into his arms. Increasingly wary, they regard one another across the immeasurable gulf of incompatible fantasies. Little misunderstandings arise. They quarrel, perhaps, and part. Or perhaps they marry, and endure a nagging sense of having made a low compromise with destiny. In the light of these speculations, it is interesting to observe that one advertiser, at least, has invested his product with an air of actuality and disenchantment, if not, indeed, with the very breath of a tragic sense of life. "Want him to be more of a man?" runs a recent advertisement for Emeraude perfume. "Try being more of a woman."

1980

WE have just learned that the name TEMPO is a jivey acronym for the General Electric Company's Technical Military Planning Operation, which is based in Santa Barbara, California, and is made up of two hundred scientists who concern themselves almost exclusively with what they think will be the conditions and needs of the future world. We got the lowdown on TEMPO when we had a chat with its manager, Dr. Thomas O. Paine, who was passing through town on his way from Carlisle Barracks, in Pennsylvania, where he had addressed the officers attending the Army War College there, to Croton-on-Hudson, where he was going to address the executives attending a management school that is maintained there by the General Electric Company. Dr. Paine is a tall, bespectacled man in his middle forties with a pleasant smile and a softly professorial manner, and he informed us at once that his talk at the War College had concerned the impact that industrial technology will have on the military establishment ten or fifteen years from now, and that his talk at the management school would examine the other side of the coin; namely, the challenge that defense needs and requirements will present to private industry circa 1980.

"TEMPO, you see, is an intellectual community that serves largely as a go-between for the military community and the industrial community," Dr. Paine explained. "It was organized in 1957, when G.E. decided to create a long-range research-and-planning group with a broad and unbiassed base of brain power for working out solutions to some of the crucial technical, military, and geopolitical problems confronting the nation. It has been staffed with scientists from all the major disciplines, and has been granted a large measure of autonomy by the parent company, which means that, unlike those who toil in other divisions of the firm, we at TEMPO have no products to turn out except ideas. We cut our teeth on the problem of what type of guidance system would be best for the Atlas missile, and since then we've gone on a jag of looking into the five-to-fifteen-year out-period—which is what we call the future—in order to determine the kind of world situations we may have to cope with then. This will help us to





“Say, I believe it is live!”

• •

synthesize various weapons systems that will be necessary for that time, and to evaluate them in terms of cost effectiveness. Naturally, the missions that such weapons systems may be called upon to perform depend on a whole range of possibilities, and this leads us to the problem of assessing the changing goals of the nations with which this country will be dealing in the out-period, and of proposing a whole series of different strategies to counter them. America's basic military mission at present is to deter any possible aggression by maintaining a credible deterrent, but what will be the effect on this policy of, say, a major breakthrough in the field of disarmament?” Dr. Paine pondered his own question for a moment, and then went on to tell us that in the opinion of TEMPO thinkers one result of an accord on disarmament would be a tremendously increased reliance upon intelligence services and upon research and development. “Everybody will have to be doubly on guard against the possibility of being hit by some secret sleeper, such as a devastating new wrinkle in chemical warfare,” he said. “For this reason, the overriding issue today and, as far as we can predict, for many years to come is national security, so seventy-five per cent of our brainstorming at TEMPO has to do with weapons systems and other aspects of national defense.”

We asked Dr. Paine what the resident thinkers at TEMPO are up to in the remaining twenty-five per cent of their time, and he replied that they are up to a whole lot but that perhaps their most potentially significant project is a deadly-serious attempt to develop computers that will have the ability to think in human fashion and to communicate in English. “As you know, today's computers can store staggering amounts of information, but they haven't got the ability to reason in the totally unexpected manner of the human mind or to select information at random,” he said. “As a first step toward endowing computers with the talent of random selectivity, we've tackled a highly complex problem of computational linguistics. In short, we are attempting to marry technology and philology by inventing a new English grammar. As a starter, we have hired several leading grammarians and set them to pondering the real nature and structure of language. The results to date have been quite encouraging, for we have developed a new way of thinking about language, in which a noun becomes a list, an adjective is a quantifier or value type of thing, and a verb is a program instruction that causes the machine to undertake certain specific tasks. This is how the system will work: If we say to the computer, ‘The red ships sailed this afternoon,’ it will take the noun ‘ships’ and search its memory for everything listed there about ocean vessels. Then it will assess the adjective ‘red’ and pull out all the information it has stored about ships that either are painted red or belong to the Soviet bloc. The verb ‘sailed’ will instruct the machine to undertake the task of digging out all that it knows about red-ship departures, shipping routes, and the like, and, in conjunction with the phrase ‘this afternoon,’ will cause it to make navigational calculations, such as estimating the speed of the ships in knots, and their latitudinal and longitudinal positions. So far we have been able to program a computer with two hundred rules of grammar and a vocabulary of about two thousand words, but that's less than ten per cent of what we need. We need to be able to program a computer with several thousand rules of grammar and a vocabulary of nearly twenty thousand words. When we reach that stage, we'll be on the threshold of revolutionizing the way in which teams of people carry out work. Machines will take over the drudgery of keeping information in mind and on paper, and man will merely have to concentrate on asking the machines the right questions. In fact, people will be interacting with computers the way they now interact with one another on the telephone. Reports, files, and blueprints will be a thing of the past.” Dr. Paine beamed. “Why, I expect that by 1980 we'll have taken a giant step toward freeing people from the tyranny of the printed page,” he said.

We looked closely at Dr. Paine and, deciding that he was not trying to put us on, fled.

Oh, to Be in Florida

WE offer an essay entitled “Spring in Florida” that was whipped up by a twelve-year-old in a Jacksonville elementary school:

> In spring when the flowers and trees bloom at Sebring, when the race begins, the inspiring smell of the flowers and the strong smell of racing fuel mixes in the air. A Ferrari G.T.O. takes an early lead. The drivers can hardly see and aren't aware of flowers and trees. Then a Ford G.T. grabs the lead. When the race is over, the smell is of burning rubber, racing fuel, carbon monoxide, and of the flowers and trees in bloom.

Hall of Presidents

ONE morning a few weeks ago, we found ourself fifty feet deep in the bedrock under Rockefeller

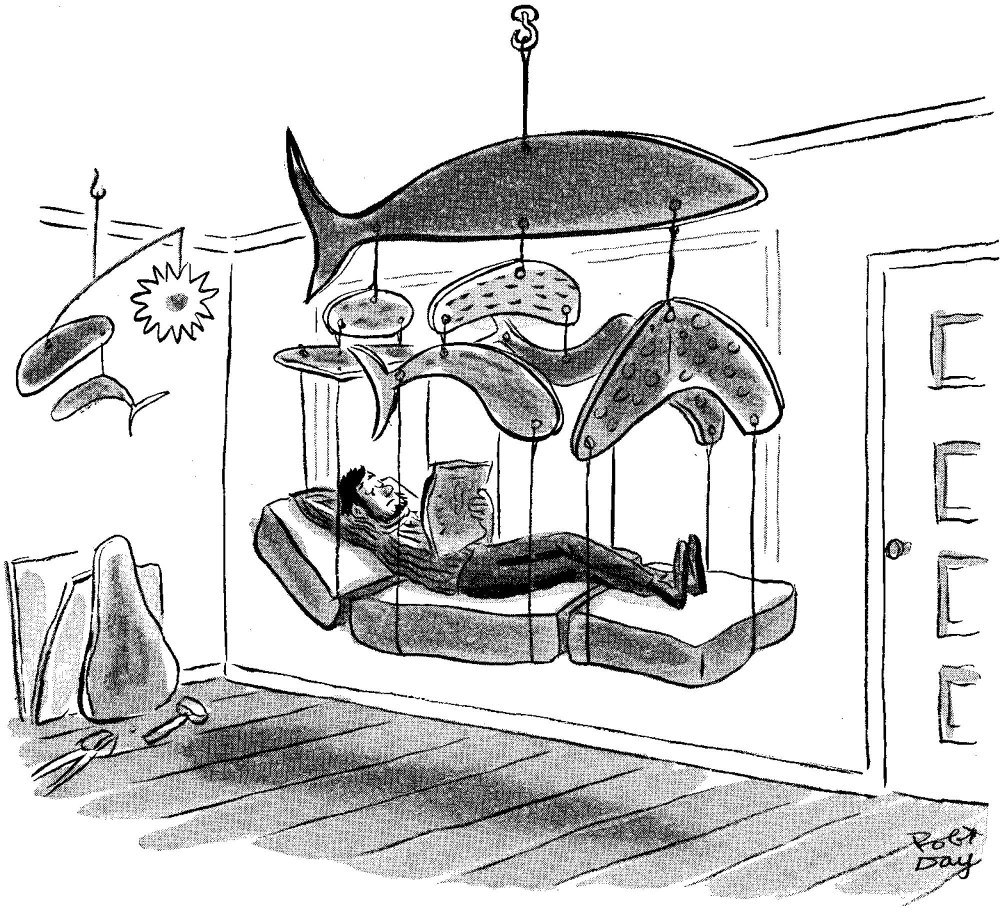
Center, in an apartment-sized Chase Manhattan Bank vault, watching a man named Earl Leach—a plant foreman at Kulicke Frames, Inc.—fit a handsome brass frame around Lincoln's original Emancipation Proclamation, which had freed Mr. Leach's ancestors from slavery a hundred and two years before. That morning, Mr. Leach also put similar frames on Lincoln's own copy of the Gettysburg Address, written on three sheets of ruled notebook paper; the original draft of Lincoln's first Inaugural Address; and the original reading copy, in outsize typewritten letters, of Eisenhower's Farewell Address. Uniformed and plainclothes guards stood by at strategic spots, news photographers were on hand, representatives of the Library of Congress and the National Archives also were on hand, and the whole operation was conducted under the dark, alert curatorial eye of Miss Phyllis Montgomery, who had assembled the documents and a lot of other memorabilia in the vault for safekeeping until they could be transferred to the World's Fair and put on display in the Hall of Presidents, in the United States Pavilion. Miss Montgomery works for the Department of Commerce and is in charge of the Hall of Presidents.

When things had quieted down, Miss Montgomery, a crisp brunette whose brow was furrowed at the moment, supervised the stowing of the newly framed documents in a smaller, adjoining vault, and we asked her if we could have a talk with her later on, when she had the time. She suggested that we come out to the Fair someday and see the exhibits in place, and we promised to. "Everybody will feel better when we get settled in out there," she said. "You can't imagine what a responsibility it is to have charge of these national treasures. Priceless isn't the word for them. They're irreplaceable. The news stories about those Pop bombers—the people who wanted to blow up the Statue of Liberty and the Washington Monument and so on—have made us all jittery, but what I'm worried about at the moment is that somebody will drop a hammer on Andrew Jackson's hat, or something like that. We can worry about the cranks when we get out there."

We said goodbye, made our way past the guards to the vault exit, signed out, and were lifted to street level in an eerily noiseless elevator operated by a Chase Manhattan official. Feeling a trifle overpoliced, we crossed into Rockefeller Plaza, watched the skaters a moment, and proceeded to Fifth Avenue. There was a commotion in front of St. Patrick's, with police lights flashing all over the place, and we learned that a demented man had thrown a chunk of concrete at the wax figure of Pope Pius XII in the vestibule, smashing its glass case. We had some second thoughts about security, and resolved to see Miss Montgomery again as soon as possible.

It was pouring rain when we arrived at the Fair one morning a week or so later to keep our appointment, but a long line of people was nevertheless waiting outside the Hall of Presidents, which opens at ten o'clock. Following directions we had been given earlier, we went to a side door, and were conducted past various security checkpoints to Miss Montgomery's office. Her brow was now smooth and her manner unworried, and, at our request, she explained how the exhibition had come to be. In the fall of 1963, President Kennedy discovered, in a corner of the White House, the typewriter Woodrow Wilson had used in drawing up his League of Nations proposal. The machine was an odd one—a Hammond with interchangeable type fonts, including one in classical Greek—and Kennedy thought it should be put on public display somewhere. His mind leaped to the Fair, and from the Fair to the idea for the Hall of Presidents. In no time, he and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., had decided that a dozen Presidents—Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Jackson, Polk, Lincoln, Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower—should be represented in the Hall, and on November 20th he ordered the Department of Commerce to get started on the project. He arrived in Dallas two days later. One of President Johnson's first acts was to add Kennedy's name to the list.

Miss Montgomery stood up. "We'd better go out there now and look around before the doors open," she said, and she led the way into the Hall, where a detail of Marines was shaping up for guard duty, which the Marines share with men from the Army, Navy, and Air Force, not to mention a scattering of security people and plainclothesmen. The room is a big one, a hundred and sixty feet long and forty feet wide, and the exhibits are set up behind plate glass in recesses around the walls. The Washington display, which we came to first, contained the original Inaugural Address, some military gear, a brass telescope on a low stand, and, among many other relics, a portrait by Charles Willson Peale—the first ever painted of Washington, showing him in a dress uniform with a gilded brass gorget, which is a decorative piece of armor, at his throat. The very same gorget, in surprising materialization,



hung spotlighted in front of the portrait.

"We were lucky with our Washingtoniana," Miss Montgomery told us. "We had been promised a John Trumbull portrait, but for some reason the offer was withdrawn—you wouldn't believe how cranky some curators and custodians and Ladies' Auxiliaries can be—so we sent out a plea to four institutions for other Washington portraits, and they *all* said yes. We grabbed the Peale at Washington and Lee as soon as we saw its gorget, whose original we'd already borrowed, and then we had the embarrassment of declining two other Peales and another Trumbull."

At the Adams exhibit, we marvelled at the desk that sufficed for the Presidential correspondence from the Summer White House at Quincy. Each of the pigeonholes, which were labelled "State Department," "Treasury," and so on, in Adams' elegant script, would scarcely hold one of today's newspapers rolled up. The Jefferson mementos included some of his architectural drawings for the University of Virginia and a gaudy Sioux costume brought back to him as a gift by Lewis and Clark from their exploration of the territory acquired by the Louisiana Purchase, which he put across. We passed Jackson's hat—it was a stovepipe—and Polk's gavel, and stopped short before a gaunt life-size wooden statue of Lincoln, carved by a slave shortly after the assassination. The face was painted with grave attention to the wart; real buttons ran down the shirt front; and a real watch chain traversed the vest. It looked surprisingly like something by the modern sculptress Marisol. "That was a marvellous find," Miss Montgomery told us. "I had been ransacking Williamsburg with Gordon Chadwick, the architect of the Hall—he's with the George Nelson firm of designers—looking for Colonial stuff, and we found this in a storage bin in the basement of the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection. We looked at each other and knew we had exactly the right centerpiece for Lincoln. Isn't it great?"

Just then, at the other end of the Hall, the doors were opened and a column of spectators poured in. Miss Montgomery guided us into a circular enclosure at our end, and there hung the Bill of Rights—one of the signed sheepskin originals that President Washington sent out to the states for ratification. We moved on quickly to the Cleveland exhibit, saw his heavy-duty White House desk phone (he used to answer it himself, for economy), and were at the next display, admiring Theodore Roosevelt's Roughrider hat and the Colt he carried up San Juan Hill, when we were overtaken by a troop of schoolboys, the vanguard of the oncoming throng. We got a good look at Wilson's influential typewriter and at some of his academic robes ("We just walked into his closet in his home in Washington, and they were hanging there, along with some high hats and things," Miss Montgomery told us), and, in the next exhibit, saw a black cape and a jaunty gray fedora that spelled F.D.R. all over. The Truman display was dominated, for us, by a photograph of him gleefully holding up a copy of the Chicago *Tribune* with the headline "DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN," and the Eisenhower exhibit by a beautifully woven banner appliquéd with shoulder patches of all the hundred and forty-three units serving under him on V-E Day. The Kennedy display was set up in the middle of the Hall, in a series of cases, and it was deep in school kids when we approached it, most of them clustered around the log of PT Boat 109.

We thanked Miss Montgomery for our tour, wished her well with her responsibilities, and left. It was still raining outside, but the line was longer than ever.

•

THE Salad Bowl Cafeteria, a restaurant in Honolulu, has the following announcement on its menu:

ALL ITEMS BROILED TO YOUR LIKENESS

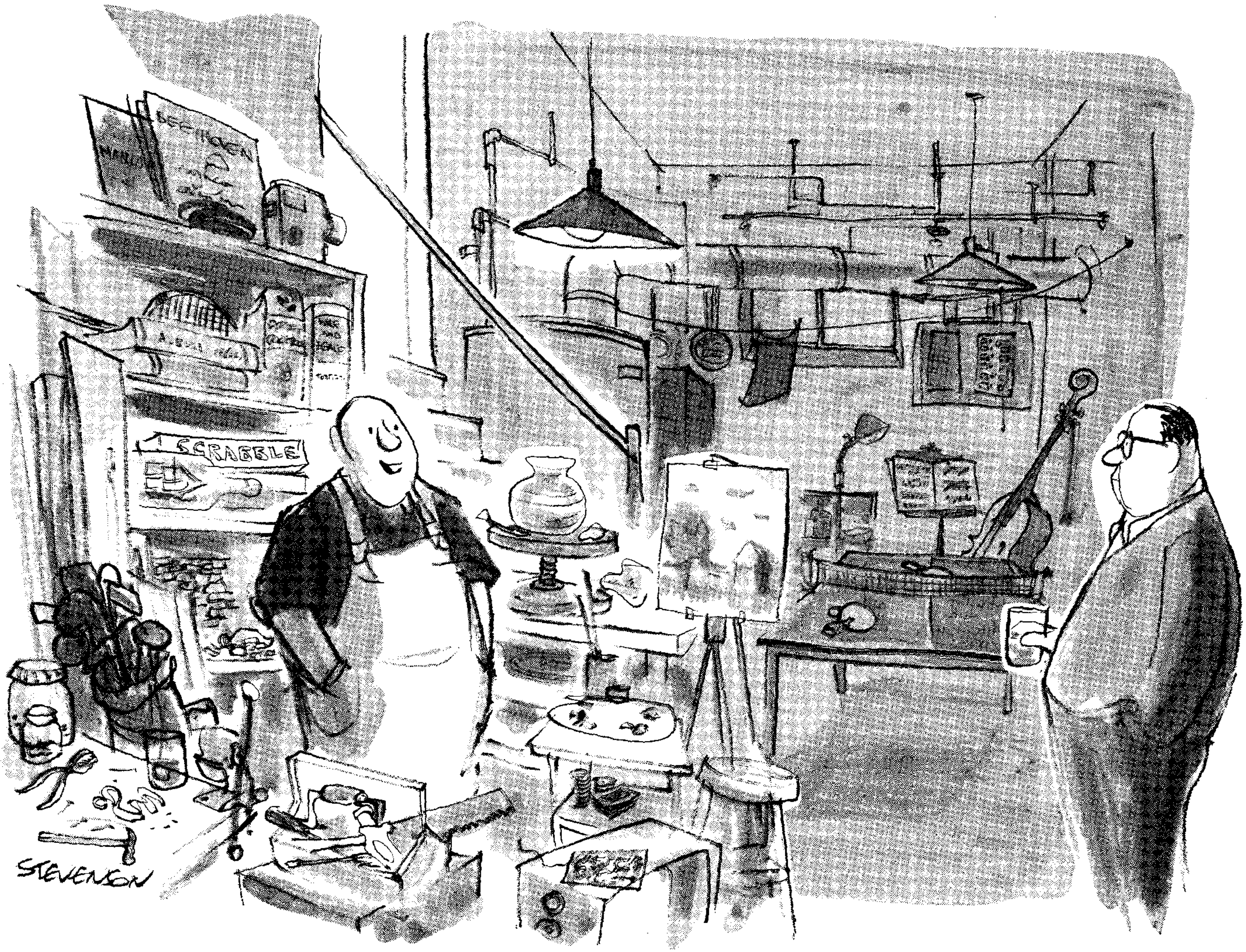
Shoeshine

AN advertising fellow we know, who prides himself on his broad-spectrum array of credit cards, charge-account plates, and courtesy cards, has just acquired a new status symbol for his wallet. "It's my Shiner's Club card," he said, exulting, when we saw him the other day on Park Avenue. "As a member in good standing, I receive five shoeshines a week in my office, automatically." He sorted through his corpulent billfold and handed us a sturdy white card with the legend "The Shiner's Club" at the top, his name below, and, beneath that, "L. & L. Speedy Service, 825 3rd Ave, bet. 50th & 51st Sts." Around the edges were various digits, some of which had been punched with a conductor's punch. "Take a peek at the old cordovans," our friend added proudly. Having glanced down, we complimented him on their gleam, and early the next morning we went over to 825 Third Avenue in search of the L. & L. Speedy Service Shiner's Club clubhouse. It proved to be a rented trailer that sits on the edge of a parking lot at Fiftieth Street.

L. & L. proved to be Leroy (Burns) and Lonnie (Stringfield), a couple of hard-driving and highly articulate organization men and practicing bootblacks who believe that the shoeshine has been lagging behind in the Space Age, a victim of drowsy merchandising methods, hit-or-miss public relations, slipshod research and development, sloppy advance planning, and little or no vision. To close the Shoeshine Gap, L. & L. each weekday morning sends forth a stream of fifteen or twenty gray-coated, specially trained bootblacks along prearranged routes winding through the newest and biggest midtown office buildings, to administer shines to the nearly two thousand waiting shoes of the Shiner's Club's nearly a thousand members.

"We're continuity-minded," said Lonnie, a serious, heavyset man, who is Leroy's uncle. "We established the Shiner's Club card for structural soundness—for keeping the customers consistent. It gets them into the pattern—accepting the service daily, instead of looking up and saying, 'It might rain today.' When we start on a new building, Leroy and I go in first and build a route, giving out cards; then we turn the building over to one of our franchisees, leaving him the pre-established contacts. For ninety cents, the member gets three shines a week—his card is marked and punched each time he receives one—or he can have five shines for a dollar and a quarter. A single shine is thirty-five cents. I'll tell you how we arrived at this price. We calculated that there was a four-to-five-minute interval between entering the elevator in a building and reaching the first customer. We tentatively established that fourteen to sixteen minutes a day were wasted in this way, and for the time loss we made up the price of thirty-five cents. It's all finance."

Inside the trailer were several shoeshine stands, at which girls were giving shines to customers who had dropped in. An elderly man entered the trailer and approached Leroy, who is young and dapper, about getting a job. Leroy talked to him for a while, then climbed up on one of the stands to let the old



"When the New Leisure arrives, Fred, I'll damn well be waiting."

• •

man demonstrate his skill. He watched intently as the old man worked. Lonnie glanced over, and said to us, "If that man qualifies, he'll get what all our bootblacks get—three days' to three weeks' training from us before they're allowed to go into the buildings. They get instruction in how to dress, how to comport themselves, how to keep quiet (we cater to executives, who may be talking on the phone), and how not to be interfering or obnoxious. In addition, our training program includes the basics of the shine: how to rag, how to brush, how to go through a consistent movement. A professional shine should take a minimum of four—and a maximum of five—minutes. Also, no dragging tactics on returning a customer's change. When one of our men picks up his box on Monday morning, he's guaranteed a living wage. The route is already established before he gets there; he may have sixty customers all set and waiting for him with their Shiner's Club cards. We charge him a modest fee for the route and the box, which contains a black brush, a brown brush, liquid cream for softening leather, denatured alcohol for taking off spots, four rags, four or five cans of polish, and a punch for punching the cards. Whatever he gets he keeps."

At the other end of the trailer, Leroy climbed down from the stand and addressed a few remarks to the old man. Then he came over and said to Lonnie, "We better get going." Lonnie and Leroy removed their suit coats and put on identical dove-gray cotton coats, which tied with a string in front. "We picked gray because we try to comply with the conventional," said Lonnie. Over the left breast pocket of each coat was a circular insigne of three sevens—red, black, and yellow—emblazoned on a white background. "It's our corporate emblem," said Leroy. "It's the symbol of the twelfth building—777 Third Avenue—that we had the privilege of serving."

Leroy and Lonnie picked up identical black shoeshine boxes, with red cushions, and moved briskly out of the trailer. As we followed them, the elderly man, who, it turned out, had received Leroy's O.K., was conscientiously watching one of the regulars give a shine. We accompanied Leroy and Lonnie along Fiftieth Street as they headed for Park Avenue. "Our best customers are advertising men—TV salesmen, and so forth—because they have to put on the biggest front," said Lonnie. "And also they're receptive to new ideas like ours." Leroy and Lonnie hustled into the Lexington Avenue entrance of 277 Park Avenue, a giant new office building. "We had this place scouted eighteen months ago, long before it was finished," Lonnie said. "We checked the footage, talked to the builders, learned there would be twelve thousand people plus in here, and projected ten to twelve men to handle the operation."

L. & L. vanished beyond the nearest bank of elevators, moving fast.

•

ONE of the items in the L. L. Bean 1965 spring catalogue is Bean's Loose Tongue Protector. Comes in tan or brown.

LAST RITES

"BETTER to die like the ancients," she said. "A great high fever, and you are spirited away."

She must have had in mind the fever that had marked the beginning of her illness, and that, without surgery, would indeed have spirited her away in a few days. Instead, she had had all the "benefits" of modern medicine—two major operations, sickening tests, transfusions, a cabinetful of drugs—and after fourteen months she was still alive.

The first operation had broken the fever but not cured her. The second, to which she had submitted at the doctors' insistence almost exactly a year after the first, had revealed an incurable condition, and instead of seeing fulfilled their promise that she would "get really well" she had seen strange new medicines being brought into her room, medicines that were supposed to retard the wild proliferation of the cells, and that the doctors, unwilling to tell her what her illness was, tried to pass off as something else, until one night, her pain keeping her awake, her suspicions fully roused, and her questions becoming more and more pressing, one of her sons, himself a doctor, told her. All along, he had thought she should be told, believing that life might seem lighter to her and each moment of it have more meaning if she knew. Nor did it seem right that she, the most concerned, should be the least informed.

Fears confirmed will cause as much alarm as fears first stirred. Sitting up on her bed, leaning forward, her knees bent, she looked at him with eyes that welled with thought rather than with tears, and that her thinned, girlish look intensified so that they seemed even larger than they were. "Cancer . . . no less," she whispered. "Now let's just work on the pain—on the pain only—and never mind the rest."

It was April, in Siena, and outside in the garden a nightingale was singing. They listened in silence to the notes appealing, and he thought it would be good to die on such a night, and the verses of Keats came to his mind:

> To cease upon the midnight with
> no pain,
> While thou art pouring forth thy
> soul abroad
> In such an ecstasy!

He eyed the little bottle of opium drops on her night table. He would not remove it. He would not touch it. He would leave it there—though many mingled voices told him not to—within her reach, for her to empty "to the drains," if she so wished. He almost hoped—yes, *hoped*—that she would drink it.

But in the morning the bottle was still there—full, or nearly. The maid counted out the prescribed number of drops. Forty. But forty drops had not relieved the pain last night. Should she count more, the maid asked her.

"Oh, my dear, I wouldn't count them at all. I would pour it all out, except that I don't want to hurt you." She took the drops, and five more, then lay perfectly still and resigned, with her eyes closed and her arms at her sides, waiting with composure for the pain to go.

And she continued what her doctors called the "cure"—the new medicine from Switzerland. But she looked on it with scorn, as on something weak and ineffectual—the way a wine drinker looks on water at table.

One of the doctors, a small, sweet, unpretentious man about her age, who had become very attached to her, was hopeful. He sat beside her and tried to cheer her.

"How long more do you think this can go on?" she asked him. "It can't go on much longer, can it, Doctor?"

"But, Madam, why do you say that? You can live for years."

"Years?"

"But certainly—five, six, seven, and perhaps even more."

It was just what she didn't want to hear. "If it were a question of weeks or months, I could bear it, but you talk of years. Imagine, years . . ."

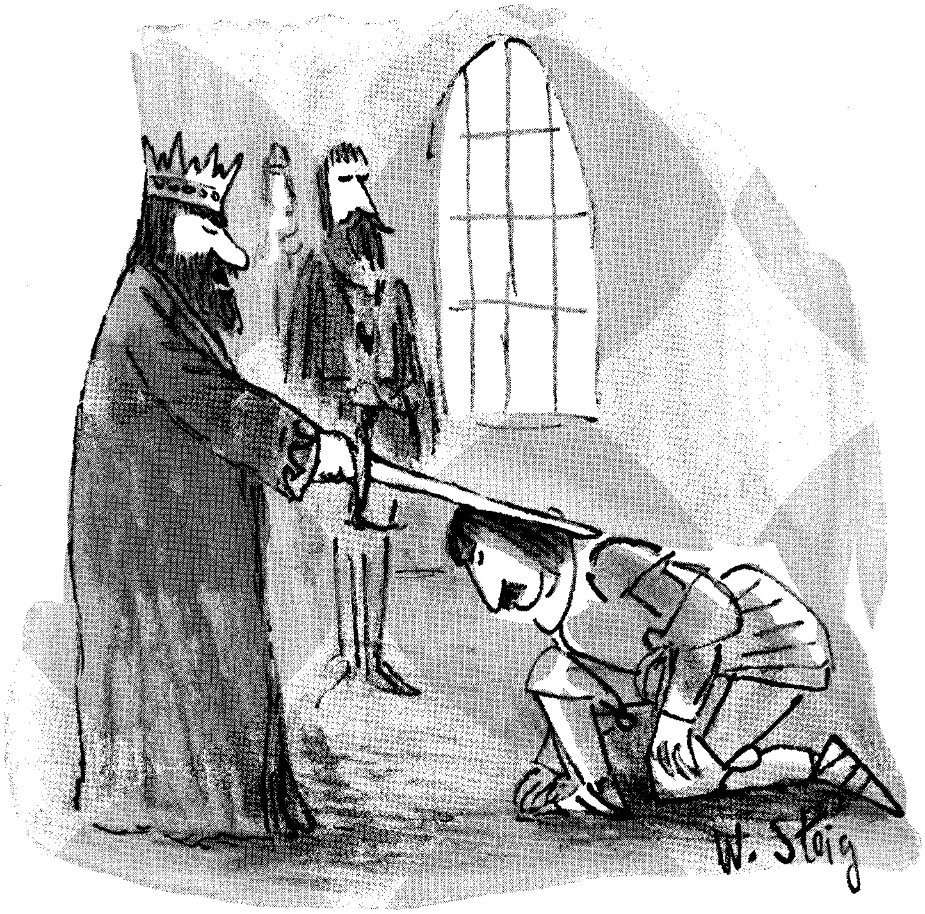
The old doctor was wrong. After a few days, there came a crisis. Now the doctors multiplied their efforts, and though she was too ill to know what they were doing, more than once, with her hands, she tried to ward them off.

She came to an end six days later—not slowly, like a train arriving at a station, but swiftly and convulsively, like a train derailing. She died hard, because her roots were strong, and much more still than if she had gone gently was the final stillness that ensued.

THE house had been geared for sickness so long, and now there was no sickness anymore—no one to take care of, or stay up for, or worry about. Now she was someone only to be missed. They began putting things away—cumbersome, ugly things of glass and white enamel, and boxes full of drugs. "Throw them away," one could almost hear her saying. "Clear out the cupboards. Open all the windows. Air, air the house." She had always been one for keeping things uncluttered, one for spring cleaning, and this was now her day.

Two days later, four men—by a happy chance, her favorite farmers from nearby—lifted the bier, bore it out into the sunny air, and laid it on the open hearse. Fronds brushed it as it passed down under a tunnellike drive of ilex trees. On the highway, hedges and ditches were

"Don't be silly, Charlie. You're no uglier than any other frog."



“. . . and so forth and so on.”

• •

crowded with spring flowers. From the highway, the procession, on foot, turned left along an unpaved country road, and now there were fields of clover on each side, and vines in tender leaf, and olive trees with tiny yellow blossoms, and ripening peas and broad beans in their pods, and the wheat undulated by the wind—all things she loved, things she had tried to capture with her brush. “How surprised they would be,” she once had said, “those people who praise me as a mother, if they knew that in my lifetime perhaps my children never gave me so much pleasure as the reflection that the sky makes on the leaves.” The road climbed up through a wood. At first, there were acacias and honeysuckle on each side, then chestnut trees—great, ancient chestnut trees with hollow trunks and branches sprouting with the newest leaves. The procession took an even smaller road, which led to the brow of the hill up on the right. The slope above the road was a rock garden of wild and flowering plants whose leaves vied in beauty with the blossoms. On top of the hill, they came to four cypresses and to the tiny country cemetery enclosed by lichened walls. Her grave had been dug next to that of an old farmer who had died eight or nine years before. Small, witty, graceful, and a little quaint, he was remembered by everyone with pleasure.

She was laid in her grave. Though the parish priest was present, there was no service, tribute, or any kind of benediction, for she had never been baptized and didn’t go to church. A mason—a skillful man, who did his work with intense passion, and whom she had known well, for he had recently restored part of her house—quickly covered the vault with terra-cotta tiles, laying them side by side with mortar. As usual, he worked with care and concentration. She would have admired him. At the end, he flicked the mortar off his trowel. That quick flicking of the trowel seemed to her son a kind of benediction, and the mortar that was flung from it holy water. She had never been fond of prayers, ceremonies, sermons; she had always been fond of watching skilled artisans at work. And this flipping of the trowel seemed so much more fitting, so much more to her taste, than any kind of religious benediction. It seemed to lend a touch of joy and freshness to the burial.

Afterward, the parish priest—a nice, if somewhat colorless, young man—said how sorry and embarrassed he was not to have given such a kind lady a blessing. He would have given it, he added, even though she was not religious, except that he thought she would not really have wanted it.

The grave was to be bordered by four bars of travertine. A stonecutter in town—a gentle little man, at the end of his career—advised her sons that if they wanted truly fine travertine and good cornices, they should go to a village twenty-odd miles away, where there were quarries of it. And there they went, and it was like some of the trips they had taken with her in her good days when, one or the other of them at the wheel, they would go out for long drives to some old village or country church and stop for coffee in the village square. They came back with four heavy cornices of travertine. The stonecutter engraved her name in marble, her name and dates—no mournful inscription, nothing else. He did his work by hand. “You won’t find anyone else who does it by hand now. I am the only one in town,” he said.

Certainly, her son thought, had she had a chance, she would have chosen this gentle man to carve her name. And it struck him that all during her illness and till the moment of her death she had had no say about what was done to her, that she had more or less given in to, reluctantly agreed with, anything the doctors ordered for her, but that from the moment of her death on everything that happened appeared to fall in with her wishes, though she had left none, though she had let none be known. It was, after so much dreariness, a pleasant observation; at last, it seemed to him, she had taken things in hand, in her own strong hands, and he could almost see them, those admirable hands, come alive again, directing, doing.

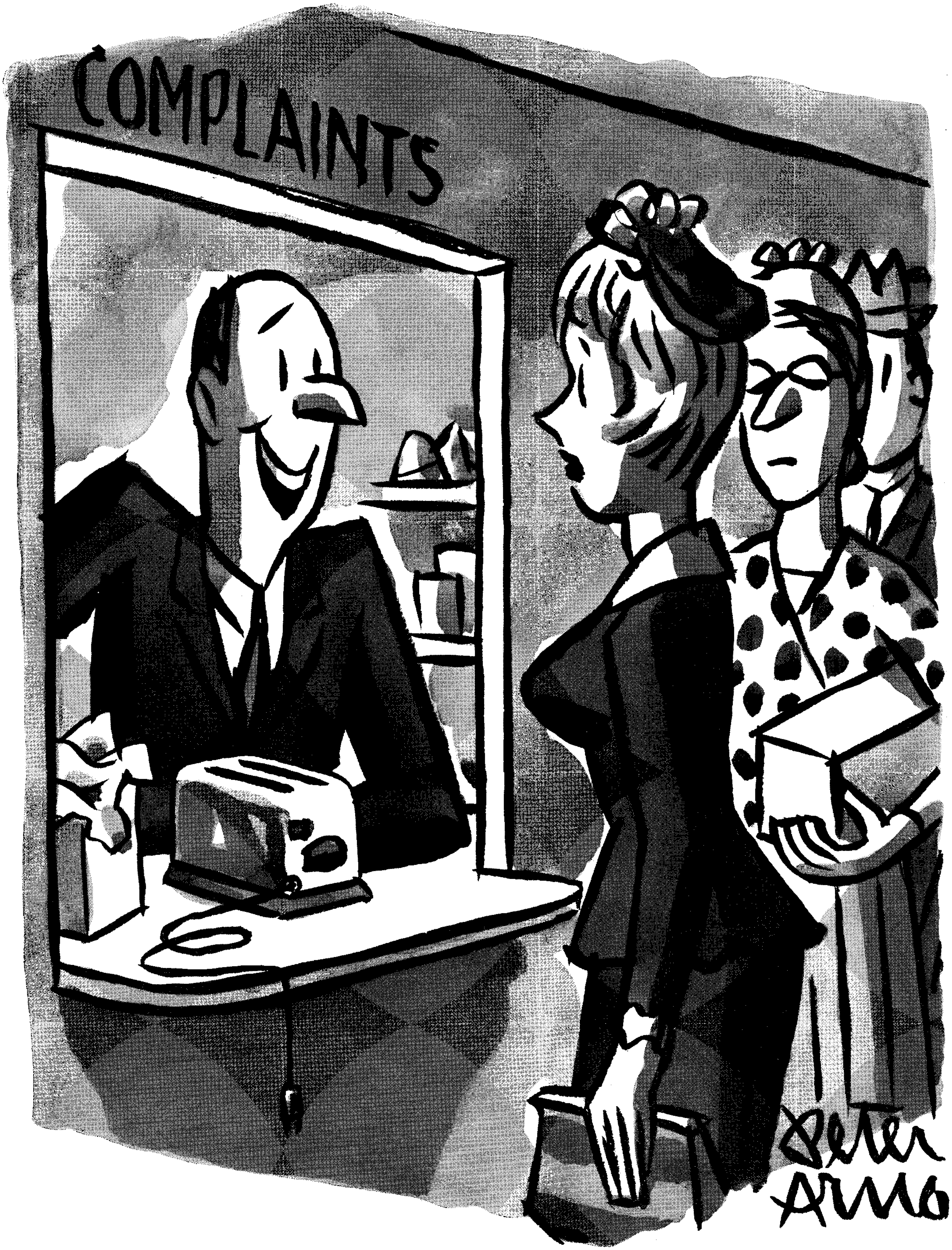
—ARTURO VIVANTE

• •

IN THE FIELD FOREVER

Sun’s a roaring dandelion, hour by hour.
Sometimes the moon’s a scythe, sometimes a silver flower.
But the stars! all night long the stars are clover,
Over, and over, and over!

—ROBERT WALLACE


COMPLAINTS
Peter Arno

"Aside from the toaster, how's life been treating you?"

RETREAT FROM THE SEA

"SEE that little town right out on the rim of the sea? . . . Right there."

"But it looks so tiny. Can we get food there?" That was Gloria.

At that time, in midwinter, sitting in Jess and Caroline's old brownstone apartment, drinks in hand, maps spread out, with all the possibilities still before them—three months and fourteen days, plane tickets to the border, and over nine hundred dollars—it didn't much matter what they said. They were partly serious, partly bragging, and partly just establishing the fact that they had freedom to move. They didn't know how far down in Mexico they would go, nor exactly where. But their own apartment had been sublet for three months and a half, so wherever else they went, they weren't going back there.

"Listen, they probably have a Coca-Cola bottling company and a Ford motor agency there," he told Gloria.

"Jess, did you hear that?" Caroline said. "They've picked out a place way out on the very tip end of Mexico, in Yucatán."

"They'll never make it."

"Oh, we're going, all right."

"That's no town; it's just a little dot," Jess said. But then Jess had always been both stable—he and Caroline had lived in the same place five years now, ever since getting married—and pessimistic. Gloria was, too, only a little less so.

"What's the name of the town? I mean the dot?"

"Progreso."

"Oh, that's too good."

And gone. Goodbye. Goodbye. Mexico, and a song. The song and Mexico. "Que Seas Feliz." Translated, it was "That You (second person singular, informal or 'loved') Be Happy." A song at parting and a final plea at parting for the loved one to be happy. Haunting, sad, beautiful music, slowly spinning out its story. We are parting forever, but be happy.

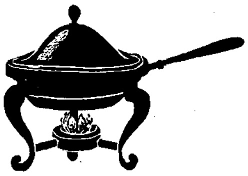
It was funny. It was sad. It was so Mexican. And even if they hadn't quite placed what was really "Mexican" about the song—they'd only been down for two weeks—it was Mexican to them.

They had flown from New York to the border at Brownsville, then crossed over to Matamoros (Kill the Moors) and gone from there by bus down to Mexico City. After a few days there, down further to Morelia in the mountain-lake-volcanic state of Michoacán; eating on the wide streets—some special chicken dish in shiny hand-wrought clay bowls—under kerosene lamps. Ah, man, this is life.

From Morelia, back to Mexico City and across and down to the big port of Veracruz. There, in that happy, noisy city, with two weeks—and a disproportionate amount of their money—gone, they had bogged down.

They had not been married long—two years and a few months—but suddenly, since the trip, came these fierce wrangles about money. Responsible! Irresponsible? Who's responsible? I mean, who's irresponsible? Et cetera. But the real argument was between Gloria's settle-in-one-spot and his let's-keep-going-until-the-money-runs-out.

They still had the map, the same map they'd had before leaving. And the little dot at the tip end of Mexico was still circled. But, since the night before leaving Matamoros and certainly after two days on the bus, while they made the painful change from tracing distances with a finger to actually covering the distance—the "same" distance—on the highways, the little dot that was now so much closer actually looked more remote than ever. Now they understood—Gloria, particularly—what tracing the finger across a map and saying yes really entailed. So they rested a few days in Veracruz, ate at the sidewalk cafés and recovered, and looked back on the trip so far, and, at times, argued. *Que seas feliz.* Money, and settling somewhere and being practical.



"God! Half the money's *gone* already," she practically screamed at him.

"Half gone? We've got nearly seven hundred!"

"You mean nearly six hundred."

"Look, what's halfa fourteen?"

"I don't know what fourteen has to do with it."

"What do you mean?" he said.

"What do *you* mean?"

"I mean we've got seven hundred left, and we didn't start out—"

"Six hundred—"

"Well, goddam it, look—"

And the balance should have been around six hundred and eighty, but when it was all on the table, traveller's checks first, and then pesos from all pockets and purses—"funny money" they had called it at first, but no longer—it came to six twenty-seven. And six twenty-seven it was.

"Now," she said. Not "I told you so" but "Now"!

"Gloria, you're not pregnant, are you? Are you pregnant?"

"No! At least I don't think so."

So her argument was based on calculations—getting "practical." O.K., then, she must be outpracticalled. He began unfolding the map. "Right there! That's where we're gonna go," he said. "Right out on the rim of the sea!"

"I'm scared of that place. It looks so tiny. And . . . "

"Yes? And what?"

"And the dream you had. About the big wall of green water?"

"Jesus. Look, *you* want to settle. *I* don't. I want to see the whole country. All right, we compromise. If we settle, let's at least get *that* far."

" 'That far'? That's the end!"

"All right, so things are bound to be cheaper." He almost had her convinced, until he added, "If we could rent a little house there, we could live, maybe, for the rest of the time and *still* have enough to get back on."

"Oh, and '*still* have enough to get back on'?"

"Sure!"

"You say it like getting back is an extra, a little cherry on top. And '*still* have enough to get back on.' "

"Oh God," he groaned.

For a long moment, they stopped talking. "Gloria, we've lost something. 'I-wanna-go-home' and all of that stuff. You're breaking my back, or my heart even. Does it matter so much? I mean, *we're* here. So it's not New York, it's not . . ." He couldn't finish. "*Que seas feliz.* Parting, you never part; staying together, you're never really together. So Mexican. Soooo Mexican. What the hell did we save for?"

"I know, I know."

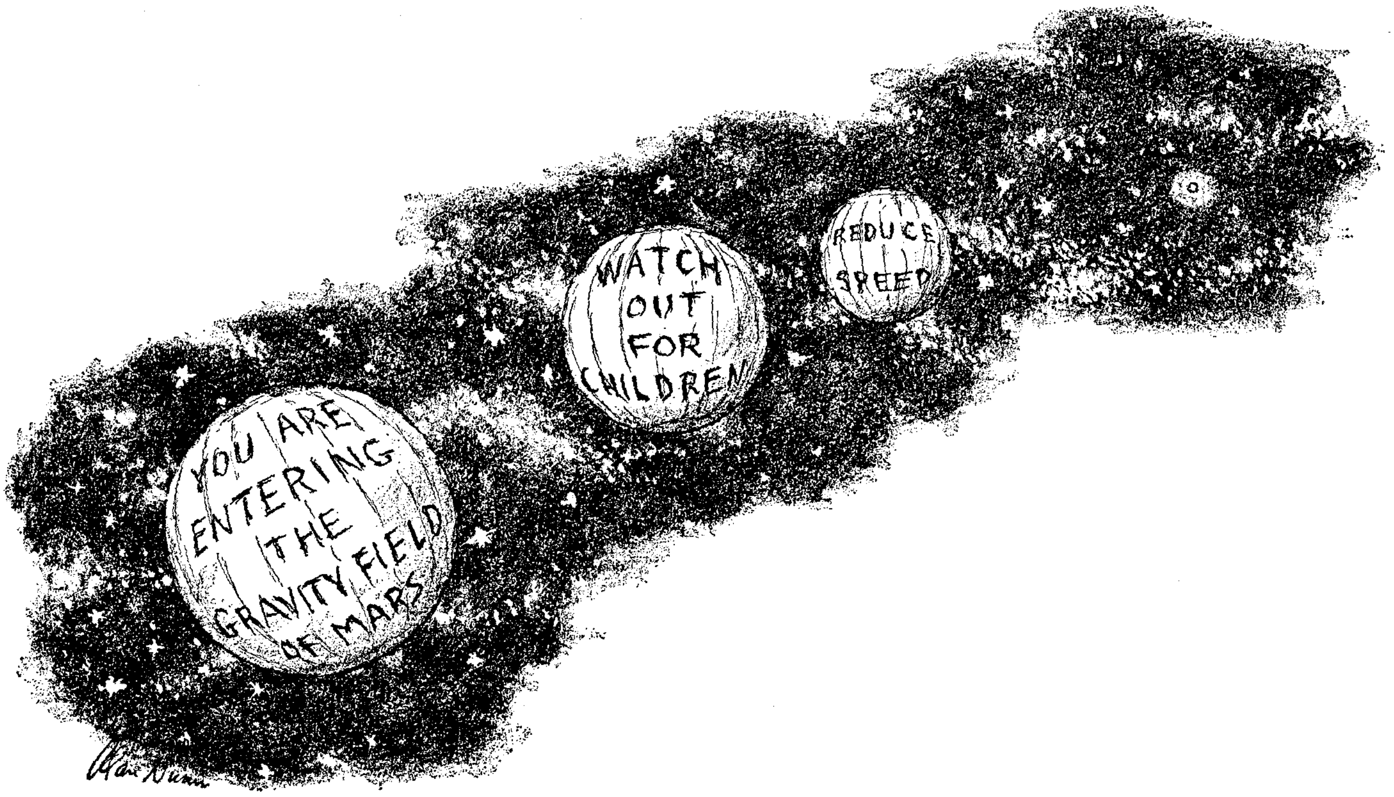
"We're in Borneo, see? And what difference should it make?"

"I know."

"Look, I'm afraid sometimes, but that's what we have to fight. Here we are. We have *time* now."

"O.K." She smiled in that way, as spring breaks up ice, because when she gave in it was completely, without reservation. "Get out the map."

They laughed, for "the map" had come to be a key phrase. They spread it on the marble tabletop in the café and looked at the map of Mexico for perhaps the hundredth time together. Only this time something worried him, and his mind was no longer on it. The argument, though not long or very bitter, was, really, almost heartbreak-


YOU ARE ENTERING THE GRAVITY FIELD OF MARS
WATCH OUT FOR CHILDREN
REDUCE SPEED

ing. What was she saying? Life wasn't a dream, and all of that practical garbage that he hated so much. No, life *is* a dream. It *is*, and let's dream it up. Get back "in time"! No! We do what we want to do—and for two years and a few months he had thought of her as sharing that kind of view. And now what? "Sometime, you know, we have to be practical . . . and the money is going out like this, and so . . ." And none of it did he ever expect to hear from her. No, no. For two years they had lived together—and somehow they had never faced each other.

Of course they could agree—they'd done that for two years—but now, with time on their hands, without the needed coöperation of city life and both of them working, something had snapped. Even her agreement (and for the moment she did mean it, and she would go along with it)—whether it was agreement or resignation, it was . . . Yes, the tone of voice as she said, "I know, I know." Ah, she "knew." It was enough to make him cry for five years.

If they could live together for that long a time (two years!) and really still not understand each other, what could they have been doing all that time? Perhaps for the very pain experienced he could not continue with the thought. Outside of him were meals, diversions, sights that the eyes take in—talk, people, drinks, moving about. . . . And then the sun goes down and the breeze changes a little and the body is tired and there is bed and sleep and one wakes to a different mind that, in a fresh body, refuses to think so darkly.

O.K., they would try that little dot on the map, that little dot on the rim of the sea. He wanted to go all the way by bus, but beyond Coatzacoalcos there was no road. They tried to explain to the bus-station manager about the big article in the newspaper grandly announcing the completion of the new superhighway to Mérida, the principal city in Yucatán, but he looked at them as though such naïveté could only be American.

"Well, why did they write the article?"

"Because the government *said* the highway would be finished this year."

Well, the bus to Coatzacoalcos left in an hour. The train for Mérida left Coatzacoalcos that afternoon at four. O.K.

The wait for the bus was a happy one. They drank beer at one of their little cafés with the marble tabletops and listened to "Que Seas Feliz."

"What do you think is so Mexican about it?"

"Oh, you know, 'I'll never see you again, and neither one of us could ever find another mate in this life, but BE HAPPY!' "

"Yes, that's good. Listen . . ."

But they liked it. They even loved it. Naïve but lovely.

"Why are they leaving each other at all?"

"Reality couldn't stand such a love."

It pulsed and throbbed. Sad and lovely.

"You've broken both our backs—"

"And we have multiple sclerosis—"

"And our child—"

"Has three heads, but BE HAPPY!"

They laughed about the song, but they listened. Be happy, be happy. Yeah, sure. And occasionally he checked to make certain that the tickets were in his pocket. Yep. As accidental as it may have turned out, they would reach that dot. The little dot named Progreso was as good as in his pocket.

They boarded the bus, and it followed the coast to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec; then the train and down further, on through the night, curving southeast, then due east.

Morning. Through green jungle, palm trees, banana trees, swamp, flights of birds of all kinds, swift screaming low-flying parrots, and jungle vines—dense, foggy, cobwebby.

And stops for towns and stops for nothing. The train would stop and no one questioned it. For half an hour there would be no sound, no promise that they would ever move again, no sign of life. Look out of the windows and no one had got off, no one was getting on; they were not taking on water, or wood, or coal, or food. There stood the jungle, three feet away on either side of the tracks.

Stopped. Between nowhere and nowhere in this old luxury train, indestructibly solid, built for coffee importers, exporters, plantation owners. Late-nineteenth-century luxury dining car only slightly run down—not quite kept up and better for all that.

The engineer climbs down and stands on the gravel next to jungle, facing it, one hand on his iron monster. What kind of man is he? Again and again the trip, from Mérida to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, from the Isthmus to Mérida, until he knows it as well as his wife's face.

The jungle, like a tremendous green snake forever uncoiling. Back up into the cab and on, past those streams that rush along and in their tumblings and white tumblings leave a white-green water, past the rush of that wonderful water, banana trees that shoot out of the ground and burst green and quivering from the earth.

According to the map, they must be passing close to the famous ruins at Palenque, but the train didn't even slow down.

"Right out there, you see, *right-out-there* are ruins! From two hundred, three hundred years before Christ."

"Before?"

"That's what this little pamphlet says. Be*fore*."

Cold dark beer (Dos-X beer, "*Dos Ek-kes*") in the old dining car, which was empty except for them and three cigar-smoking, gun-toting, card-playing Mexican *caballeros* who did everything but bow down to Gloria when she passed them or spoke a few words.

Then, out of the green afternoon, out of the jungle, a big colonial city, a real city out here after so much of nature. The very idea of it was overwhelming. Mérida had been here all the time—three, four, five hundred years under Spanish influence and God knows how much longer before that as a Mayan city. While they had been in New York and never known about it (except from their map), the Yucatecans had been here, breaking bread, drinking coffee, talking under overhead fans in high-arched cafés. A city with schools, insurance, banks, churches, and the rest of it. All of his life and way before they had been here, not-thinking-about-him-not-thinking-about-them.

Avoiding the "American" hotels, they found a hotel close to the square and main park, with a big room, high ceiling, and bath, for one-tenth the price. They were proud of themselves; they weren't just tourists. The price thing, the money thing. They understood it now: There really was no "price;" the price was whatever they could get something for. Very Mexican. "You see," he told her, "the longer we stay, the cheaper it gets."

"I know," she said, but there was a trace of the old "I know" in her voice: "I-know-but-I'm-scared," "I-know-but-I-wanna-go-home."

NEXT morning, Mérida looked even more beautiful, bathed in sunlight, as if the area under the trees had first been scoured by light before the freshest shade replaced it.

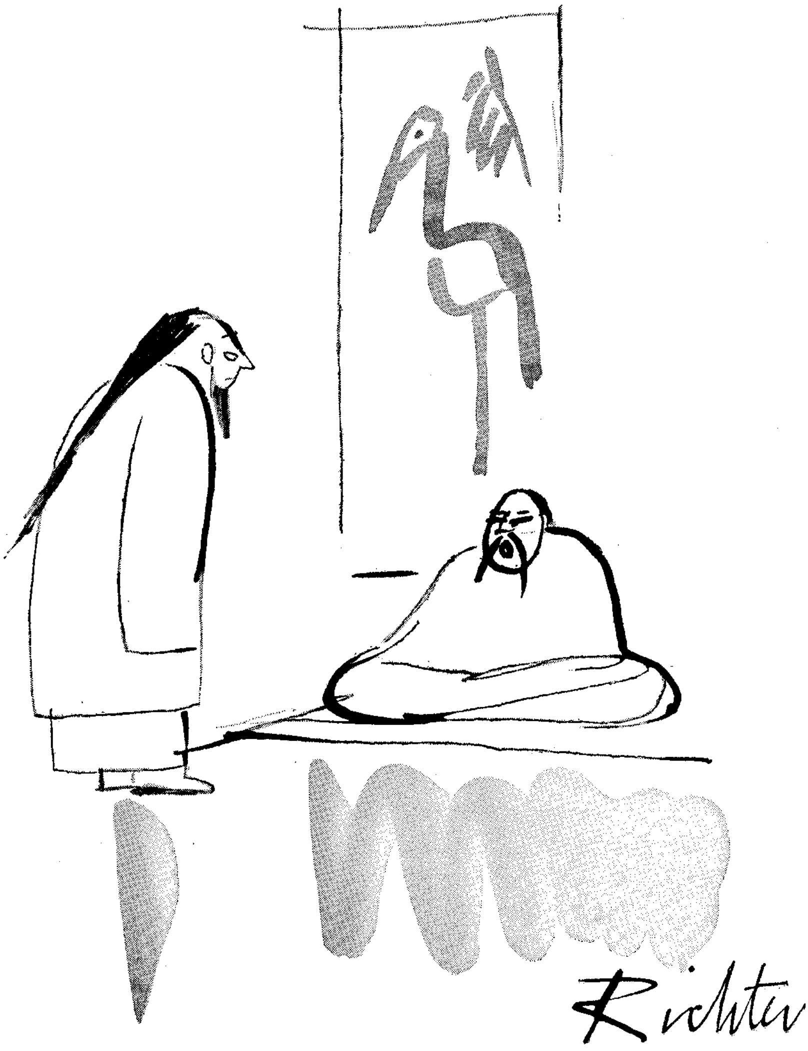
They had figured out money again. The train ride and meals and room had not been very much; still, everything cut away at their dwindling reserves. They'd better settle someplace fast. Before, it had been a plan; now it was imperative.

About six blocks from their hotel was the market place. Everything from junk to live sea turtles, three hundred to five hundred pounds, jacked over on their sides behind the counters of fish and squid and ice. Sandals, sheets, Yucatecan costumes, jewelry, blankets, hammocks. And meat—rabbit, deer, pork, beef, turkey, chicken, wild duck, quail. Stalls of bursting ripe fruit and vegetables freshly sprinkled with water, and very cheap. Avocados and mangoes and fruit they'd never seen—and everything usual to the northern countries except apples and pears.

By buying their own food and having a place to fix it, they should be able to live for the time that was left.

While they were walking back from the market, surveying the grillwork of the city, the parks, boulevards, stone houses surrounded by plants of every description, huge shade trees, antique doors, winding staircases, floor-to-ceiling door-windows and balconies, a change came over Gloria. "What about finding a place in Mérida? We could always go to the sea—every day if we wanted to. The man said that Progreso is only fifteen or twenty minutes away on the bus."

He could have agreed. He almost did. Did he? Had he agreed with her that day? They had been ready to look for a place in Mérida then and there. And then what happened? They were going to put it off until after their trip to the little town on the sea, Progreso. So they went and they saw. And there, laid out before them, was that fantastic sea, unbelievable sea of a thousand shades of blue and green. They'd



"*We're replacing you with an abacus. So sorry.*"

made it! The place they had circled on the map before even leaving New York. No one else would know that they hadn't even thought about it for twenty of the twenty-four days they'd been in Mexico. They picked out a high-domed café and ordered some kind of cola drink that was served in tall six-sided glasses with chunks of ice inside of them. Wasn't this like a victory celebration? Drink up! "Wouldn't it be fantastic if we *could* find a place here?"

And she agreed, immediately, for it wasn't such a dot. There were cabs, two movies, a town square, three or four drugstores, about five cafés, two hardware stores, a bank, and a long beautiful pier supporting a two-lane highway that went out a half mile into that green and blue ever-changing sea, where big freighters tied up and traded machine-made goods for sisal and fruit.

But the biggest surprise was the discovery that Progreso was a little resort town and the rich Meridianos had huge summer homes for a few miles up and down the beach. And out on the sea were sailboats. Sail fishing boats! Not just sailing around but out there making a living!

Back to the main store, which had ship's supplies in the rear and, in front, a sweetshop and a refreshment bar with tables. Ortega's. And Ortega spoke English, they'd been told.

Yes, he did. And certainly there were houses to be found. And now was a good time. In the summer, all of the houses in Progreso were rented, and were quite expensive besides. But in the winter and the spring and the fall they stood empty.

But why, they asked him.

"Oh, it's just not the season. People like people, you know?" He laughed over his command of English. "And then some of the people don't like the *nortes*—the storms, you know. They strike about every two or three weeks during February, March, April, and even May. But they're not bad."

"We wouldn't mind that. We love the ocean."

"And storms, too."

"We're really starved for the sea."

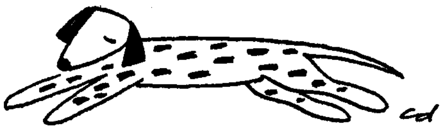
Well, he would be going into Mérida the following day and he might be able to talk to one or two of the houseowners. Drop around the next afternoon and maybe he could do something for them.

And by the following day he had found a place. "It might be a little large for just the two of you," he said, "but since it's the off season, I could get it at a good price. I can take you out there right now, if you have a few minutes."

Few minutes? They had all day, all week, months.

And, very un-Mexicanlike, he took them out immediately, to a castle of cement that stood just across from a sand beach road, twenty yards from the gulf itself. The deep porch downstairs had a red-and-white checkerboard tile floor, slim white columns, and heavy large door-windows that allowed a full view of the sea and beach from the dining room. The kitchen opened onto a tiled patio in back. But why speak of tiling? The whole house and all the patios and porches were tiled; the bathrooms (seven) were tiled all over—floors, walls, and ceilings.

There were about fourteen or fifteen rooms, in addition to a huge upstairs porch, balconies, patios, downstairs porch, double garage, tremendous walled-in fortress yard in back with a small house for the servants, in which he and Gloria could have lived very comfortably and even luxuriously. The house was impossible, of course. Unthinkable. So they stopped thinking about it and told Ortega yes, sure they'd take it. And since he was acting for the owner, they paid him rent for a month and a half and took the keys. It was that simple.



And the wind blew.

But of course there is a breeze this close to the ocean, practically in the ocean—this point of land that juts out into ocean-gulf as the bow of a boat digs into waves.

When they left Ortega, they hugged each other for joy. Thirteen hundred and fifty pesos for the month and a half, which came to less than seventy-five dollars a month. They decided to return to Mérida to buy two hammocks and some supplies; anyway, they couldn't move in till the following morning, so they'd have one last night in the big city. Again they counted money—around four hundred and sixty dollars, and they still hadn't bought their supplies, but a month and a half's

---

BIRTHDAY POEM

Sister, you're ten today. Your first decade
Ends, as they all will, in the spring.
Your years, with the seasons, bring
You to the brightening of the spade,
Light's lengthening, the magic seed,
Sweet showers, and the earth's reopening.
Outside your window, jonquils thrust their need
In two directions for that blossoming.

It's just another day. For dancing school
You tighten up, pointing your toes
And arms, caught in the awkward pull
Toward grace. Fragile, maybe you'll grow
Enough to take that weight and fool
Us all recital day. Who knows?

It doesn't bother you. You're hardly tired
When Yogi Bear postpones your dinner hour
With his preposterous ballet. You've stared
Harder at that game brute than any other
Show on the box.
                    No longer scared
Of the dark, you still fight bedtime, glower,
Perform extended good-nights for your father,
Who, at sixty-six, has not retired.

Prokofieff and Peter whirl you off
To your sleep. Beside you, my once-
Upon-a-time follows your innocence
Out of this world. I keep what's left—
An even stranger Yogi, another wolf
You haven't dreamed of, and a dance
I'm bound to practice gulf to gulf.

—DABNEY STUART

• •

"Mummy, are we Mods or are we Rockers?"

rent had been paid. Yes, they could live in their beach castle for the full two and a half months, with "still enough to get back on." As for eating, well, they'd have to scrimp a little, but they could do it. They went out and bought some tequila, a little hot plate, bowls, spoons, and some American canned soup, and went back to the hotel to fix it. They even got homesick about it.

"Delicious! Those guys up there, way up there, canning soup for us? I mean, it's *great* of them." There were tears in his eyes. The tequila helped, but the tears were genuine. "I mean, those American craftsmen canning soup up there so we can have soup down here? . . . So damned good of them. . . . Good men. . . . Good, you know?"

Gloria understood perfectly, and they fell into bed in each other's arms and almost cried over it.

The next day, they took over. Oh, they kissed and made love in their castle and took out their map and spread it over the tiles to locate themselves, and praised themselves again. We made it! Ah, wait till Jess hears about this! A castle on the sea! Of course, in order to stay as long as possible, they'd have to live a little like tramps inside it.

Suddenly the order of things had been reversed. Before leaving New York, three and a half months had not seemed long enough. Now they would *have* to remain away, because there would be no place to return to until the sublease had expired. However, if the money didn't hold out for the full time . . . Well, maybe they could stay at Jess's for a week or so.

They did not find out for days that they could have had the house for about half of what they had paid. They might even have got it for less than half. Typically Mexican. So Mexican. *Que seas feliz.* There was no price, for there was no demand. All of these beautiful beach houses stood empty at this time of the year—all but one.

Regardless, a month and a half had been paid for, and they couldn't go back on that. Besides, the first days were wonderful. To all of their dreams of living by the sea they added, from reality, whatever came their way—wind, sand, silence, roaring ocean, palm trees, fresh fish, shrimp, squid, rum, Dos-X beer, Coca-Cola, and shells and beach and dysentery (drinking fresh rain water from old pipes).

Up and walking the beach alone on one of the early days when the sea was calm and waves formed just a few feet out, the sky braids of ragged cloud blue gray against a morning blue, in that light he saw the morning offering of shells—jewels strewn carelessly over the sand table, fashioned overnight by the sea and suddenly much more than piles of shells, more even than jewels. He got down among the piles of shells (fresh wet whites, blues, purples, whites, yellows, whites, grays, browns, greens, whites, palest yellows, oranges, whites) and put his hands in them—all shapes, sizes, and colors. The sea at his back washed up and withdrew, and he saw it all then—the meaning of everything in a pile of shells from the sea—and did not even try and explain that, not even to himself.

Early in March, they began collecting shells and taking longer and longer walks, looking for rare species. The beach was theirs; there was no one else for miles. Finally, they had collected bags and boxes of shells, and when the winds were high they would sort them out and grade them. They'd open up a shell jewelry shop!

At the period of their greatest enthusiasm for shells, they came across the car. Over twenty years old, a De Soto convertible, but with the top in shreds. They could get it for less than a hundred dollars and before they left they could sell it back to someone. And they could cruise up to the other little towns along the "rim" and hunt for shells. So they got it, even though it meant that the money thing came up again—Gloria was doubtful whether they'd be able to sell it back. That was during the third week, the period of greatest happiness, the peak—after which things had to go the other way. Yes, it was after that time that something else began to build up. Not that everything stopped all of a sudden. They swam a lot, even on chilly nights, made love in their big hammock (ah, sweet forgiveness and enjoyment of each other's bodies, but bitterness, too, for a suspended argument could be picked up again afterward and remind them that nothing changed permanently no matter how wonderful their bodies were to each other), had some great meals, almost lived on mangoes—discovered the *manga*, best of all mangoes, the female of the species—and avocados and other fruits, but they also learned about the *nortes*.

Oh, to understand about something, and then to really understand! The storms, the *nortes*, which were mentioned so casually by Ortega (a "stiff breeze," he would admit) and the others who lived there the year round,

would last for three, four, or five days. But the wind still whistled for three days while calming down. After the storms, the beach was thick with seaweed and the water was murky. But these were mere details. It was the wind!

The wind roars over the world,
The wind roars over the world.
A hollow sound between "s" and "z."

Three days, four days, five days. And then peace. But nowhere was it more true that this was the calm before the storm, for after one day of peace, at most two, a breeze would spring up. Higher. Slowly mounting until within a few hours one finally concluded yes, we are in it again, another *norte*. *There* was something to think over, holed up in their castle while the winds coated everything with a fine layer of—somehow—greasy sand. In New York or any big city, people waited for the newspapers to say the word "blizzard" or "hurricane," but out here it went on without a name. They could call it a mild spring zephyr or a tornado, the *norte* didn't care; it just blew and blew until it blew itself out, then gathered in breath for the next onslaught.

On the thirty-eighth day of their month and a half, windows all closed against the wind, with sand creeping in and finely coating everything, they slowly drank coffee after coffee and tried to nail their feeling down. Were they sick and tired of it all?

The ocean never stops. Time. Time. Time. It pounds its point home. Of course, time never stops either, but to be continually reminded of it could drive a man crazy, is like being inside the very gears of the clock of all clocks, the one they set all the others by. That's it. That's what it was to live there.

Was it the end of the dot? The very thought of leaving filled them with a great hope. And finally, admitting openly to each other that they'd had enough of it, they were able to make a decision.

"Maybe we can get a place in Mérida for the rest of the time," Gloria said.

"One of those quiet places, with green plants and shade from the sun."

"And a big wall to block off the wind."

MARCH was done with, and so was their paid time at the beach house. It had taken them five days and a half to locate a possible house in Mérida, and each trip out to the sea again, after an unsuccessful search, was more painful than the last. Beach, sand, wind, never-ending wind, breathtaking wind, bang-shutters wind, door-slamming wind. "It's just the season," said the townsfolk, those quaint people. "Just wait a month or two and it calms down; then it's really beautiful." Into Mérida they went to look at the house, running before the wind, their canvas convertible top flapping.

They found the wide, quiet street, and the right number, and parked the battered car in front. Well, this was it. Two days ago, Ortega had asked them to please let him know if they were going to take the beach house for the month of April or not.

"Maybe you should have parked it down the block," Gloria said. "If they see this thing here, they'll never rent the place to us."

"That's O.K. Just keep your fingers crossed."

"We've got to tell Ortega today, you know. Today's April 1st."

"Look, we'll try and get this place regardless. Even if we have to pay a lot and leave for home early."

"We *can't* leave for another month, at the earliest. Look, maybe we better go talk it over again and come back here later?"

"No, we're here now—"

"And if it's no?"

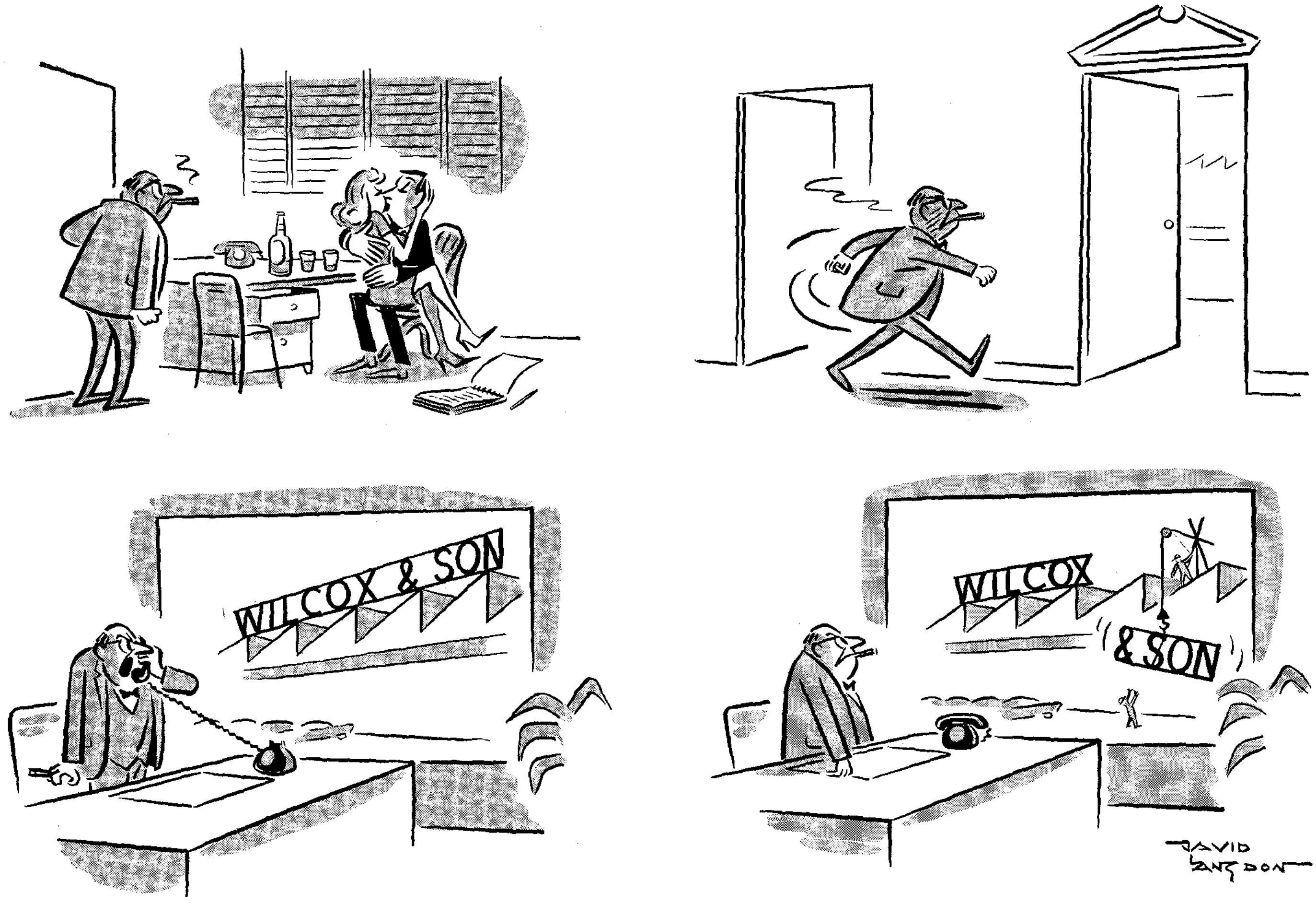
They both chuckled mirthlessly.

Through the grilled-iron gate with a song all its own, and not one often played. Their moment of doubt. And that wreck of a car sitting there. Maybe that little thing alone could mean the difference.

How had they been stuck out there on the beach in the first place? How do things happen? Had they really *decided* about living out on the beach? Out on the rim of the sea? Or had they trapped themselves into it—empty talk, blabbing over drinks, a little bragging and then having to make it good? And now were they ruining their last chance in some indefinable way?

They walked along the path bordered by flowers sucked out of heavy green stalks, which barely breathed in the sultry air—where three hundred, eight hundred, a thousand years, it seemed, had done no more than move that air a half mile and then back again. They stopped in the path, almost ready to move the car, ready to make a real decision. Above them, the crushing white clouds moved quietly. Sighting along a corner of the house or the unmoving branch of a tree, one could see the whiteness first touch, then slowly pass by the branch or house corner. They looked at each other, but they couldn't quite go back. On to the door. He touched the door knocker a couple of times, and then they both looked up at the sky. Waiting. The Yucatán, that proud bulge, sore thumb-end of Mexico. Waiting. Their lives seemed to have caught up with them while they were waiting for someone to answer a door, between a knock and an answer. The walk from the gate to the door had been a chance, or a new beginning. The whole quiet walk, this peaceful garden had so little to do with New York and the rush of time.

"God, it's hot out here," Gloria said, as they waited for the thick door to open and change it all.



• •

And slowly the door swung in to a long, withered, skinny woman, like a wax figure. (A human, though—he must remember that.)

"What thing is it you want?" Not kindly spoken but not unkindly—human, as humans speak.

"We were looking for a house to rent and they told us that, uh—"

"Pass," she said, and moved back to let them enter the cool air inside. She closed the door after them and turned, without speaking further, to show them the house. Despite his halting little phrases, despite the old car parked right in front, she was showing them the house. For rent? It must be, yet she had said nothing.

The ceilings were at least fourteen feet high, and there was a quiet about the rooms that had not been disturbed for years. Directly ahead was a wide staircase that wound upward gently in a half circle to the left. Between the front door and the beginning of the staircase were two rooms on either side with floor-to-ceiling sliding doors. He walked behind the two women, so different in age; he would let them talk it all over as they walked through the large house. Everywhere it was cool, and there was a kind of glowing darkness. He fell farther behind the two women, and was happy to see that they didn't need him for this. Time. Time. Slowly, silently, he spoke the word. To live like this is to get out of time. Here one might rearrange a life and find out where everything was going.

In this old city, the breeze was hardly noticeable, while in Progreso, in the house on the ocean, it was neither breeze nor wind but the ocean itself fairly coming in through those windows—the smell of it, the feel of it, the very essence of it. Good, yes. Great. O.K. But enough. To get out of the wind, out of the glare, to come here and rest. Ah, yes.

"And in here . . ." The old woman moved slowly from room to room. Brass bedsteads a hundred and fifty years old. Gloomy old pictures good just for being so much themselves; shepherds and the flocks, streams and fields at sunset—oh, trot them all out, all the still scenes.

"And here is the kitchen. . . ."

Again high ceilings, thick doors, tall windows, and a giant cement stove dressed in tile, with three charcoal burners and a wood-burning oven. A wide and deep double sink with one brass spigot over the deep side. Wonderful, Gloria was saying breathlessly. As the old lady walked ahead of them into the back of the kitchen, he and Gloria exchanged glances and smiles.

Through the door at the back of the kitchen were three more bedrooms—but why should they look any longer? The afternoon was turning into evening. Sure, they would take the place. Of course, take it. Only, what was the deal? He'd give everything but his heart and soul for the place, and there had been times in the past weeks when, if he'd known that a house like this existed in the whole wind-torn, ocean-crashing world, he would have given heart and soul, too. Certainly, just so the ceilings were high and the rooms white but sombre, and there was green at every window, and the wind was blocked off.

Back they went through that marvellous kitchen, and she, the old lady, who had perked up at the interest in her house ("But this is nothing, just an old house, yes, with some nice things about it, of course"), turned to him. "Ah, the Señor likes mangoes, you tell me? Well, if he likes mangoes? Well?" The old lady crossed the room faster than he believed possible. "If he likes mangoes, then he will understand about *these!*"

There, in a huge walk-in pantry on a cool gray-and-white marble table, lay the warm mangoes—perfumed, freckled, lemon, orange, green, red, purple mangoes, king of all fruit, with little drops of sap juice at the navel of each.

"*Mangas, Señora?*"

"*Mangas, Señor!*"

There. She knew that he understood. The best of all mangoes. "Ah, Señora, but these are very rare. Where did you get these?"

She was pointing out of the window, in her modest way.

"Out there?"

"Yes, Señor."

"In this yard?"

"But, Señor, we have a very large garden! The brick wall that goes to the corner goes back well beyond the house, and then on the other side."

"May we see the garden?"

"But of course."

Out at a side door from the kitchen and into a green world under a shade, like a sky, so thick that the ground was almost without grass, a beaten earth floor under a high green tent. Oleander, bougainvillaea . . . Ah, to be born here. To live here forever.

"We have three *manga* trees," she said, with pleasure in her voice.

Maybe he *had* been born here. Ah, you are blessed, old lady, and he almost told her so, but he couldn't find the right words, and maybe she would consider it sacrilegious anyway.

"Over here are the avocado trees."

"My God!" he swore, half to himself. Yes, maybe he *had* been born here. . . . Big, beautiful trees, heavy with fruit . . . Yes, kidnapped, stolen—

"And fig trees," she went on, without even the slightest idea of the effect she was having. He could not listen any longer. It *was* his somehow.

He didn't come to until he realized that Gloria had accepted for them to have coffee with her. "Sure," he said listlessly, long after the two women had settled the question.

Gloria turned to him as they were walking in. "She says we *can* rent the place."

Of course, he thought, *course*. The least they could do. "My house," he said, muttering to himself, looking around at the house he hadn't seen for so long. Yes, stolen about seventy-five years ago, too long ago to make a squawk now. Now it was all respectable. Stolen.

They sat down, and, still in his daydream, he brought the coffee cup to his lips. The lip of the cup curved, flared out to meet his own. Very hospitable, it seemed. Coming out to meet his lip like that. That softened him.

"Oh, right away?" the old woman was saying, incredulous.

"Yes," said Gloria, turning to him for confirmation of her sanity. "We thought *sure* it was for right now." After all, there's Ortega, and money and time and the apartment in New York sublet and the beach house and the wind out there and—

"*Oh Dios mío*," said the old woman, holding her heart. "The earliest possible would be August." She looked at them in complete miscomprehension. Haven't you heard about us Mexicans? We don't rush into things.

It was already broken. In Mexico, if they said August it meant September or October or maybe December. They *did* talk that way; that way, it could be a conversation piece for a few months and only later would something be done about it.

And even August would be too late. They'd have to be back around the first week in June—money (i.e., time), apartment lease (i.e., money). There'd be eating to think of and no money to pay rent anyway, anywhere. No money, no money for anything.

"We'll have to be back in New York in June," he explained.

"If we can hold out that long," Gloria reminded him.

"Oh, what a pity," and "What a shame," and "Ah, I'm sorry," and "I wish it could be done sooner."

All of it she meant. Genuinely sorry. *Genuinely* sorry. Ah, old lady . . . All of those words: "Sorry," "if only," "pity," "shame," "unfortunate," "luck," "tough," "too bad."

And the afternoon was gone. But worth it? To see this other world, this green-shaded better world, this quiet, high-ceilinged, well-lighted, dark-white-gloom world, with its hospitable cups and marble and *mangas* and figs and avocados? My place. You did it nicely, but still you stole it. Nobody would ever believe me now. Well, it's all right, keep the house.

And the afternoon was gone.

"Yes, what a pity," Gloria was saying.

The coffee was gone, too, and there was no more reason to stay.

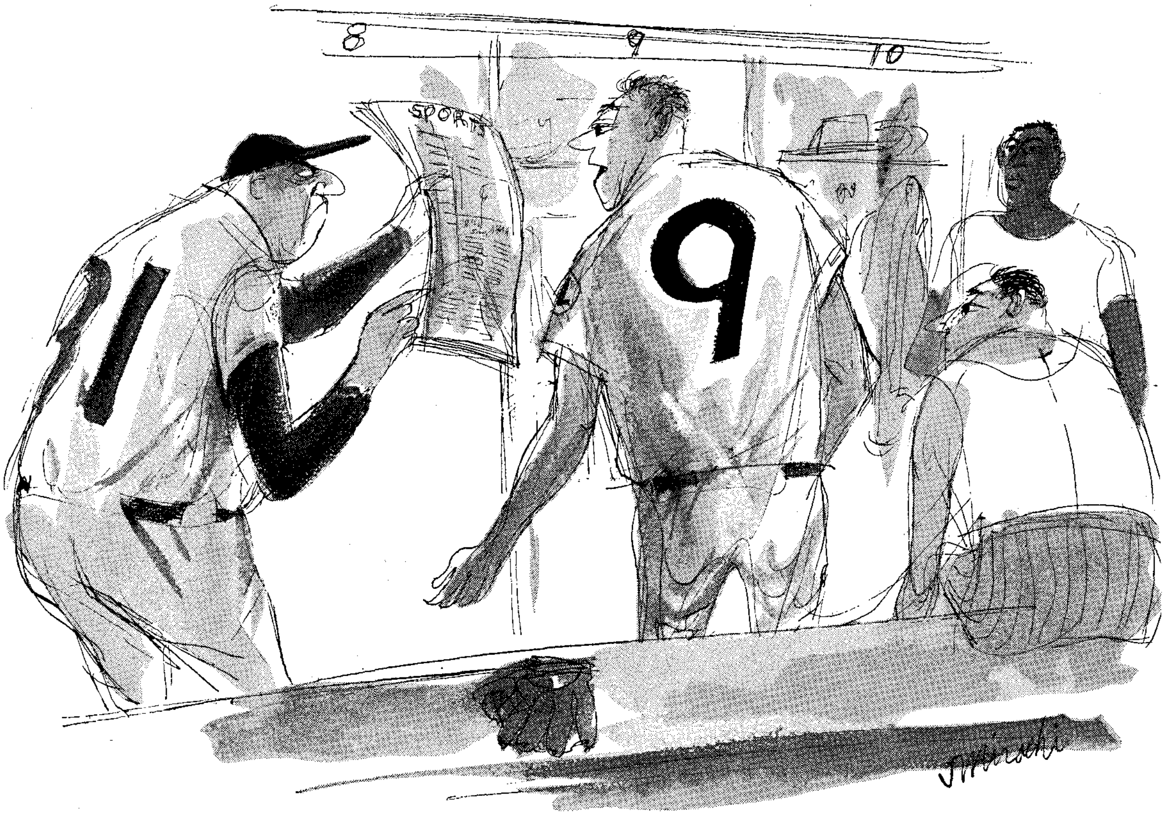
"Well, we better be going," Gloria said. Again she had to take the action.

O.K. He rose up. But it was leaving home to go to a job he hated. They had walked in that door and now they were completing the maze, retracing their way out again. A little wiser.

Unsure how he would do it, but determined to, he got the idea over to the Señora that he wanted to see the place again before they returned to the States, and would it be O.K.?

"But of course, Señor," she said

"Double, double toil and trouble . . ."



"I didn't call you a lousy manager! The guy who writes my stuff called you a lousy manager."

• •

when she had understood his meaning. "My house is yours."

Yes, the house was his, really. Really. And she would let him see his house once more before leaving Mexico. Meanwhile, she'd take care of it for them. But on the surface it was all smiles. Then the ritual of goodbye, the door, and they were out in the afternoon—longer shadows and the cement walk. The door closed silently behind them and even shut without a sound. Five o'clock.

The old leather seats were scorching.

"Jesus, my tail!" he yelled.

"Well, get us moving and cool this thing off."

As if this were the one thing it knew, the car seemed to swing them around and head out to the ocean, humming along; the old broken convertible top, half open to the skies, flapped away over them, and they speared out the lonely road to the sea. Bang crash the ocean. Boom the waves. Wind slamming doors, blowing sand, wild woolly smashing sea. Ahead were black-purple clouds; maybe the rain had already hit the beach. The last of the white clouds was over them, ahead was black and purple, behind was a blue sky. Right into the face of the wind. The first traces of rain were going up the windshield, but the wind was so strong it was not yet wetting them.

"It would have been nice, right?" Gloria said, practically yelling over the wind and the roaring motor.

Louder, over the rush of wind, he yelled, "They stole it!"

"What?" she screamed over.

"Stole it. S-T-O-L-E, stole it, didn't they?" Furious that she didn't understand.

"*Stole* it? Did you say 'They stole it'?"

"Happiness! Everything! Money! Houses! Time! Love! *Everything! Que seas feliz!* Under*stand*?" And if she didn't agree with all of that, then *leave*.

"What? You crazy loon!"

Certainly "crazy." Maybe temporary and maybe permanent; but now they were going back to the . . . out there to the . . . and prove something, stay there and die or go crazy all the way. Now it was his chief aim in life, to go back out to the beach and *stay* there. Now he wouldn't have left.

"God-damned ocean, doors slamming, wind whistling, brain whistling, head-in-ocean, ocean-in-head, and everybody with any sense knows enough to retreat in the winter except stupid God-damned Americans, and damned few of *them*."

"What? I can't hear you again."

"Who the hell is talking to you!"

Into the almost deserted town. The full force of the rains had not come down yet, but they were getting sprinkled from the sides as they swung corners, tires screaming, and finally parked in the sand road, the house to the right of them and, on the left, ocean—soggy, angry, green blue, woolly, ever-changing—and a "good stiff breeze" (near hurricane, but only a tornado was "windy").

O.K., one noise was gone. The car engine and top-flapping noise. Now only wind and waves.

"Fix us something. O.K.?"

"There's fruit and cheese and *bolillos*."

"O.K."

"Where are you going?"

"Take a walk on the beach."

"It's gonna pour."

"So?"

"Are we gonna tell Ortega?"

"No! . . . Yeah! . . . I don't know. . . . Yeah. We'll sweat it out for another month."

Escape the ocean by walking right up close to it, so you weren't land battered by ocean any longer; you were ocean battering land. Sand, seaweed, starfish, and spotted shells—assorted cat's-paws, rainbows, et cetera.

And it did pour that day, on that dot on the rim of the sea.

"YEAH, we lived right out there on that ocean the whole time. Get out the map. I'll show you exactly where we lived."

"There?"

"Right . . . about . . . over there!"

"Really?"

"That's right."

"Jess! They *did* live there, that little dot right out on the rim of the sea."

"How was it?"

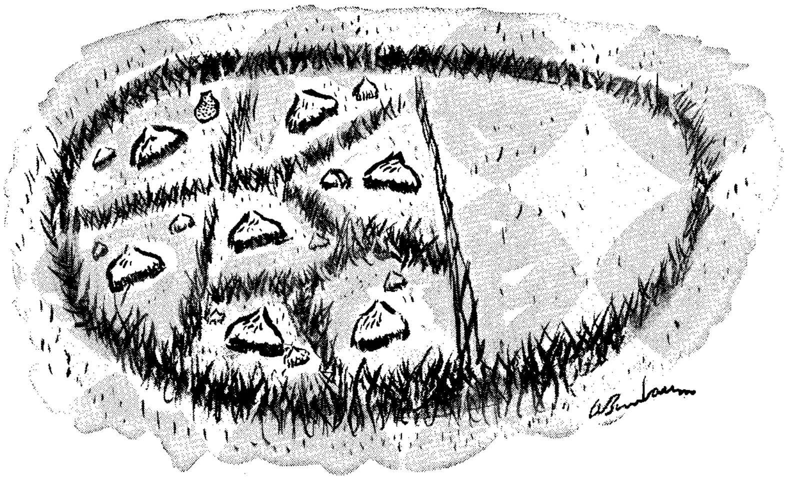
"Unbelievable. . . . Fantastic."

"How could you stand to ever come back?"

"You know." He stirred his drink with his finger. "Low on money." Because everybody in the room could understand that. —Taylor Morris

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE HERDSMEN~IV



THE Dodoth are a tribe of some twenty thousand warrior herdsmen who live in Dodoth county, in northern Uganda. Their culture is built around their cattle, and their ways have not changed over the centuries. The Dodoth are polygamous, and they have no villages. Each householder maintains a large, practically self-sustaining "dwelling" in which he has a cattle pen and in which each of his wives has her own court and her own field. Tribes that are hostile to the Dodoth live at their borders—the Jie and the Turkana—and these tribes, too, are pastoralists. Today, as in the past, the Jie and the Turkana carry on cattle raids against the Dodoth, and the Dodoth against them.

In Dodoth, the period between the middle of October and the middle of November is Lara, the next-to-last month of the Dodoth year. The millet is ripe and the sorghum full of sugar, and wherever people walk they carry a supply of sorghum, for one can suck the canes for syrup and spit out the fibre, and over every pathway in Dodoth during Lara lie these fibrous mouthfuls, brilliant white and shiny, like big flakes of snow. During Lara, the harvest is taken in. A woman goes to her field early in the morning and walks about among the stalks of grain. When she sees a ripe millet stalk, brown and hairy, she catches it as it blows in the wind, bends it down, and, with a simple little dagger, severs the head. She lets the stalk spring back and tosses the head into the basin she has brought with her. A Dodoth woman gathering her grain is like a cat catching birds, she is so deft and stealthy; she slips her hand quickly up a grain stalk before the wind can snatch the head away. A basinful of grain heads is dumped onto an old cape spread out near the garden house, and when the cape is full it is made into an immense and rustling bundle, which the harvester carries home on her head. She empties the bundle into a huge open storage basket that, for the harvest season, stands outside the dwelling wall, and, giving the cape a flap to shake the chaff off, goes back to fill it once more. She works until the sun sets and shows the Pleiades, the misty group whose name, *ngakuliak*, is said to come from the phrase "poor women," in their autumnal place above the horizon, marking the end of the year. Normally, the rainy season has ended before Lara. The little thorn acacias drop their leaves and the grass disappears in patches or turns brown. And during Lara a wind begins rising up hot from the Turkana plains, east of Dodoth, and pouring warm and steady over Dodoth during the day. It dries the grain heads in the crude but airy baskets; it dries the sorghum branches, all orange, purple, and white, that the women have stuck up in their thatches to save for next year's seed. It dries the beans, and the piles of split calabashes, pumpkins, and cucumbers that the women have brought in from the fields in order to extract the seeds—for the massive soft vegetables spoil quickly but the dried seeds can be pounded to flour and eaten all through the year. The following months will be the dry season, with just a small amount of rain. No crops will be planted, and the cattle may be taken to dry-season pasture. Until the first string beans and tomatoes of the next spring planting are ready, people will have no fresh vegetables and will depend on their grain.

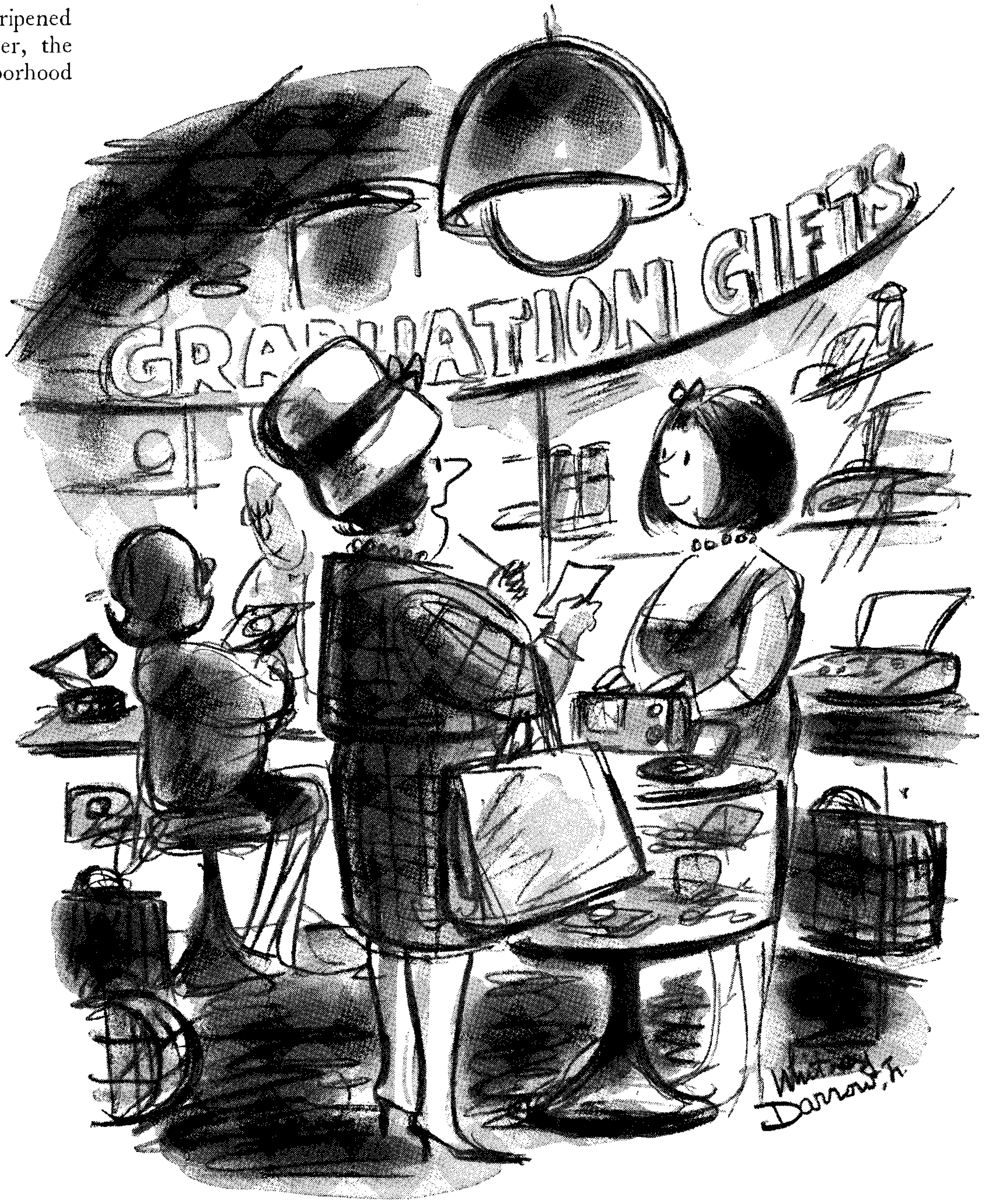
The wives of a dwelling clear a large area in front of the storage basket by the dwelling wall and cement the clearing with a mixture of cow dung and water to make a floor. When the floor dries, it is soft and resilient, and does not crack under the flails—for the women pile it with grain heads and kneel and beat the pile with long sticks. This is very hard work, which makes the arms and shoulders ache; and very exacting work, as the women around the pile must time their blows carefully or they will hit each other; and very hot, itchy work, for the dust and chaff fly in the air and stick to perspiring faces. When the breeze blows, the threshers, still kneeling, sweep the floor with little grass brooms, gathering the pounded grain heads into a pile. They then stand up to winnow, and the golden kernels pour like water while the chaff blows off on the wind. Threshing can go on until evening, and then, from the top of a hill, one can see all the threshing floors of a neighborhood surrounded by smoldering, glowing rings as the people set the chaff on fire. Even after dark, you can hear the flails' rhythmic thumping, and now and then you can hear laughter and singing. Sometimes, to speed the work, the men flail, too, and sometimes many people thresh together as the families in a neighborhood take turns helping each other, doing one harvest at a time. These threshing bees are gay occasions, because it is cooler at night, and more pleasant with the men there.

Being the time of plenty, Lara is the season of parties, celebrations, and feasts. Women brew grain into the delicious sour Dodoth beer, which is as thick as cereal and is served hot enough to steam. A man may ask his friends to help him with some heavy work—moving a roof, for instance—and repay them in beer, so Lara becomes the season for accomplishing things. Or a man may serve drinks to visitors just for pleasure. Sometimes groups of twenty or thirty men may meet under an *etem*, or sitting-place, tree to hear their host's opinions while trying his beer. Or a man may give a small party, for just a few close friends, in the court of one of his wives, where privacy insures that passersby will not join the group to drink up everything, and where men and women can sit together informally, passing a warm calabash among them, spending the afternoon. There is an air of relaxation toward the end of harvest. The grain is in the granaries, and the dry, headless stalks rustle in the fields. At this season, for the one time in all the year, the thornbush fences that surround the fields are opened, so that the livestock can go in to eat the canes.

Thus the fields are cleared for next spring's planting, and the cattle have their harvest festival, too.

In 1961, camped on a prominent hill called Morukore, in the Lokoki district of Dodoth, my husband and I lived among the herdsmen for about six months. That year, the rains seemed to stop around the middle of September. Now and then, soft banks of clouds would mass over the escarpment of volcanic hills of which Morukore was one, and drift west to moisten Dodoth, but no big storms came, and presently the grain in the fields turned brown. Morning and evening, the little gray doves that raid the crops would buzz between the grain stalks, and after dark the crafty monkeys, red and solitary, would approach the fences for the tomatoes and cucumbers that ripened there. At the end of September, the women in the Morukore neighborhood began the harvesting of their warm fields. On the slope of the hill, the two wives of the household of our friend Uri carried or rolled their calabash crops to a sunny place inside the dwelling wall. In the valley below the hill, our friend Lopore's four wives picked their bean crops—the beans multicolored and mottled, the pods ready to split—and every day, as people passed their sorghum and millet, they examined the heads for ripeness. Toward the end of October, everyone had made a threshing floor. The large, rough baskets were woven and ready, and people began, little by little, to cover the bottoms of them with the first ripe heads of grain. But at the end of October the weather changed. It was as if the season had reversed itself. The occasional small storms increased in frequency and volume until they were no longer brief showers that would make people look up and hold out a palm before stepping under cover but warm deluges that would leave the fields and the straw roofs steaming and the earth smelling of hot wet clay. Soon the sky no longer cleared after every rainstorm. In the mornings, fog rolled down the hills and lay in the valleys, and the country, which lies three degrees north of the equator, became very cold. By the first of November, there was a foggy cover every day, the turning cloud masses changing from dark to pale gray as the wind moved them. The rain came with thunder and lightning and impenetrable black clouds, or as steady, earth-soaking downpours that lasted all night or all day. When the daytime temperature dropped, many people who had dormant malaria began to get attacks.

Early one morning after a night of pouring rain, I went down the hill to visit Lopore's family. The sky was dark, and all the paths on all the near and far hills showed clearly, silvery with rain. The air was so cold that Lopore's herd had not yet been released for grazing, and the little herdboys were by their mothers' fires, keeping warm. Lopore's old red bull was hungry and had its head out the gate. Meeting Lopore's fourth wife, Nabilo, who, a basin under her arm, was just setting out to harvest the millet in one of her fields, I went along to help her. "Only take the ripe heads—not, please, the green ones," she said as I followed her down a rock slide into a ravine. Her field began at the water cut in the ravine bottom and ran up the south bank; Rengen, her co-wife and best friend, cultivated the field beginning on the bottom of the cut and running up the north bank. We had only begun cutting millet heads here and there on Nabilo's side when the rain started again, and we climbed the slippery bank to find shelter in Nabilo's garden house. By



"I'd like some inexpensive little thing for someone who barely squeaked by."

then, the rain was pelting, and a haze of bouncing raindrops stood above the ground. There came one clap of thunder, then another and another, and the wind blew in gusts. Like a snake, a stream of water crept slowly under the wall of the shelter, crossed the floor, and went out the other side. Nabilo made a face at the water and lifted her bundle of millet into her lap. We heard someone running, and Lopore appeared suddenly, to duck into the shelter. He was streaming wet, and his cape was dripping. He wiped his face and snapped the water from his fingers.

I asked him when he thought the rain would stop, but in Dodoth people do not predict the weather.

"The rain is not *ekile apolon*—a man," said Lopore. "Who can talk to the rain?"

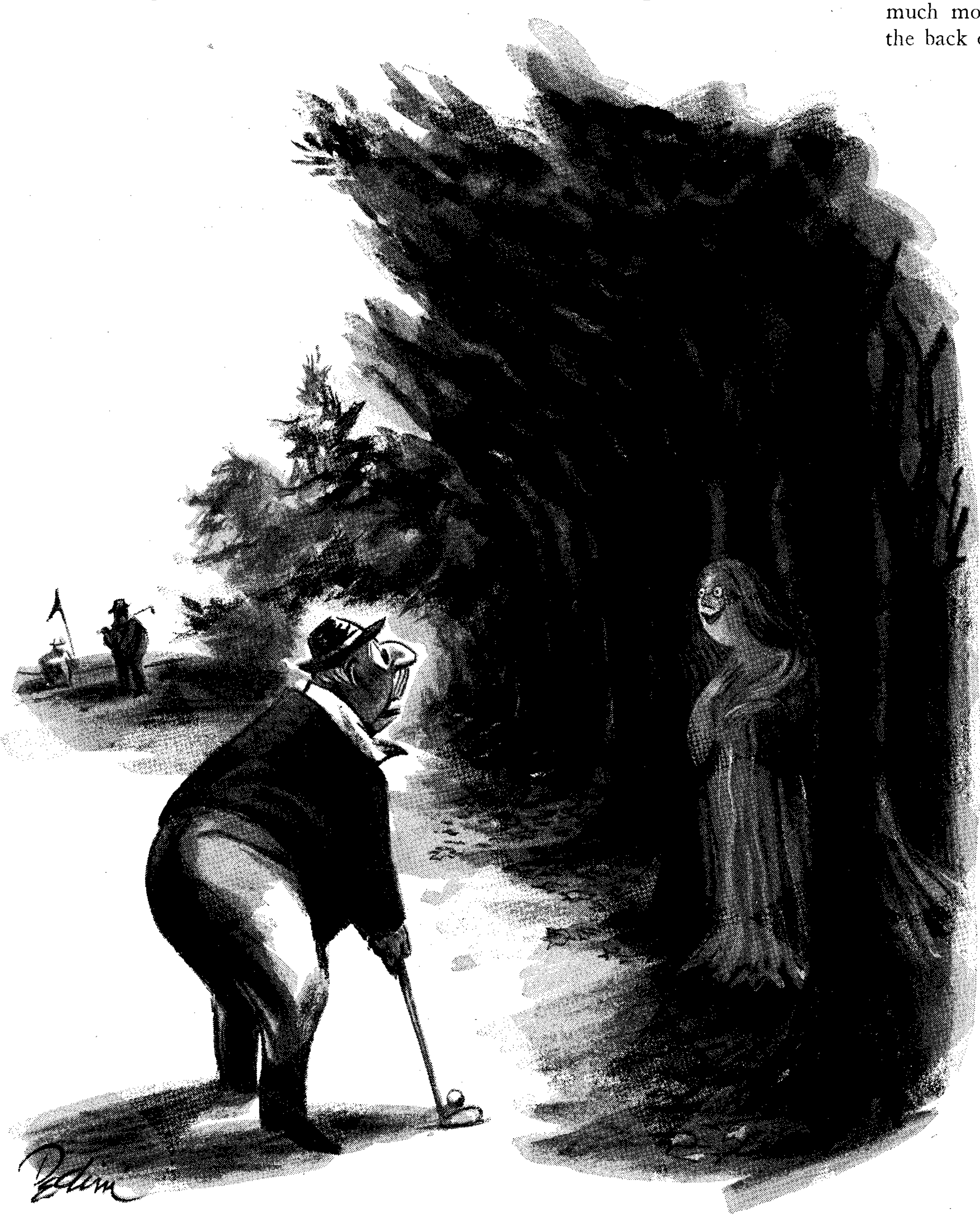
It stopped an hour later, and left a misty, heavy air. Nabilo began to inspect her dripping field. Her millet, no longer green and resilient but brittle and ripening, was broken down in patches, as if a giant had trampled through. Nabilo, soaking wet, tried to stand some of the broken stalks upright. Lopore watched. Each stalk remained standing for a moment, then slowly lay down.

"Couldn't the heads be harvested?" I asked Nabilo.

"Yes, if they were ripe," she said.

That morning, Nabilo lost about a sixth of her field. Later in the day, a little river, made as the rain ran down the hillsides, rushed through the ravine and carried off more millet in its spate, both from Rengen's side and from Nabilo's. In Dodoth, women usually plant more than they need, in case of disaster, but in that one storm both Rengen and Nabilo lost most of their margin.

The November weather was like April weather. On the hills, the trees that had shed their leaves put out green buds, then yellow flowers. Blue flowers came up in the grass, and the grass, which had dried, became lush and green. The vines that grew over the roofs and walls of dwellings put out new tendrils, and presently, amid so much moisture, the old gray poles at the back of Lopore's dwelling put out suckers near the ground. Meanwhile, harvesting went on as usual. The storage baskets were gradually becoming full. Whenever the sky cleared briefly during a morning or an afternoon, people would hurry to turn the grain heads out of the baskets to dry in the sun, and every night, or just ahead of every rainstorm, the women would hurry to cover the baskets with capes. But it was not much use. In the next few days, Nabilo and several other women showed me what was beginning to happen to their millet. The kernels on the spongy cobs were putting out threads of roots and little green tendrils to point at the sun. It was no wonder; all over Dodoth even the legs of the storage baskets were sprouting. Every morning, every woman in Dodoth would have to remove the top layer of grain heads in her storage basket, or the two top layers, or the top quarter of her harvest, and throw the grain away. As women plant more grain than they need, in order to guard against fires and washouts, so do they plant their fields in stages, in order that the entire crop may not ripen all at once. If some is lost, more is coming. But the year we were there wave



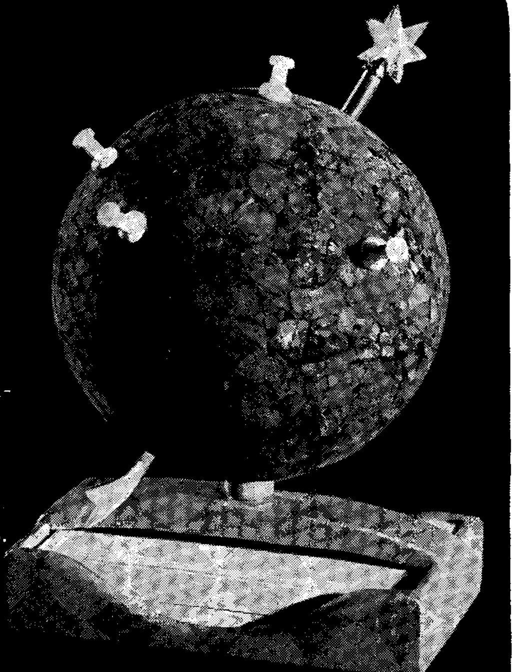
"No matter *how* *I treated you, Julia, haunting a man at golf is hitting below the belt."*

CANOE
90°
CANOE
Dana
PARIS FRANCE
EAU DE
COLOGNE
Dana
MADE, BOTTLED, SEALED IN FRANCE

Plaid is seen in a new light—as is the Hathaway shirt, trim and carefree in Dacron polyester and cotton from Galey and Lord. For nearest retailer write us at 1407 Broadway, New York.

Burlington

Galey & Lord



The Shreve Memo Sphere

Revolving natural cork ball on leather-covered container holding loose memo sheets, equipped with golden star-tipped automatic pencil and thumbtacks. Choose black, olive, natural, red or orange leather base, 8″ high, $12.95. Please add 75¢ for shipping.

Shreve
CRUMP & LOW COMPANY
330 Boylston Street, Boston 02116
Area Code 617, COpley 7-9100

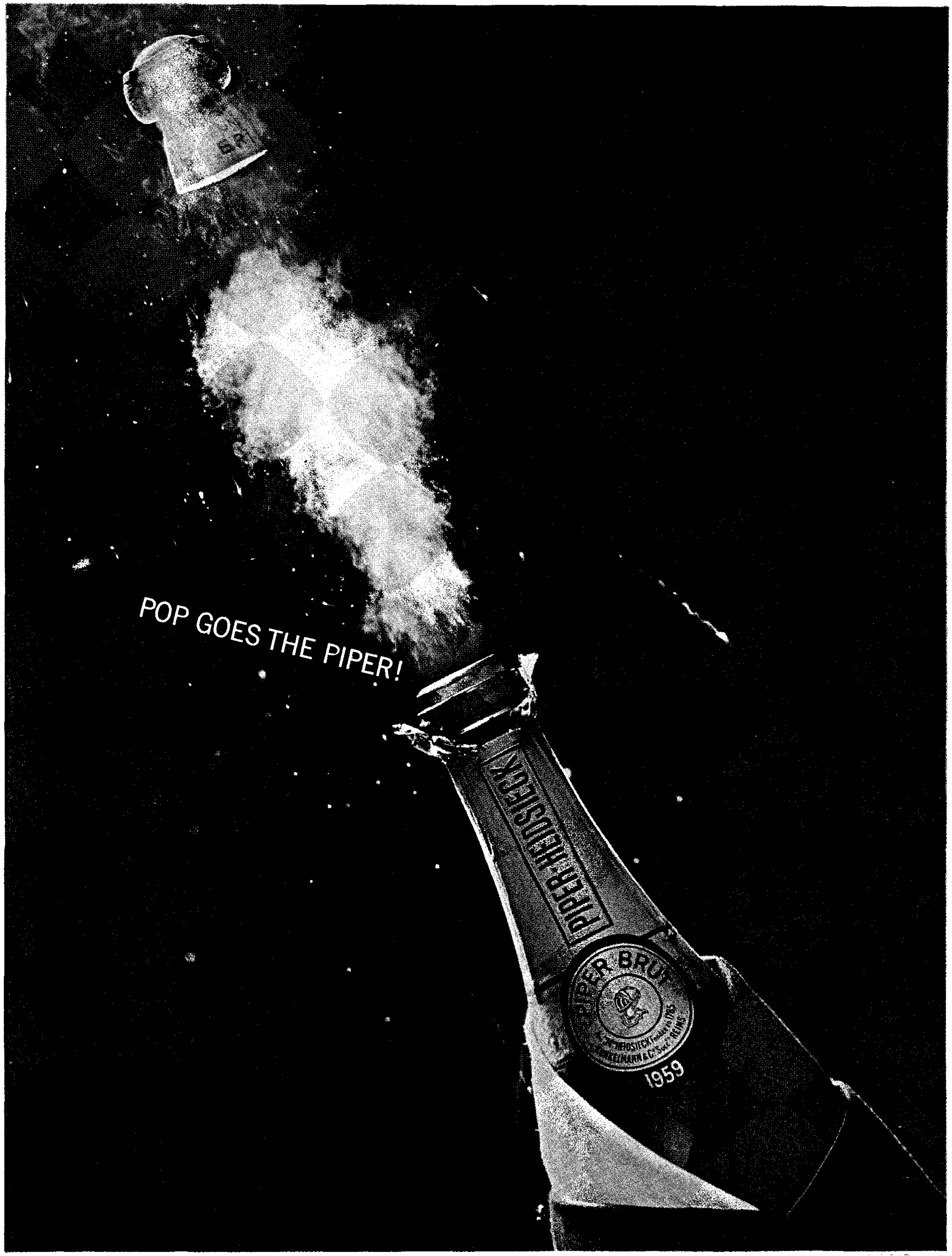
after wave of millet ripened and was harvested and rotted in the unseasonable rain. It was especially important that the people save some of the harvest that year, because the raiding by the Turkana meant that every family faced the possibility of losing its cattle. With no crops at all, those who lost cattle would face starvation, and the fear of this made people work harder than ever. They tried to thresh the millet while it was still wet, and dry the kernels without the cobs. To thresh a dry, resilient millet cob is hard enough, but to thresh a damp cob with the kernels all but rooted in it is almost impossible. Nevertheless, the people tried. Usually, in those days, the rain would stop after dark, and people would thresh their millet by moonlight, working in large groups, silent with exhaustion, until one or two in the morning. Late at night, when the moon had gone down and the bulrush piles were invisible, the threshed grain would be swept into baskets and the fires built up, and in the flickering light people would winnow with their breath.

At about that time, my husband and I took a trip to Turkanaland. We drove first to Moroto, the administrative center of the Karamoja area, then to the escarpment, and from there down the steep road into Kenya. The road crosses the Turkwell River and proceeds across the Turkana Desert to Lodwar, the administrative capital of Turkanaland, which is not far from the shore of Lake Rudolf, a lake of weeds and lotuses, crocodiles and pelicans, and deep, warm water. Rain or not, there is water in Lake Rudolf, but between Lake Rudolf and the misty green escarpment is the desert, where in places there is nothing to see for miles except black rocks under the sun—a landscape that looks barren and greasy, like a hot garage floor. Though the rainy season was in progress, the Turkwell River was a vast bed of sand. Riblike markings showed that a spate had passed not a day ago, but when we crossed the riverbed, the sand was dry, and a procession of dust devils was moving between the banks. Beyond the riverbed was hot, gray-green bush, with a few camels and a few goats nibbling leaves here and there. The previous year, a devastating drought, wherein many families lost their herds, had caused a famine in Turkanaland, and the famine was still going on. As we drove to Lodwar, we passed the skeleton of a woman, dead of hunger, by the road. Near Lake Rudolf, the administrator had instituted a famine-relief project and was handing

Great Britain
France
Belgium
Mexico
Sweden
Italy
Japan
Chile
Thailand

For distinguished service and the highest professional standards, the Irving Trust Company is recognized internationally by the world of banking and finance as "the bank for bankers and businessmen."

IRVING TRUST COMPANY
ONE WALL STREET, NEW YORK
GEORGE A. MURPHY, *Chairman of the Board* WILLIAM E. PETERSEN, *President*
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION


POP GOES THE PIPER!
PIPER-HEIDSIECK
PIPER BRUT
1959

PIPER-HEIDSIECK
CHAMPAGNE

...from grapes so rare, from care so experienced.
...even the cork is an exclusive preparation.
...the most civilized drink in the civilized world.

PIPER BRUT 1959 VINTAGE / PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE / CUVEE DES AMBASSADEURS / PIPER PINK / RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

out food to throngs of emaciated people with matted, dishevelled hair, but at Lodwar, a grim prison town and military post, the paupers' cemetery was being expanded, and, to give work to the hungry, people on relief had been set to digging new graves. These lay open, waiting for the bodies of anticipated famine victims to fill them.

It was no wonder that the Turkana had intensified their raiding of Dodoth during the last months of the year. While we were in Lodwar, we heard that Dodoth raiding parties were penetrating far into Turkanaland, raiding small groups of Turkana camps, and capturing herds. The Turkana could not afford to lose their cattle, and during November they retaliated with a raid against Dodoth almost every day. More Dodoth were made homeless and became refugees in Kaabong, the administrative center of Dodoth, more families lost their cattle and became dependent on their crops, more harvests failed because of the rain, more millet rotted, and in Dodoth tension grew.

Of all the people we knew, Lokorimoe, the richest man in Dodoth, was probably the most serene. He sometimes talked of making preparations to call a meeting of the householders he knew, at which a delegation would be chosen to visit Ibongo, the *emuron*, or diviner—the greatest diviner of all the Karamoja area—and summon him to Lokorimoe's home. When Ibongo came, he was to stay as the guest of Lokorimoe while meeting with the elders to discuss the rain. Lokorimoe felt certain that Ibongo could be prevailed upon to use his rainstones or some other method to stop the wet season and bring harvest weather again. I don't know the outcome of this plan. No one like Ibongo came while we were there, and Lokorimoe wouldn't say whether he had sent the delegation.

Uri, too, was serene. He did what it seemed to me common sense would indicate. He roofed his storage baskets tightly, he fenced off some pastureland for his cattle to graze in during emergencies, and he increased his vigilance against raiders. When the first gray light began to gather in the morning, it would reveal him seated, motionless, on a rock on top of the hill. He would be wrapped in his cape against the mist that swirled among the trees; his spears would be propped against his shoulder; and his eyes, still very sharp, for all his sixty-odd years, would be fixed on the slopes of the far hills. After the sun was up and the work of the day had begun, and people who could see raiders for themselves and give the alarm were

You hear such wonderful things about
NORWEGIAN AMERICA LINE CRUISES

"Our compliments to stateroom stewardess Anna MØller, who extended herself beyond the requirements to make our trip the enjoyable one it was. We look forward eagerly to other Norwegian America Line cruises!"

(FROM A TEANECK, N.J. PASSENGER . . . NAME ON REQUEST)

Nice tributes like this to individual crew members come with welcome frequency from cruise passengers aboard the *Bergensfjord* or *Oslofjord*. Anna MØller's luminous smile reflects a warmth and dignity that are shared by the others who staff our ships. To these men and women, service at sea is a proud and happy calling, bound up with age-old traditions which have made Norway the seafaringest nation on earth. How much that means to you in extra enjoyment is one of the many pleasant discoveries awaiting you on your first NAL cruise. Here's the list to choose from, including four by our beautiful new flagship *Sagafjord,* which enters service this fall. Ask your travel agent:

CAREFREE CRUISES 1965-66

Oct. 1	W. INDIES-S. AMERICA	Oslofjord	24 days	Dec. 22	CHRISTMAS-W. INDIES	Oslofjord	12 days
Oct. 20	FALL MEDITERRANEAN	Bergensfjord	47 days	Jan. 7	CARIBBEAN GRAND	Oslofjord	24 days
Nov. 10	THANKSGIVING-W. INDIES	Sagafjord	19 days	Jan. 8	AROUND THE WORLD	Sagafjord	93 days
Dec. 3	EARLY WINTER-W. INDIES	Sagafjord	15 days	Jan. 19	S. PACIFIC-S. AMERICA	Bergensfjord	77 days
Dec. 20	CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY-W.I.	Sagafjord	17 days	Feb. 2	MEDITERRANEAN	Oslofjord	54 days

Regular sailings from New York to Copenhagen and Oslo: Aug. 10, 17; Sept. 3, 10; Oct. 15, 27; Dec. 8.

N·A·L Norwegian America Line
SHIPS UNDER NORWEGIAN REGISTRY
24 State St., New York, N. Y. 10004 • WHitehall 4-6900
CHICAGO • MONTREAL • LOS ANGELES • PORTLAND • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE

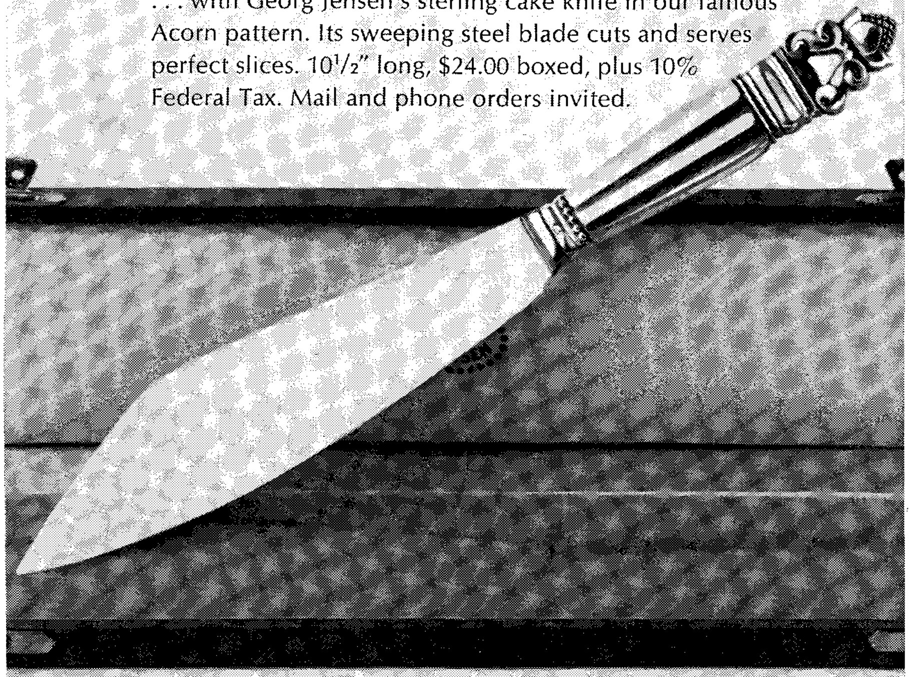
everywhere, Uri would come to our camp from his lookout, lean his spears against a tree, and drink a cup of tea with us.

Often, in those rests of his, Uri would discuss America. As if to escape from his cares for a few moments, he liked to think of bounty in the United States. He would ask rhetorically, "Is there hunger there? Is there raiding?" and would answer himself, "Not in America. There, everything is good. People eat, then they sleep. Food, then sleep. Food and sleep. But in Dodoth there is raiding, strife, and hunger. That is what we know."

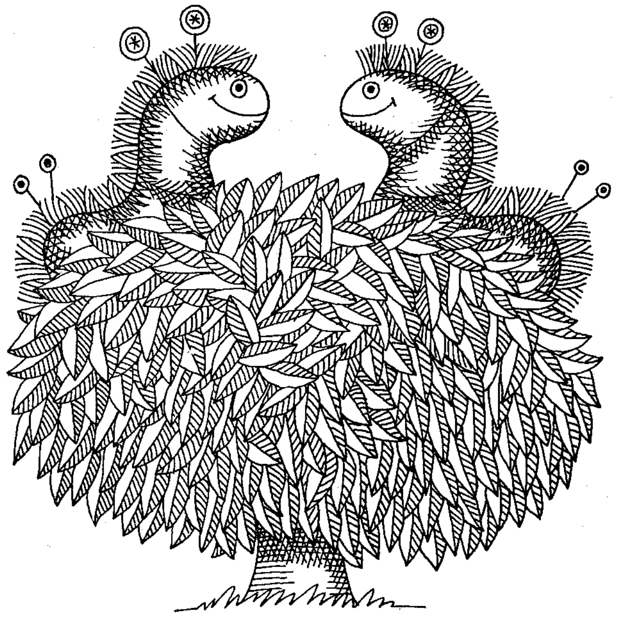
Because of Uri's willingness to acknowledge the advantages of certain customs found in other countries, at least some members of his family constituted an exception to his statement, and did not know raiding, strife, and hunger. These were the family of his son Carlo, who kept a *dhuka*, or store, in Kalapata, a town some five miles north of Morukore. One day when the rain was pelting down, Uri invited us to take shelter in Carlo's store. There was not much for sale inside the little room, which, with its thick mud walls, was cold and dim, and was also noisy, for the rain banged on the tin roof and ten spearmen who had crowded in behind us to keep dry were talking at the top of their lungs. In the front of the store, a line of poles embedded in the dirt floor supported board shelves backed by cardboard. On the top shelf stood an ancient, battered, cobweb-covered scale. On the shelf below were two worn bicycle tires and two exhausted inner tubes, and from a nail in the edge of the shelf hung five strings of beads. On the third shelf was a card in which twenty or thirty needles were thrust in a circle. From the edges of the card hung ten twists of thread, behind the card was a razor blade, and beside the card were a bag of cellophane-wrapped candies, ten bars of Lifebuoy soap in frayed red wrappers, and a bottle of a patent medicine called Malaria Mixture. That was all. High on the mud wall behind the counter, someone named Simeon had written the name Simeon repeatedly in chalk of different colors. One of the spearmen, a friend of Uri's, asked for the little shard of mirror that Carlo kept under the counter, and, while standing there in shelter, tried a necklace on. Uri indicated the things on the counter to us, and then, with a polite gesture, indicated his son, who, fully dressed, was asleep in a corner. His bed was fifteen or twenty gunny sacks full of finger millet, on a rack

CUT THE WEDDING CAKE

. . . with Georg Jensen's sterling cake knife in our famous Acorn pattern. Its sweeping steel blade cuts and serves perfect slices. $10\frac{1}{2}$" long, $24.00 boxed, plus 10% Federal Tax. Mail and phone orders invited.



GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • PL 1-2400
SCARSDALE MILLBURN MANHASSET



HEARD AROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH: one silkworm to another, "Can't get over Scalamandrè! Going in for wool, linen and those contemporary fibers." (We don't deny it. We've used our years of skill with silk to develop a stimulating new collection of fabrics and wallcoverings especially for today's living. Through architects and designers.)

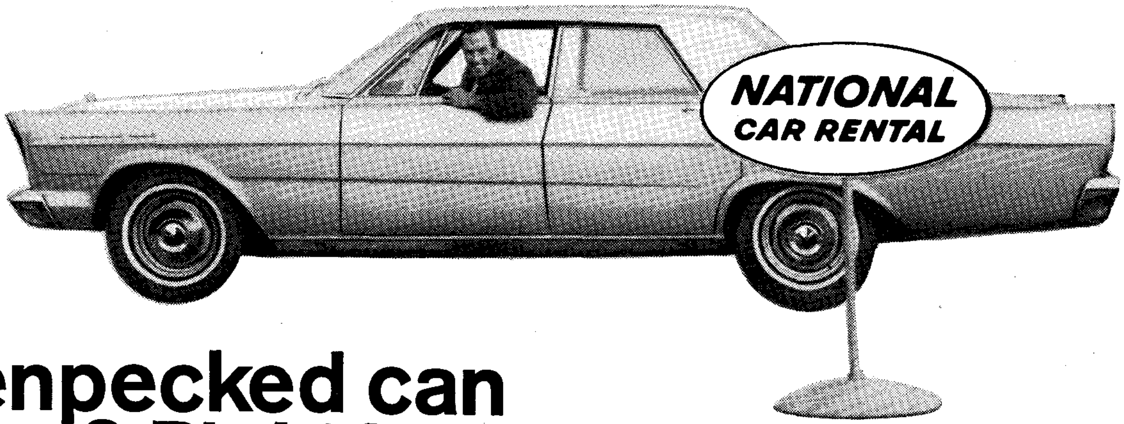
Scalamandrè
FABRICS, WALLCOVERINGS, TRIMMINGS

977 THIRD AVE., NEW YORK • ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • SAN FRANCISCO

Bill Rogers' wife is as hard as nails.

She makes her husband rent cars from National to get S&H Green Stamps.

He does.



How henpecked can a man be? Right?

Bill Rogers likes us because we're compulsive about time. So is he. And National never keeps him waiting. Off he goes in a silent new Ford or other fine car, happy as a clam. How else do you hold customers except by being on the ball? Well, we do have one other way that no one else has. We give S&H Green Stamps at absolutely no extra cost.

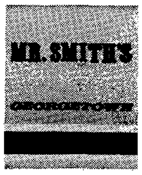
Rent from National and get S&H Green Stamps. That's not being henpecked. That's being smart.

National Car Rental

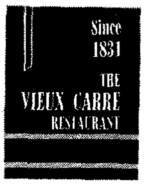
In Canada, it's TILDEN RENT-A-CAR. All major credit cards honored, even Hertz and Avis.

Miami Beach, Fla.

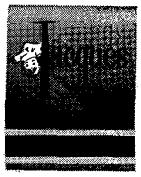
Chicago, Ill.



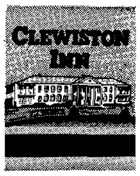
Georgetown, D.C.



New Orleans, La.



Chicago, Ill.



Clewiston, Fla.

"HEDGES" is the scotch proudly served at magnificent places

Hedges & Butler
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
1667
EST. A.D. 1667 IN THE REIGN OF H. M. KING CHARLES II
Hedges & Butler
ROYAL
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
By Warrant of Appointment to
H M KING GEORGE VI
H M KING GEORGE V
H M KING EDWARD VII
H M QUEEN VICTORIA
H M KING WILLIAM IV
H R H The PRINCE of WALES
H R H The PRINCE of WALES
H R H The DUKE of EDINBURGH
H M The KING of SPAIN
H M The KING of PORTUGAL
H.I.M The EMPEROR of JAPAN
4/5 QUART · 86° PROOF
DISTILLED BLENDED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
HEDGES & BUTLER LTD.
REGENT STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND

The Company of Kings Since 1667

100% Scotch Whiskies • 86 Proof • The Westminster Corp. New York, N.Y.

that held them off the floor. The millet had been grown by his wife, and it had been kept so dry under the tin roof that it crackled when the young man rolled over.

I asked Uri if the millet would last his son all year.

"Yes," said Uri, the provident father who had not been reluctant to change old ways for new. "More than a year."

One of Uri's breaks with tradition seemed less advantageous. The break involved the pastureland adjacent to his house—the pastureland that Uri had fenced off for his own cattle. When Uri and his sons first cut the brush and stood it in a huge circle for the fence, people assumed that they were laying out gardens for the following year. Ordinarily, people never fenced off pasture; it was always public, for those who lived near it to use. And the section that Uri had fenced was a place he would otherwise have cultivated. It was as if he had forgone a field to make the private pasture—not a bad idea if the Turkana raiders, made desperate by their famine, were to occupy the forest where Dodoth cattle usually grazed. But such a plan was sure to arouse jealousy among the people of the neighborhood whose cows were unprotected. When they realized what Uri was doing, some of them became either anxious or furious. Among the people who were upset was Lopore, who, when he felt threatened by the troubled times, became very conventional and tried to make other people observe the rules. His fits of temper crept up on him—sometimes controllable, sometimes not. One night, he argued with Uri. It was a radiant night. The rain had stopped for a few hours, and far away in the sky the moon shone in tumbled clouds. Six women, the wives of Uri and Lopore, were threshing grain together on Lopore's threshing floor. Uri and Lopore had retired to Rengen's little kitchen, where, stripped to the skin, they sat by the fire and took turns swigging beer from a jar so big and heavy it was hard to lift. And all the time, apparently, Lopore's resentment was rankling; shortly after midnight his angry voice rang around the hills, and shortly after that Uri, preserving his dignity, went home.

The next day, Lopore's cows broke through the fence into Uri's pasture. Uri came down from his *etem* and angrily drove the cattle back to Lopore's pen. This in turn infuriated Lopore.

"Am I the herdboy, that you blame me?" Lopore cried.

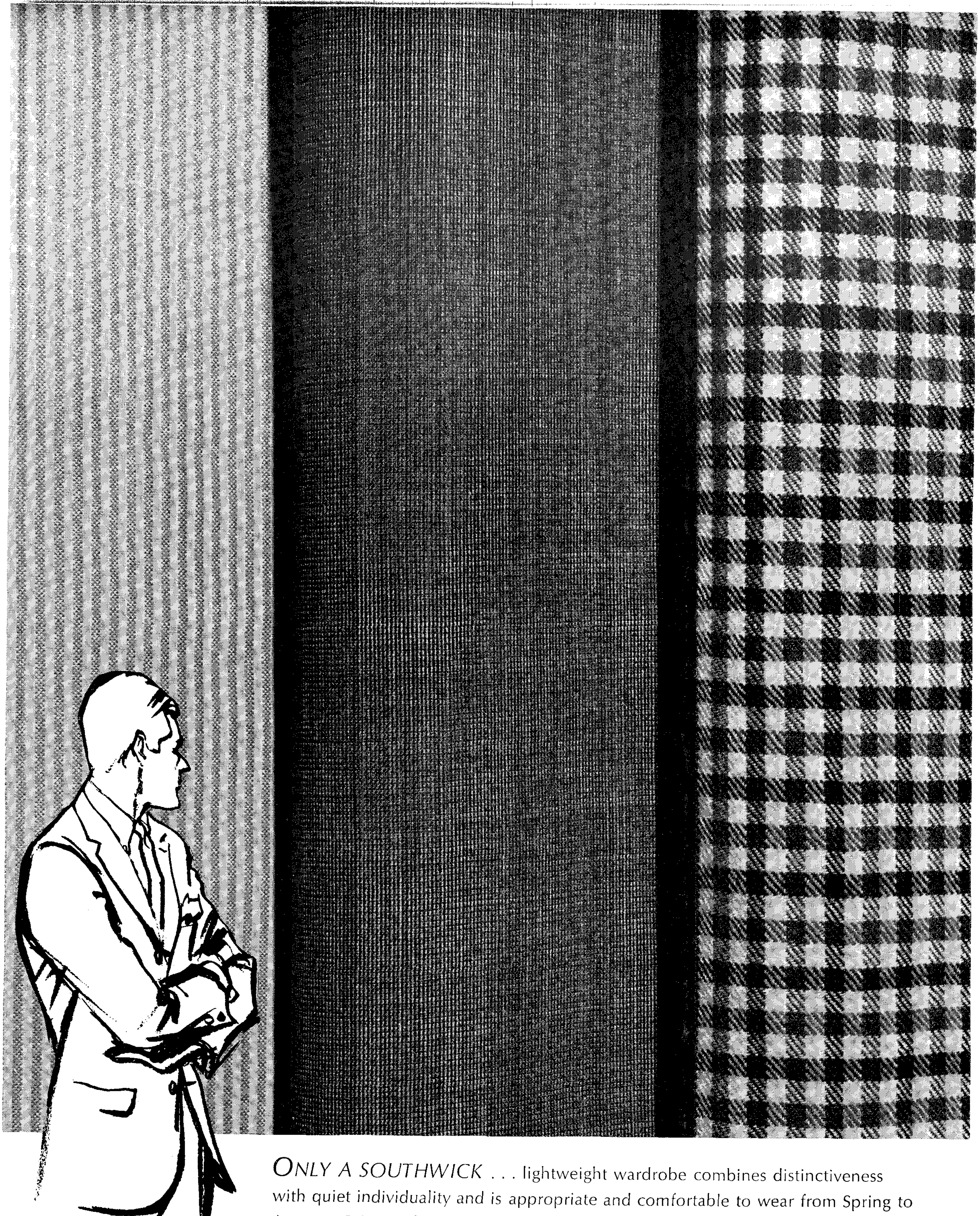
Uri said coldly, "Keep your cattle

Southwick
DIRECTORY OF STORES

NEW YORK, N. Y.	PAUL STUART
Allentown, Pa.	Gentry
Amherst, Mass.	House of Walsh
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's Career Shop
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Bethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Peller & Mure
Cambridge, Mass.	J. August Co.
Charleston, S. C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charleston, W. Va.	Frankenberger's
Charlotte, N. C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Davidson's
Chicago, Ill.	Brittany, Ltd.
Cincinnati, O.	Burkhardt's
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, O.	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbia, S. C.	Dial-Treadaway
Columbus, O.	The Union
Dallas, Texas	The Varsity Shop
Dayton, O.	The Metropolitan Co.
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's
Fort Wayne, Ind.	Patterson-Fletcher
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Mackenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greensboro, N. C.	Younts-DeBoe Co.
Greenville, S. C.	Rush Wilson, Ltd.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	Carl Sterr
Hackensack, N. J.	Bloomingdale's
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego & Son
Hempstead, N. Y.	Edw. Miller
Huntsville, Ala.	The Madison Shop
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
Jackson, Miss.	Owens, Ltd.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Rosenblum's
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Lake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
Lakewood, Cal.	Norm Meager
Lancaster, Pa.	Filling's
Lexington, Ky.	Meyers
Lincoln, Neb.	Ben Simon & Son
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Los Angeles, Cal.	Lew Ritter
Louisville, Ky.	The Fashion Post
Lynchburg, Va.	S. H. Franklin
Lynn, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Madison, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's
Milwaukee, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis, Minn.	Sims, Ltd.
Morganton, N. C.	Lazarus
Nashville, Tenn.	Mallernee's
Newport, R. I.	Narragansett Clo. Co.
New Britain, Conn.	N. E. Mag & Sons
New Orleans, La.	Terry & Juden Co. Ltd.
Newton Centre, Mass.	Jack Lane
Norfolk, Va.	Egerton & Lee, Ltd.
Norwood, Mass.	Joseph of Norwood
Omaha, Neb.	Nebraska Clothing Co.
Parkersburg, W. Va.	Stern Brothers
Pasadena, Cal.	Bayne-Williams
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Phoenix, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Portland, Me.	Kenneth Aherne
Portland, Ore.	Ray Bolger
Providence, R. I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Raleigh, N. C.	Womble, Inc.
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Ridgewood, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Roanoke, Va.	Jos. Davidsons
Rochester, N. Y.	Robert F. Ryan, Ltd.
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
San Diego, Cal.	Lion
San Francisco, Cal.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Santa Ana, Cal.	Guy Livingston
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Schenectady, N. Y.	Dall's
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Spokane, Wash.	Klothes Kloset
Springfield, Ill.	Roberts Brothers
Stamford, Conn.	Bloomingdale's
State College, Pa.	Jack Harper
Summit, N. J.	Root's
Toledo, O.	B. R. Baker
Torrington, Conn.	The Oxford Shop
Tucson, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Tulsa, Okla.	McDonnell & Co.
Washington, D. C.	Arthur A. Adler
West Hartford, Conn.	Allen Collins
Westfield, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Wilton, Conn.	The Suburbanite
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Bocock-Stroud Co.

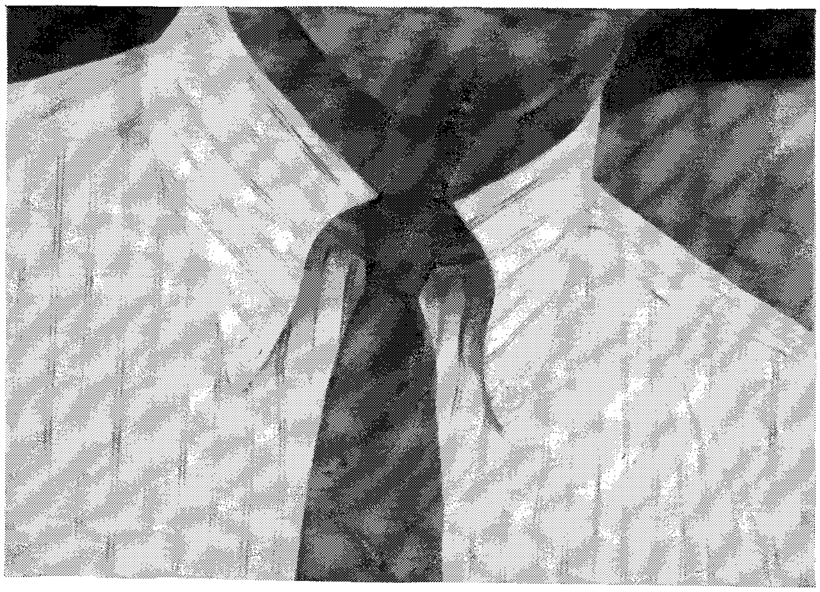
For stores in other cities write

TAILORED BY
Southwick
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York 19, New York



ONLY A SOUTHWICK . . . lightweight wardrobe combines distinctiveness with quiet individuality and is appropriate and comfortable to wear from Spring to Autumn. Britain's finest tropical worsteds and the best from our domestic mills are masterfully tailored in the original Southwick natural shoulder style. See them at your Southwick store now. Suits from $90. Sport jackets from $65; slacks about $27.50 Prices higher in the West.

Southwick *Clothes*
BY GRIECO BROTHERS



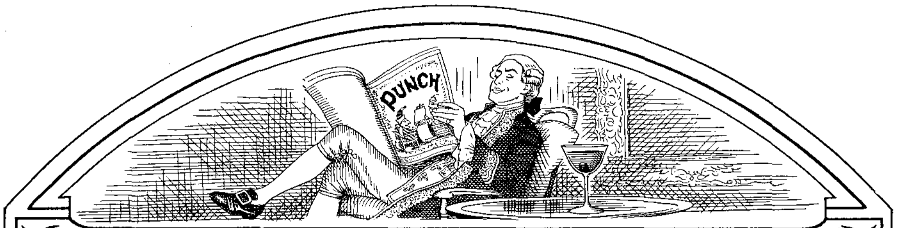
cool cotton oxford in a new rep stripe

—Wonderful way to button down to the business of summer sizzle. Gant Shirtmakers' newest cotton oxford batiste is crisp and cool, at home in town or country. Choice of 3 handsome stripings: blue/green; gold/black or brown/green. Elbow length sleeves, 14½ to 17. **6.95**

wallachs

15 Fine Men's Stores in Greater New York & New Jersey

Mail orders to: 32-36 47th Ave., Long Island City, N. Y. 11101



What 18th century discovery makes martinis drier than British wit?

Crisp-cool, crackling dry Gordon's. The glorious, gleaming gin that's biggest seller in England. And America. And all the rest of the martini-relishing world. Next time you find yourself in possession of a few drops of vermouth, mix them with Mr. Gordon's celebrated 18th century discovery. The result will be drier than British wit. And possibly even more entertaining.

GORDON'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN 90 PROOF GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, NEW JERSEY

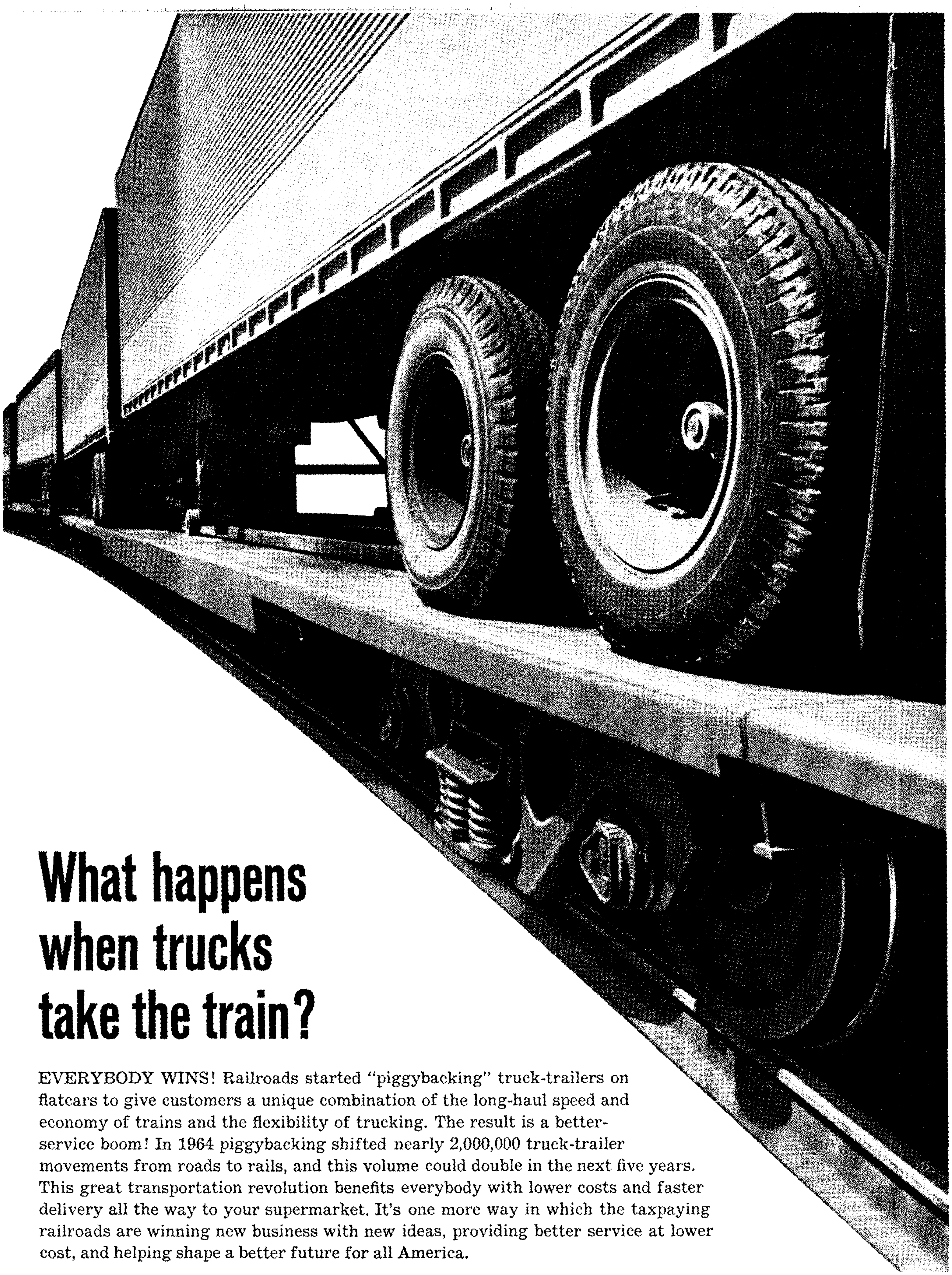
out of my pasture or I will beat you."

"Am I your wife?" Lopore cried. In his rage, he was like a madman, like a bull. After Uri went home, Lopore vented his rage on the woman who was his wife and Uri's sister, Nabilo. Twice she talked him out of beating her, and at last she called on her brother-in-law, Mora—another friend of ours—to take her side.

"People who fight turn into dogs," said Mora, reminding Lopore of the proverb. "There was a time when you, Uri, and I all lived in the same dwelling. Never did we quarrel. Each went to his own bed at night in peace."

These remarks put an end to the fighting, but though Uri and Lopore said no more about the pasture, the disagreement was not resolved. Every evening, just before dark, the little girls of Lopore's house would appear at the far side of the pasture and break some sticks off the fence for firewood while Lopore waited at home for someone to make an issue of what they were doing. But Uri's family found it easier to repair the fence in the daytime, and no issue was made. "What is this sort of quarrelling—is it good or bad?" Uri once asked. "Rain is causing this. Where is the good sun?"

Perhaps a fear of jealousy caused most other people to cope with the trouble in more conventional ways. Begging is conventional, and before the month was out, little processions of begging women were afoot around Dodoth. When a woman's fields are burned or washed away, she begs a bowlful of grain from this neighbor and another bowlful from that neighbor, as she needs it. Charity, though it is not always practiced, is an important virtue in Dodoth. Charity to one's neighbors is more important still. A woman never knows when she, too, may have to beg, so she usually gives, and in years of good harvests no one is altogether without grain. The year we were there, however, some women, assessing their harvests, realized that any grain they gathered would not last the year, and, foreseeing that the paths of Dodoth would be lined with women begging from people who had nothing to give, took baskets and went begging in advance. A sad procession of two co-wives, the mother of one of them, and some of their young daughters came to Morukore with empty bowls. They came from afar; I had never seen them before. They stopped at Nabilo's field, in the wet grass near the stile in the fence. Nabilo and Rengen, who were just sitting down to prepare a stew in the garden house, rec-



What happens when trucks take the train?

EVERYBODY WINS! Railroads started "piggybacking" truck-trailers on flatcars to give customers a unique combination of the long-haul speed and economy of trains and the flexibility of trucking. The result is a better-service boom! In 1964 piggybacking shifted nearly 2,000,000 truck-trailer movements from roads to rails, and this volume could double in the next five years. This great transportation revolution benefits everybody with lower costs and faster delivery all the way to your supermarket. It's one more way in which the taxpaying railroads are winning new business with new ideas, providing better service at lower cost, and helping shape a better future for all America.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

ognized them and greeted them, politely but distantly, knowing why they were there. Even before the co-wives learned that they would receive nothing from Rengen and Nabilo, the little girls had guessed the outcome and, to spare themselves the shame of being refused, had started away along the path. The two wives followed slowly. The very old lady was the last to understand.

A second conventional means of coping with anxiety is to find someone to attack. By the end of the month, there seemed to be many witches. We heard reports of witches' visiting this or that dwelling, and Lomotin, the *emuron*, visited many a court and cattle pen to festoon their poles with charms. Whether the anxiety in the country prompted witches to set out or caused householders to see witches where there were none is hard to say. I thought the latter possible when a man suggested to me privately that I avoid a certain neighbor and shoot any hyena that came toward our camp from the direction of that neighbor's house. He then described, without naming names, several members of that household, until the image of one of them creeping near our camp at night became real and frightening. I remembered a time, not long before, when the neighbor in question had been testing the balance of his spear. He had held the blade poised by his mouth, which smiled the sweetest, deadliest of smiles, showing his white teeth and pink tongue. As he had smiled, his eyes had gleamed. Later, he came to ask me if it was true that he had been accused of witchcraft. I tried to say I didn't think so, but he brushed my remarks aside. "What does it matter what you think?" he asked, with great bitterness. "I am not going to marry into your family, nor will your children marry into mine. If L—— thinks I am a witch, so be it. Let him say so if he likes."

Quarrels developed at that season—quarrels that might never have begun if the harvest had been bountiful and the raiding had halted. A man we knew was stoned until his face was unrecognizable and his scalp was split open, because of a misunderstanding about his goats. And Lopore made trouble in the neighborhood. Once, while I was travelling with him, I saw him lose his temper because he found an old man washing his hair in the river near the spirit pool. The man was using a cake of soap, and white bubbles were spiralling in the current under the trees. Lopore spoke so loudly to the old man that he started and the soap slipped out

what's NEW in NEW YORK?

LOEW'S HOTELS

And now we've made it easy for you to stay at LOEW'S HOTELS in New York City: 50 reservation offices from coast to coast—and in Canada. So take your choice! LOEW'S HOTELS are conveniently located all over midtown. LOEW'S HOTELS are fun (supper club, discotheque, delightful restaurants, swimming pools, sauna baths). LOEW'S HOTELS have brought innovation to hotel life (extra 'phone in the bath, bar-refrigerators, 24-hour room service, in-hotel garage). It costs no more to enjoy the very best in New York.

AMERICANA OF NEW YORK
Seventh Avenue, 52nd-53rd Streets
LT 1-1000

SUMMIT OF NEW YORK
East 51st at Lexington
PL 2-7000

LOEW'S MIDTOWN MOTOR INN
Eighth Avenue, 48th-49th Streets
LT 1-7000 • FREE PARKING

CITY SQUIRE MOTOR INN
Seventh Avenue, 51st-52nd Streets
LT 1-3300 • FREE PARKING

...and Loew's newest:
THE DRAKE
Park Avenue at 56th Street
HA 1-0900 • HOME OF SHEPHEARD'S

...in Miami Beach, it's the
AMERICANA of BAL HARBOUR

...in Puerto Rico, it's the
AMERICANA of SAN JUAN

LOEW'S HOTELS • PRESTON ROBERT TISCH, PRES.

immediate, confirmed reservations for the NEW-in-NEW YORK

LOEW'S HOTELS

See Your Travel Agent, or call...

AKRON	Enterprise 8344*
ALBANY	Enterprise 1155*
ATLANTA	523-2554
BALTIMORE	539-0414
BOSTON	LI 2-0103
BRIDGEPORT	Enterprise 8705*
BUFFALO	TL 4-1886
CHICAGO	DE 2-1237
CINCINNATI	Enterprise 1-8344*
CLEVELAND	861-8344
COLUMBUS	CA 8-6677
DALLAS-FT. WORTH	RI 2-5441
DAYTON	BA 8-2232
DENVER	222-7919
DETROIT	962-4440
EVANSVILLE, IND.	HA 3-2391
HARTFORD	522-2174
HOUSTON	CA 2-2040
INDIANAPOLIS	ME 7-5344
LOS ANGELES	MA 6-9305
MEMPHIS	JA 5-1602
MIAMI BEACH	UN 5-7511
MILWAUKEE	Enterprise 2704*
MINNEAPOLIS	335-9344
NASHVILLE	AL 6-4759
NASSAU CTY., N. Y.	Enterprise 6330*
NEW HAVEN	Enterprise 1155*
NEW ORLEANS	523-7175
NIAGARA FALLS	Enterprise 2412*
NORFOLK	MA 2-5400
PALO ALTO	Enterprise 1-5154*
PETERSBURG, VA.	Enterprise 122*
PHILADELPHIA	LO 3-6353
PITTSBURGH	471-1262
PROVIDENCE	GA 1-6393
RICHMOND	MI 9-1973
ROCHESTER	325-4742
SACRAMENTO	Enterprise 1-5154*
SAN FRANCISCO	EX 2-4180
SAN JOSE	Enterprise 1-5154*
SEATTLE	MA 3-1177
ST. LOUIS	CE 1-6255
SPRINGFIELD, MASS	Enterprise 1155*
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO	Enterprise 2222*
SYRACUSE	GR 1-5652
TOLEDO	Enterprise 8344*
WASHINGTON	RE 7-1002
WATERBURY, CONN.	Enterprise 1155*
WILMINGTON, DEL.	Enterprise 1-0888*
WORCESTER	Enterprise 3452*
MONTREAL	861-9074
TORONTO	927-5711

*ASK OPERATOR FOR NUMBER. TOLL-FREE CALL.

Look what's happened to the original 'Jeep' work-and-hobby horse.

Here's where you leave other sports cars behind!

There's just no stopping the new Tuxedo Park Mark IV. It's the smart way to go sporting. With 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive you have an edge on the crowd. Take it down to the beach—up on the ski trail—out in the boondocks. It's part of the fun!

Just pull one simple lever and you're in 4-wheel drive. Ready to go off-the-road . . . or up those slippery hills in town. It goes where others can't.

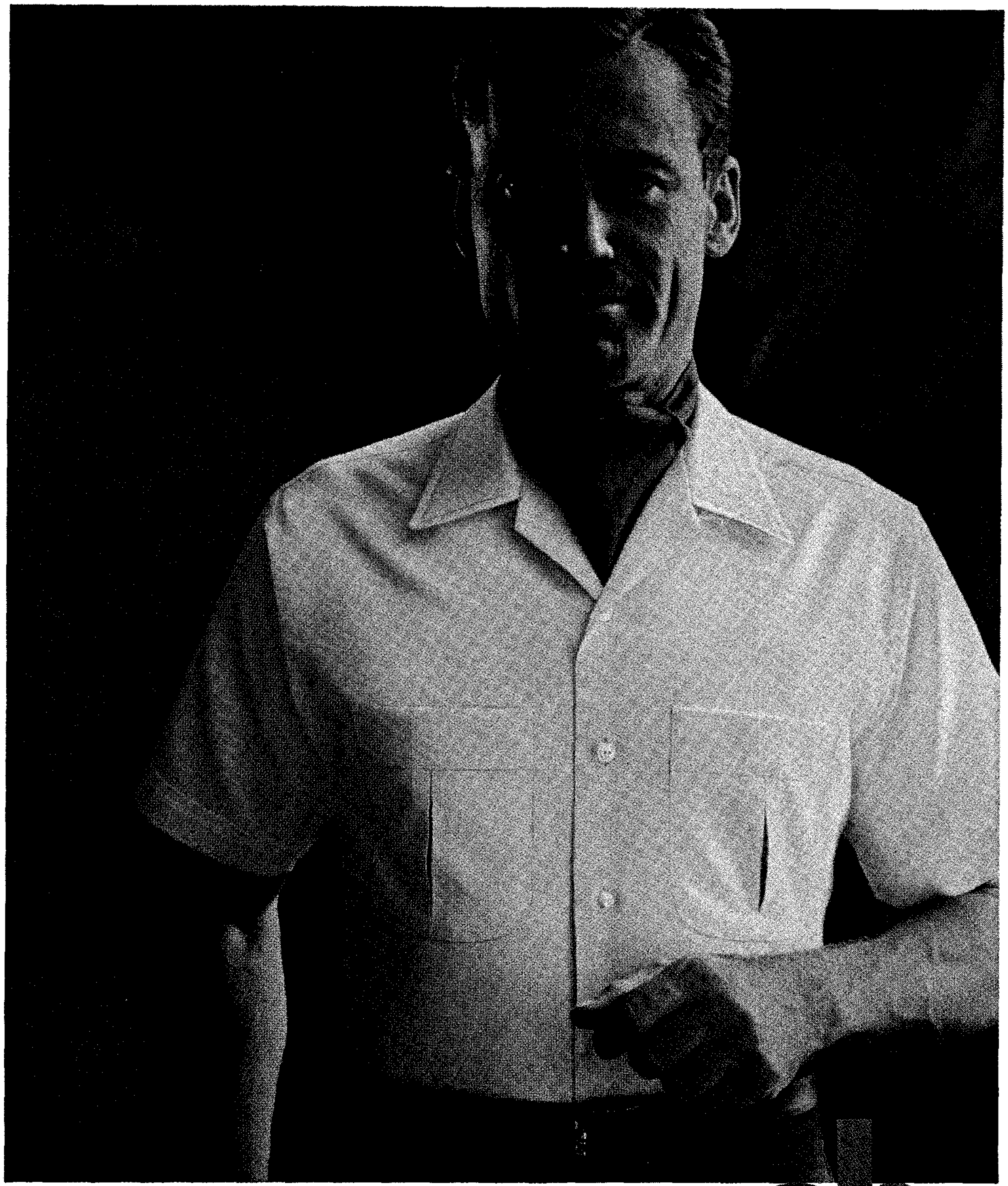
It's the new idea in sports cars with its smart new color combinations and bright trim. It's a real sports car. Take it to the golf club or to your cabana. It's welcome wherever people are out for fun.

Join the "Unstoppables." Available in two sizes: 81 inch and 101 inch wheelbases. Choice of colorful convertible tops. Test drive a Tuxedo Park Mark IV at your 'Jeep' dealer's soon.

KAISER Jeep CORPORATION
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

New idea in sports cars. 'Jeep' Tuxedo Park Mark IV with 4-wheel drive.

the country-gentlemen look is Donegal



the fiber is American Bemberg® ab

Donegal borrows the best of the dress shirt...its color, its crispness...and blends it with the comfort of a sport shirt. The neat result is "Watch Hill", a shirt to be wonderfully lazy in...without looking it! Wear it with or without the contrast ascot, which matches the pocket trim. In a stay-fresh Carousel blend of cotton and American Bemberg Cupioni® rayon, the fiber that means luxury and performance. In white...or light blue, dark blue, red, gold, olive or taupe. All with contrast trim and ascot. S-M-L-XL, about $7.50 (ascot included.) Beaunit Fibers, Division of Beaunit Corporation, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

This shirt may be purchased in department and men's specialty stores. For nearest store, write M. & D. Simon Co., 700 St. Clair Avenue, W., Cleveland 13, Ohio.

AMERICAN BEMBERG IS A Beaunit FIBER

of his hand. He groped for it, trembling, while Lopore raised his stick, but then, instead of striking, Lopore turned on his heel and walked away, shouting rebukes. Not until Lopore was far away did the old man dare bend and rinse his head. Just as you must not cut wood in a sacred grove, Lopore explained later, you must not defile a pool. I am sure Lopore had done the right thing—after all, the old man had risked the anger of the *ngipian*, or water spirits, that control the rain—but I think he regretted his harshness, for, somewhat later, he told me, "I am an old man now, the age of your father. I assure you that this has been a very difficult year."

The British Protectorate government contributed to the difficulties. By October of the following year, Uganda was to be independent. The Protectorate officials in Moroto, wanting to leave Karamoja Province in good order, with the raiding controlled and the famine ended, began to remind the Jackaits and Mkungus—local chiefs appointed by the Protectorate government—to collect taxes, as well as fines for raids. Meetings were held under the thatch of the Kaabong courthouse, and the town runner, a man who lived among the rocks of the Kaabong hills, was sent with messages to the Jackaits and Mkungus in the far corners of Dodoth. Then, in December, groups of Jackaits' police went through the county to collect overdue taxes and fines. Those taxes and fines that could not be paid in money were collected in cattle. Perhaps the Jackaits and Mkungus were afraid that the Turkana would take so many cattle that none would be left to pay fines. So it seemed, anyway, for everyone said that the tax collection was exceptionally severe that year. One day in the early part of December, a group of policemen, one of whom had a rifle, marched up to Uri's house early in the morning and, at gunpoint, confiscated some of his cows. It was a fine, they said, for a raid that the Dodoth had mounted against the Jie ten months before. Uri himself was not suspected of having taken part in the raid, but the stolen cattle had been traced to his district, and, as a householder, he was held partly responsible whether he had joined the raid or not. Then it developed that the raid had not originated in Lokoki at all but in the Kaabong neighborhood, and that Uri incurred the responsibility because he was registered as a taxpayer in Kaabong District, though he had not lived there for thirty or forty years.

In taking the cattle, the police had

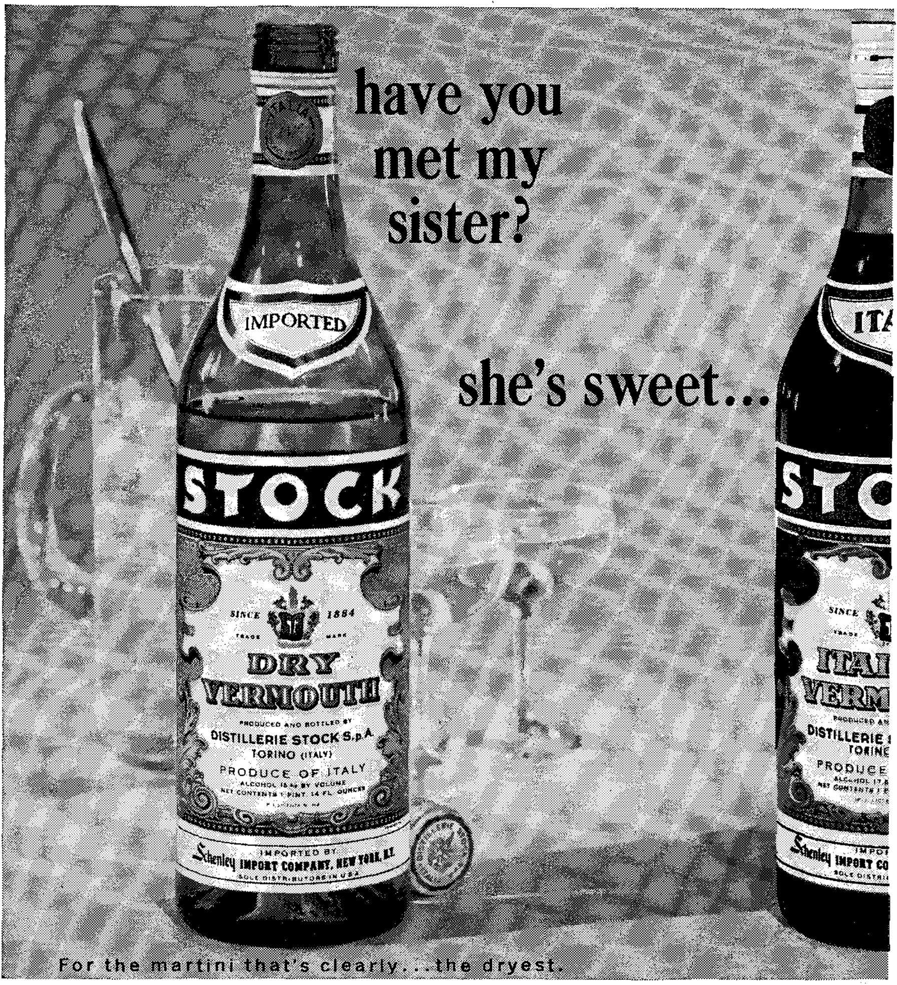
No Scotch improves the flavour of water like Teacher's

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM

Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 Proof • ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

pointed the gun at Uri and his sons, terrifying the little children and Uri's two elderly wives. There was nothing Uri could do about it afterward except get very drunk. At the end of the afternoon, still drunk, he came to our camp, where he accepted a cup of tea and began to "throw" his sandals to foresee the future. The future reflected his bleakness, for he saw the Turkana passing to the west, and a person dead. Presently, he stopped throwing and told us that in fact the Turkana had already come to the west but had been met on the ridge by Dodoth scouts and warriors and had been stopped for the time. "Send us guns when you go to America," he said. "The government is our enemy, but you have no District Commissioner there." He then showed us with gestures how prisoners are hanged, and how people are tied lying face down, their hands bound to one post and their legs to another. He showed us how people cry when they are beaten. He spoke of the enemy and of the people who were killed in raids, and he said once again, "In America, everything is good. People eat, then sleep. Food, then sleep—a blissful life. I have heard that in America there are black people, too, who will send us rifles. Can this be so?"

Carlo, in Kalapata, was also made bitter by the confiscation of his father's cows, and the following day, when we saw him, he, too, was drunk. It was early in the evening, and he was passing our camp on his way home to Kalapata from Kaabong. When Uri, who was in our camp again, saw his drunken son, he called out to ask him not to go on to Kalapata but to spend the night with him. Carlo stopped and turned when he heard his father, and when he saw us looking at him, he came directly to our camp. He was dressed in a pair of khaki shorts, a ragged sweater, and a pair of sagging knee socks. His eyes were bloodshot and his face was angry. As if he thought we had taken his father's cattle, he came to stand very close to us and talked to us in English. His English was hard to understand. He had been to a political rally in Kaabong, he said, where they had discussed the two parties of Uganda. One of them was "black-red-black" and one was "white-and-green." Black-red-black, he said, was "Africans who are black, red which is blood," and he went on, "But Africans have black blood. The green-and-white is green for grass and white for the Europeans. By this sign, the Europeans can go away or stay if they like. No force, no fighting. And there are two countries—America and Rus-


have you met my sister?
she's sweet...
IMPORTED
STOCK
SINCE 1884
DRY VERMOUTH
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY DISTILLERIE STOCK S.p.A. TORINO (ITALY)
PRODUCE OF ITALY
IMPORTED BY Schenley IMPORT COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
ITA
STO
ITAL VERM
For the martini that's clearly...the dryest.

J. PRESS INC.

SUMMER SPORT JACKETS

COOLIE CLOTH JACKETS of weightless Vycron polyester/Cotton in Marine Blue, Dark Duffel Blue, Duffel Green and Butcher Blue/White Block Stripe. J. PRESS natural shouldered with patch & flap lower pockets, hooked vent, ⅜" swelled edges and piped seams. Washable—dryfast—need no pressing $38.50

INDIA MADRAS HANDWOVEN COTTON JACKETS—chosen for our newest collection in colorings and patterns admirably characteristic of their native background $42.50

COTTON BLEND 'TWEED' in a Highland Sporting Check—Black, Dark Green & Red overchecking Beige. Washable Dacron polyester/Cotton—dryfast—needs no pressing $45

Sample Swatches & Brochure Sent On Request. Mail Orders Filled.

SINCE 1902
NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK *
J. PRESS INC.
262 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN
82 MT. AUBURN ST. CAMBRIDGE
16 EAST 44TH ST. NEW YORK
COAST TO COAST TRAVEL EXHIBITS

Regular Exhibits In 33 Principal Cities. Enquiries Invited.

Tummy Television

The 5 inch Sony, for waist sizes 38 to 46. (For smaller tummies, buy the 4 inch set.) Our 32 non-heating, long-living transistors plus our telescopic antenna give you flicker-free reception—even if you jiggle when you laugh. The Sony works on AC wall plug or clip-on battery pack. So that your wife can sleep, we also include a personal ear plug. The beauty of a TV set this small: when you've had a bellyful of television, you hide it under the pillow.

Lightweight 5 inch SONY® TV

© SONY CORP. OF AMERICA. VISIT OUR SHOWROOM, 585 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

Just for the Country Clothes Shop

Donald Davies of Dublin has stitched up a skinny new shirtwaist dress of soft Irish linen, with its own triangle scarf. Blue or beige, 65.00

At all Lord & Taylor stores

Lord & Taylor

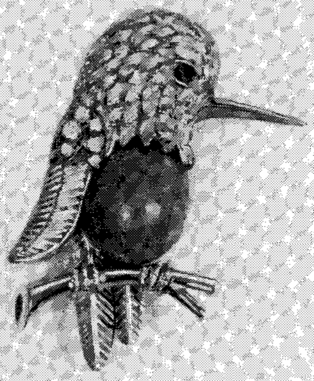
sia. At the meeting in Kaabong, we were deciding which one was right."

As Carlo talked, his father, Uri, and his uncle, Mora, who was also in our camp, listened to him anxiously. They heard the anger in his voice but, not speaking English, could not understand what he said. Uri gave me a look, as if to say, "He's been drinking," and when Carlo and Uri went up the hill together, Mora looked at me closely to see if I was frightened, for he was a very kindly person. When Mora learned what Carlo had been saying, he looked both puzzled and relieved.

One thing that may have been discussed at the meeting, though Carlo had not mentioned it, was a tax reform that was planned by the Protectorate government. It was to go into effect that year and was to affect almost everyone. Since the turn of the century, the tax in Dodoth had been a head tax—the only tax the people had ever known. But the new tax was to be a graduated property tax. Under the new system, a rich man would pay more than a poor man, each being assessed by the Jackait according to the number of his cattle, sheep, and goats. "The government is trying to finish cattle here," Lopore told us gravely. "If you have to pay tax, you have to sell an ox to get money. And the more cows you have, the more the government wants to take them away."

FOR about ten days early in December, the rain seemed to be stopping. The clouds that built on the horizon would dissolve into a high fog before the end of the day. The weather was hot, and the earth steamed. The only wedding held in the entire district of Lokoki during that year of deprivation was held during those few days. The rich man, Lokorimoe, had a party then, too, which was attended by most of the neighboring householders, and also by a flutist from Acholi, a nice young man named Marco Pole. A man named Akou, whose cattle camp stood near Mora's house, also had a party. Though he himself was not able to attend, he gave a barren cow for the neighbors to slaughter, roast, and eat. The neighbors slaughtered the cow in a clump of bushes, roasted it in a clearing nearby, and gave the cow's cooked and blackened head and some of its ribs to some of Akou's wives. We attended both parties, and many private parties in people's homes as well. We drank beer—from huge calabashes, from cups, from pots, from small enamel basins. The beer was hot enough to burn our throats, and was intoxicating in the hot

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
"Paris Jewel Boutique"



Plumed Elegance

Pert and piquant, and enchantingly beautiful. Our elegant Woodpecker Clip, with warm coral body, 18 kt. gold and diamond feathers, emerald eye, golden bill and branch... $575.

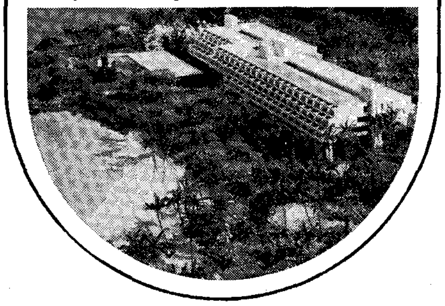
Design © Actual size. Fed. tax incl.

746 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

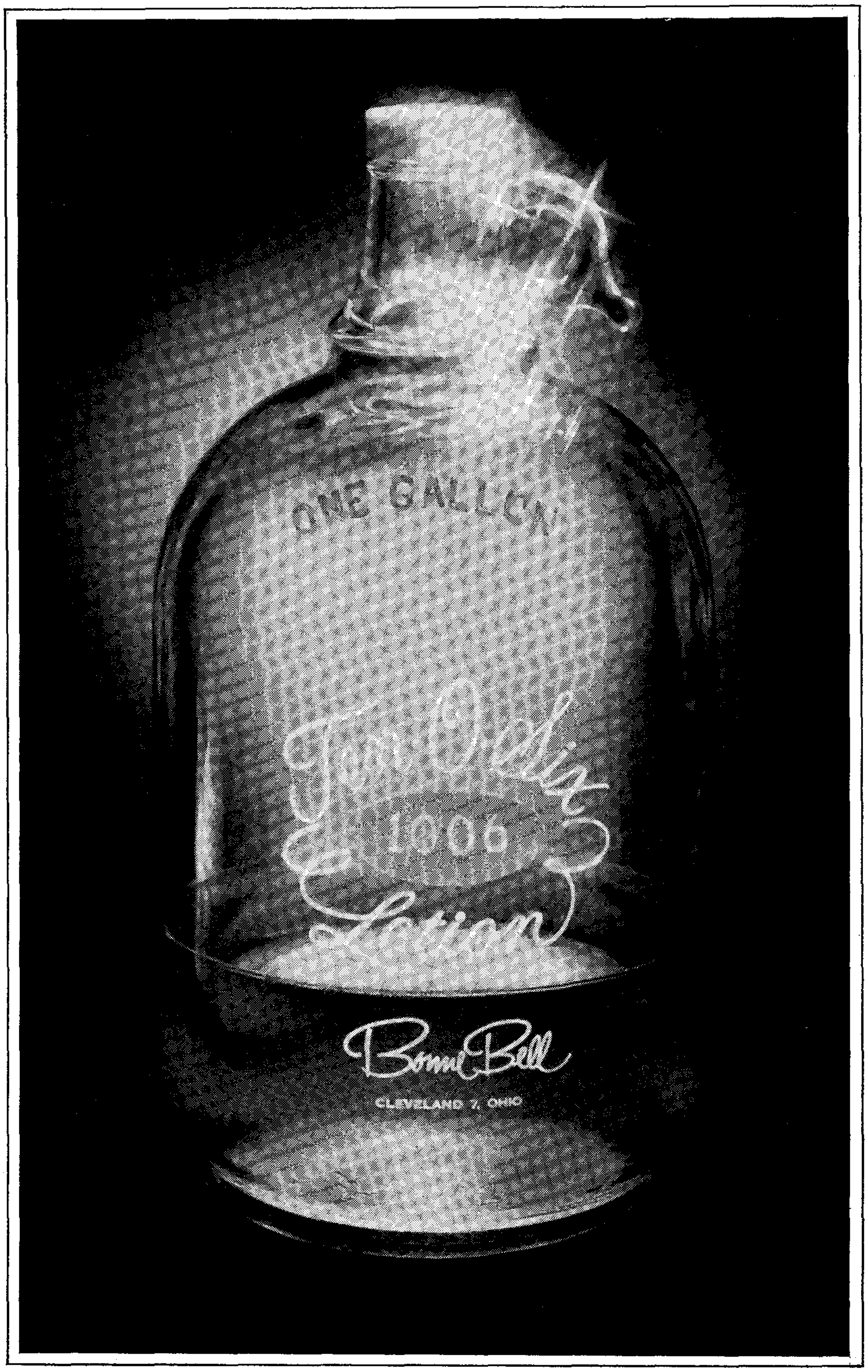
OPENING IN JULY
MAUNA KEA
BEACH HOTEL
Magnificent new resort on Hawaii

See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc., in the East, Glen W. Fawcett, Inc., in the West.

Colorful contrasts: a golden beach beside the blue Pacific, snow-capped Mauna Kea, towering against a bright Hawaiian sky. Here you'll enjoy a variety of pleasures unique among world-famous resorts.



Any facial lotion that is sold by the gallon must be quite a lotion.



If you were to plunk down $30 for a gallon of facial lotion you would expect something rather fantastic. Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six® Lotion is. In fact, it's unique. It's been copied. True. But never duplicated. For nobody can quite capture the formula. With the efficiency to clean immaculately, yet tenderly. Clear away most imperfections. Help normalize dry, oily or half-and-half skin. And, prevent healthy, radiant complexions from becoming anything else.

This is why, for 29 years, thousands of women have parted with $30 for a facial lotion. Perhaps you, too, might consider it an investment for yourself and your family. If not, it's still our pleasure to have you try a smaller size of Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six Lotion. Or, Ten-O-Six saturated Cleansing Tissues. Found at thoughtful department and drug stores.

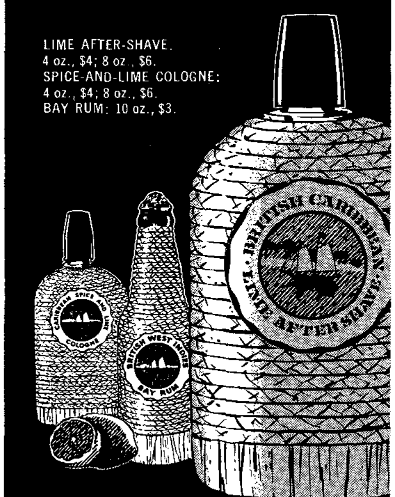
Bonne Bell, Detroit at Riverside, Cleveland, Ohio 44107.

splash on a little calypso

IN THE CARIBBEAN—we bruise the peel of a trillion fresh-picked Dominican limes. To make gimlets? Nope! To make after-shave. We coax out the precious oils drop-by-drop, then send it all to England for blending and bottling in slim little flasks, wrapped in pale, dry, braided seagrass.
Splash it on. The light, exciting scent has consequences. It draws women closer . . . and closer . . . and closer . . .

BRITISH CARIBBEAN
TOILETRIES FOR MEN

LIME AFTER-SHAVE.
4 oz., $4; 8 oz., $6.
SPICE-AND-LIME COLOGNE:
4 oz., $4; 8 oz., $6.
BAY RUM: 10 oz., $3.


BRITISH CARIBBEAN LIME AFTER SHAVE
COLOGNE
BRITISH WEST INDIES BAY RUM

At fine stores all over the world or write:
Robinson-Bishop, Ltd., 1341 F St., N.W., Wash., D.C.
London • Paris • Melbourne • Kingston • Toronto

sun. The Acholi flutist, Marco Pole, who attended most of these parties in Dodoth attire (he put on European clothes when he went home), was a Catholic and would cross himself before having a swallow of beer.

Then, on one of those days, because we would soon be starting home and because we wanted to repay the people of the neighborhood for their great kindness and hospitality, my husband and I, too, gave a party. We invited forty people, but more than a hundred came. We did not try to serve beer to so many people; our feast was a bull and a barren cow, which we had bought from people in the neighborhood. Our buying them had been helpful, because people needed money for the new tax. Mora had sold us the bull and thus got money that he would otherwise not have been able to raise. A young man named Rogo, who was in trouble because he had not paid his taxes, sold us the cow. Before sunrise on the morning of the party, he made a point of driving his herd by our camp. As the herd appeared out of the mist, he chased the cow, which we had already paid for, toward us. She was lanky and tall, and was trying hard to rejoin the others.

"How can we keep her?" we asked Rogo.

"Kill her," he said. "Bring me a spear."

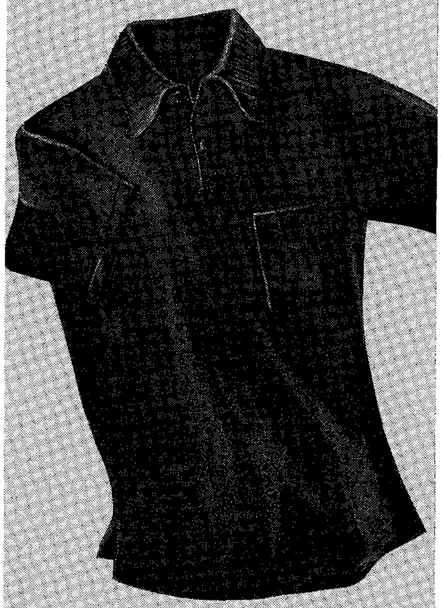
We did.

The cow's eyes rolled with terror as Rogo's little brothers chased her around and as herdboys from various passing herds helped make a barrier by linking arms. Even though Rogo had badly needed money, he did not want to kill her; he feinted a long time before stabbing her with his spear. All at once, he stuck her in the side. She fell, moaning and struggling, and since she was not a very strong cow, she did not rise again. Even so, it took her a long time to die, and Rogo did not like watching her. To hasten the process, he plunged the spear up and down in her wound, causing her to cry. While the cow was being skinned, Mora sent his two sons after the bull, which they chased up to the camp and speared. Before long, it, too, was being skinned.

Large groups of people began to arrive. Men came together or with their wives, and older women came with their younger co-wives and their daughters. Householders of Kalapata and Lokoki came, many of them dressed in their finest clothes. Some wore feather wigs; some wore immense, heavily plumed ceremonial headdresses and ceremonial leopard-

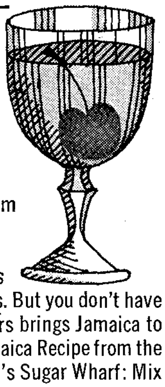
From England

THE ULTIMATE IN KNIT SHIRTS BY ALLEN SOLLY OF LONDON. FINEST LIGHTWEIGHT LISLE COTTON. SUPERIOR BRITISH WORKMANSHIP. SHORT SLEEVES. NAVY, YELLOW, BLUE, RED, GREEN OR WHITE. SMALL, MEDIUM, LARGE. $9
PLEASE ADD 75¢ PER PACKAGE FOR POSTAGE

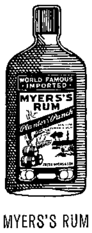


at
Paul Stuart
18 EAST 45TH STREET NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

Nothing ticky-tacky about this daiquiri



It's made with Myers Jamaica Rum and it's truly in a glass by itself! You should be aware, however, that the "must" ingredient of this daringly distinctive drink is Myers. But you don't have to go to Jamaica to enjoy it. Myers brings Jamaica to you! Here's the authentic Old Jamaica Recipe from the famed Puncheon Bar on Kingston's Sugar Wharf: Mix 2 parts lemon or lime juice with 1 part Myers, add a tsp. of sugar and a dash of bitters for each drink. Shake vigorously in ice-filled shaker, or use electric blender. Serve with maraschino cherry.



FREE BOOKLET full of exotic food and drink recipes—shows many imaginative ways to use Myers Rum. Write: General Wine and Spirits Company, Dept. Y11, 375 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022.

IN FOOD . . . OR DRINK . . .
MOST ANYTHINK . . .
ENJOY CRAZY MIXED-UP MYERS!

MYERS'S RUM • 84 PROOF • GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS CO., N.Y.C.

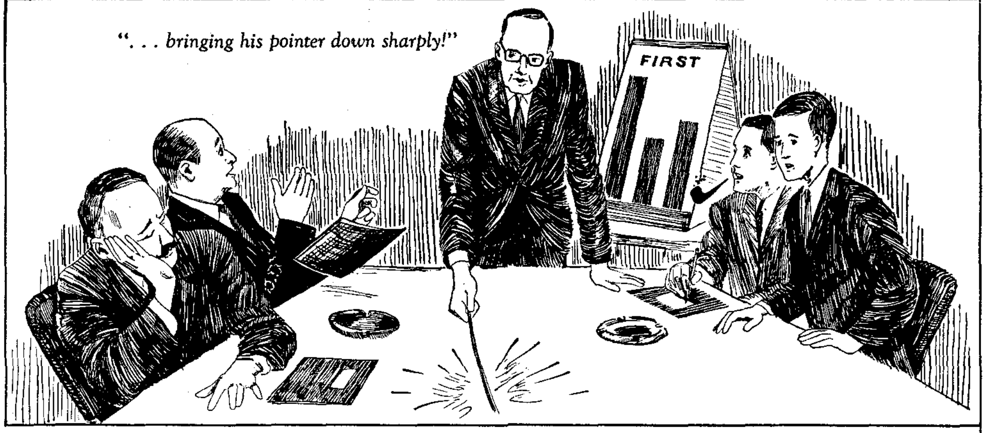
(Advertisement)

№ 28

DINK STOVER AND HIS FIRST MEDIA PRESENTATION

OR "A JOB WELL DONE!"

In which our hero Dink Stover, fresh out of Yale and hard at work in his chosen field of advertising, attends his first media presentation, during which he reveals information of an incredibly important nature — with rather interesting results.



"*. . . bringing his pointer down sharply!*"

(As this chapter unfolds, we find Dink locked in solemn conclave with the top executives of his agency and a very important client. Through some oversight, Dink had not actually been invited to the meeting, but he nevertheless volunteered to "sit in" just in case he was needed.)

CRACK!!!! The sound reverberated around the room like a pistol shot as the Media Director (who was Dink's boss) brought his pointer down sharply on top of the conference room table.

". . . . and that, gentlemen," he concluded flipping over the last page of his flop-over chart, "that is our media recommendation. It should enable us to do a really great job!"

A murmur of agreement was heard from that side of the room where the members of the agency sat (though they politely refrained from expressing a definite opinion until the client and his team had expressed their opinion first).

However, Dink sensed that something was wrong — and he based his deduction on one slim clue. The most important man in the room — the client — was asleep.

Displaying unusual presence of mind for one so young, Dink sprang to his feet.

"As our Media Director has already mentioned," he announced in ringing tones, "New England is one of our major markets. I for my part would like to add a few salient facts about newspapers in that area."

The Media Director cleared his throat rather loudly, but as the weather had been blustery of late, Dink put it down to a slight cold — and made a mental note to suggest a hot gargle and mustard bath.

"*. . . The Boston Globe!*"

"As you may know," continued Dink confidently, "there are three newspapers in Boston, but I have come to the conclusion that there is but one worthy of our consideration. And that newspaper is The Boston Globe!"

"Dink!" hissed the Media Director in a hoarse whisper, "we aren't concerned with such unimportant details at this point!"

"Unimportant details, sir?" asked Dink quizzically, with a winning smile. "If the fact that The Globe has more readers than any other Boston newspaper is an unimportant detail . . . if the fact that The Globe carries more advertising than any other Boston newspaper is an unimportant detail . . . *if the fact that The Boston Globe is the only growing newspaper in Boston is an unimportant detail . . . then my name isn't Dink Stover!*"

"Stover? Stover?" It was the important client now suddenly alert.

"I am Stover, sir," admitted Dink proudly for that indeed was his name.

"Can it be," asked the client in awesome tones, "that you are the same Stover who played halfback for Yale in the big game against Harvard and who retrieved a fumble behind your own goal line in the last few seconds of play to run 101 yards for a touchdown and win the game for Yale 26 to 25? Can it be that you are *that* Stover?"

"I am, sir," admitted our hero modestly, (though he was always the first to give credit to his coach and teammates for the victory).

"I am a Harvard man and I was at that game," announced the client quietly.

Dink leaned over and shook hands warmly. "I hope you enjoyed the game Sir, and I am happy to make your acquaintance. We were not introduced before simply because of an oversight on the part of my colleagues. That you are a Harvard man is nothing to be ashamed of, for it is a very fine school."

"That's all right," laughed the client good naturedly, "I never wanted to go to Harvard, but my father made me. I always wanted to be a Yale man. In fact," he continued confidentially, "I wagered a considerable sum on that game and my winnings set me up in business. So whatever success I have achieved I really owe to you."

After a moment of silence, during which both men were engrossed in their own private thoughts, the client addressed Dink again.

"Dink," he said, calling Dink by his first name the way chums do in the advertising business, "I can't tell you how happy I am to have you on my team. Carry on — and keep up the good work!"

Back in his office, Dink smiled with satisfaction. What luck that he had attended the meeting! And how proud his boss must be of him! Dink waited expectantly for the phone to ring.

. . . the same Stover who played halfback at Yale."

ATTENTION STAUNCH ADMIRERS OF DINK STOVER! Follow the stirring adventures of our hero faithfully — as recorded in this journal by the number one newspaper in Boston — The Globe (which has more readers and carries more advertising than any other Boston newspaper). The Boston Globe. Morning, Evening, Sunday. A Million Market Newspaper. New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

Peck & Peck

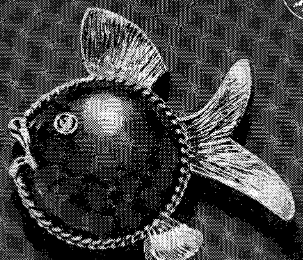
Easiest way to travel
for the
Peck & Peck Jr.

In our own silky-soft triacetate jersey—packable, washable, deliciously cool and all around wonderful! The new longer overblouse look in blue/white or in green/white. 5 to 15, 2500

Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia
Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis
Indianapolis • Atlanta • Minneapolis • St. Paul • Buffalo
Kansas City • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

skin capes. A few schoolboys came from Kamion, far up north; Uri's son Carlo came with some townsmen friends. In the crowd I saw the Jackait of Loyoro, a district to the south, a few Protectorate policemen, a few *askaris*, or chiefs' policemen, and a few teachers from one of the mission schools. Lomotin, the *emuron*, came by himself and sat under a tree at a distance. Before long, almost every important person in the neighborhood had joined him there. Perhaps there were even witches in the crowd—there usually are in troubled times, the Dodoth say—and perhaps their malevolent influence accounted for the absence of little children. That day, the babies were the only group not present; they were kept safe at home.

Before the sun was high, the bull and half the cow had already been cooked and eaten. Dark clouds were looming nearer and nearer, and the party, which had begun pleasantly, took on an air of emergency as people hurried to finish eating before it rained. By ten o'clock, the clouds were over us, and people were bolting down the last bites and running for shelter. By the time the heavy, rapid storm was over, the guests had disappeared. At that point, Lokorimoe—the rich man who lived on a hill to the south called Kailele—arrived. With his swollen ankles and his rheumatism, it had taken him two hours to walk from his house to our camp. He sat on his stool to rest and to wipe the perspiration out of his eyes. We thought he would be alone with us, but before long the other guests began to return, coming from Uri's house, from Lopore's house, and from under the tent flaps in our camp, where they had taken shelter. Dancing began. In no time, the clearing around our camp was crowded with dancers, who formed in two close-packed circles. One of the circles was for men under thirty, for boys, for little girls, and for the young men's fiancées, lovers, and brides, all of whom danced vigorously and beautifully, many girls leaping with each man. The other circle was formed of the older men—the householders—and their elderly wives. The women took hands and swayed from side to side very decorously as the old men leaped on their spindly legs. Whenever one of the circles became too large, another circle would form, and by the end of the day there were many circles. Everyone was dancing. Lopore and his neighbors and their wives were dancing. Lomotin was dancing, with his knobby knees. My husband and I danced. The schoolboys were dancing, the police were danc-



EXCLUSIVE LITTLE FISH

14K GOLD PIN
JADE BODY
DIAMOND EYE

He's enough to make your head swim—cool genuine jade, enhanced to a rich tropical green. Exquisitely hand finished. $65

BY MAIL OR PHONE IN
OUR GOLDEN GIFT BOX

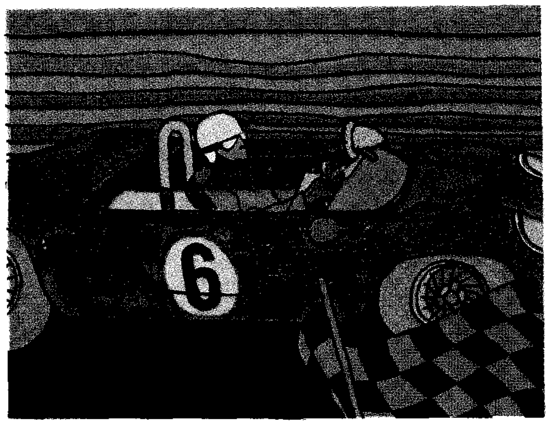
BLACK STARR & FROST LTD.
222 E. Post Rd., White Plains, N.Y.

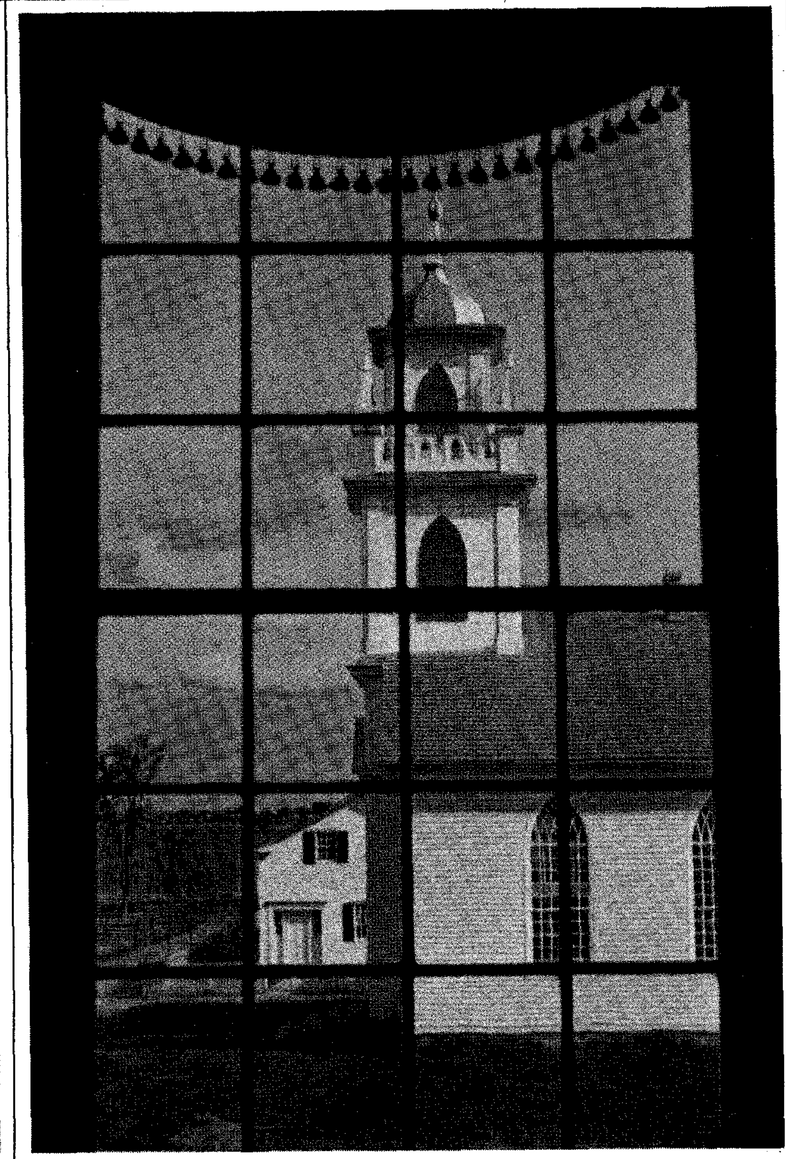
After a simply ducky dinner way up in the super swanky Rainbow Room, you may find yourself hurrying down Broadway to make the 8:30 curtain for Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies. There hasn't been a restaurant like this one since the thirties.

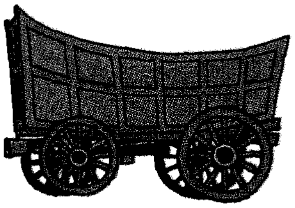
THE RAINBOW ROOM

Dinner every night from 6:00, Brunch from 12:00 on Saturdays and Sundays. Call for reservations. 30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th Floor, PLaza 7-9090

Friendly, Familiar, Foreign & Near



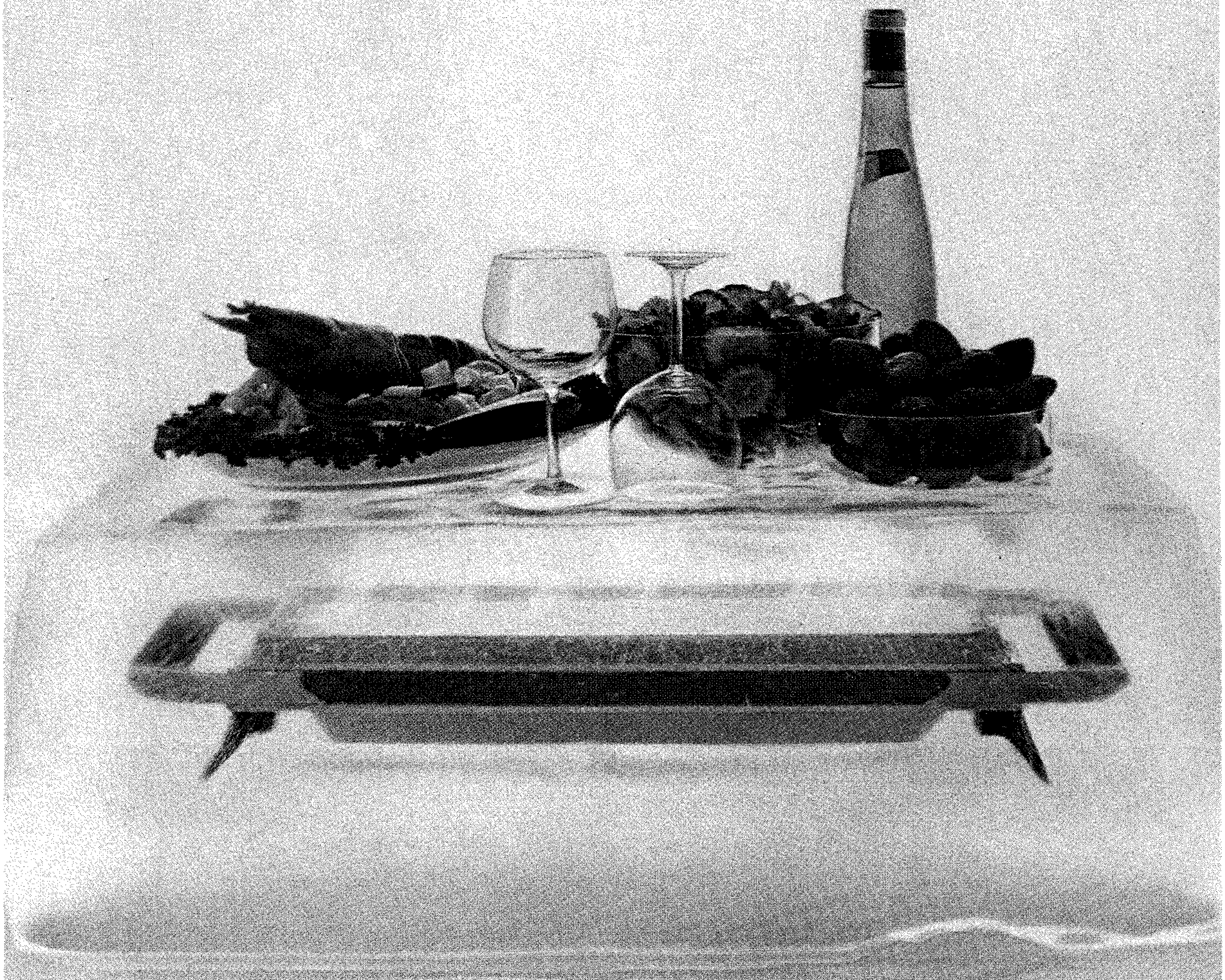




ONTARIO
Canada

Ontario. A land of contrasts, where the old world meets the new. So much like home, yet so different. The pioneer life of yesteryear comes alive in historic restorations . . . big, exciting cities and thrilling spectator sports offer the high life . . . sandy, uncrowded beaches invite lazy contentment. In Ontario, the choice is yours! To discover your own personal Ontario, write for our free booklet (52 pages in full colour) to: Department of Tourism and Information, Room 119, Parliament Buildings, Queen's Park, Toronto.

HOTRAY IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK AND INDICATES THAT SALTON INC., IS THE SOLE MANUFACTURER.



This is Cold Server. It keeps food cold.

So does a refrigerator. Except that not even the newest self-defrosting, ice-cube making, super-frigid refrigerator will do a thing to keep your cold food cold once it's on your table. Salton Cold Server will. Its cold cells keep the cold where the food is. Cold Server keeps canapés, cold cuts, and salads, cold, fresh and flavorful. For hours. On the table. Indoors or outdoors. Salton Cold Server does for cold food, what Hotray® does for hot food, it extends its "freshness-span" from minutes to hours. Salton Cold Server comes in two sizes, $19.95 and $24.95. For catalog and name of dealer near you write Salton, Inc., 519 East 72 St., N.Y. 21.

Cold Server by **Salton Hotray**

ing—using their rifles to gesticulate as the other men used clubs—and the Jackait of Loyoro and his *askaris* were dancing too. As the sun went down and the vultures that had settled in the trees began to drop heavily to the ground, the singing was at its loudest and most vigorous, and the sunset made the dust a pink cloud. After dark, people began to go home. The teachers rode away on their bicycles; the little schoolboys, having formed in line, started off along the road; and groups made up of householders and their great families took their various paths homeward.

IN the following week, the rain began falling in torrents, and came down both night and day. Also, the Turkana, who seemed to have taken a vacation, began to raid again. The women went back to pounding their grain and the men to looking after their herds.

A few days after our party, we went to visit Lopore and found him at his *etem* with his spear. It was evening. The sun in the far distance shone red behind thousands of little wraiths of vapor that were rising from the land like smoke. Lopore, facing the valley with his spear on his shoulder, seemed preoccupied.

"Will there be more rain?" I asked him.

"It's bad to predict the weather," he answered absently. "Who can talk to the rain?"

Nabilo came out of the dwelling to greet me but stopped when she saw Lopore. "What are you doing there?" she asked him suspiciously, screwing up her eyes to see him better.

"Nothing," said Lopore.

"Turkana? It's evening now. They'll find the cows at home," she said.

He didn't answer for a moment. "They won't come," he said, finally. "They'll be tired and stiff. They've been in the forest two days and two nights in the rain. We've been at home beside fires, under cover. If they come now, they'll be killed."

"Then why are you waiting?" asked Nabilo.

Lopore sighed. He turned, and once again began to look out over the valley. Nabilo waited behind him for a moment, then went past him to the very low door of the dwelling, ducked, and went in.

SOON after that, during a period in which my husband was away, the Turkana mounted a raid so large that if one could have stood on the promontory

The imported one

BEEFEATER

BEEFEATER®

Martini Men appreciate the identifiable excellence of imported BEEFEATER GIN

94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N. Y.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER
LONDON DISTILLED DRY GIN
KOBRAND CORPORATION

Et tu, Brut?

FABERGÉ
BRUT
FOR MEN

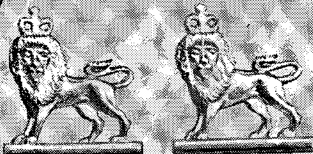
Bold new Brut for men. By Fabergé.

For after shave, after shower!

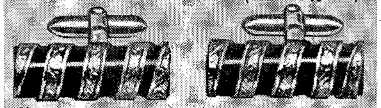
and watched the files of men climbing the hill, one would have thought them an army. They must have climbed at night and used the next day to send one group—perhaps an arm of the formation—all the way across northern Dodoth to Napore, at the western border. The other arm of the formation went south to attack predetermined places on the north-south settlement line, the southernmost point of attack being a place called Koputh, south of Kaabong. During the raid at Koputh, many Dodoth were killed, among them a baby who was pinned to the ground by a spear. When the western branch of the formation attacked at Napore, many dwellings were burned. While this attack was going on, a Dodoth woman killed a Turkana by spearing his nape as it appeared in her tiny door. During this phase of the raid, more than a dozen people were killed and more than a hundred cattle were stolen. From assessing the footprints of the raiding force that had departed, it was guessed that the Turkana were almost a hundred strong.

One day shortly afterward, so said the Dodoth, another very large Turkana raid was mounting. The raiders were already at the top of the escarpment and were expected to come somewhere between Kamion and Kalapata. To do what they could, the people of Morukore and the surrounding neighborhoods held a sacrifice beneath the sacred trees at the river. After the elders had drunk the blood of a black ox, reddening their chins and lip plugs, they took the integument of the swollen rumen and the intestines and spread them out, and found little collections of small polyps, or tumors, or coccid ulcers, each one of which was a death. They must have been Turkana deaths, for the natural strings in bunches between the integument and the intestines were the living Dodoth. To judge from the divination, no great harm was expected to come to Dodoth, and the men crouching around the integument looked on calmly. One man felted another man's hair, and two little boys from the school at Kamion, who had come to our camp in the morning with a note requesting that we take them to Kaabong, were practicing their English: "Wha is dis? Dat is chaiah. Wha is dis? Dis is a book. Wha are you doing? I am sitting on da chaiah. Da chaiah. Da chaiah." I asked in a whisper why they were going to Kaabong, and they replied that they were going for corn meal, because a raid was coming and there was no food in the school. After the divination, prayers

CUFFLINKS
for the Collector



British lion and crown exquisitely molded. Custom gold finish . . $7.50
(Plus 10% tax)



Handsome onyx cylinder with gold embossed ribbon wrap. Uniquely elegant $5.00
(Plus 10% tax)

These individual, boldly masculine designs are a compliment to the wearer . . . and the gift-giver.

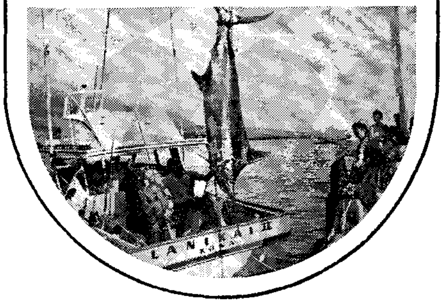
Mail orders filled promptly.

CUSTOM SHIRTMAKERS
JOHN SHAW CO.
434 MADISON AVE. (at 49th), NEW YORK
17th & WALNUT STS., PHILADELPHIA

OPENING IN JULY
MAUNA KEA BEACH HOTEL
Magnificent new resort on Hawaii

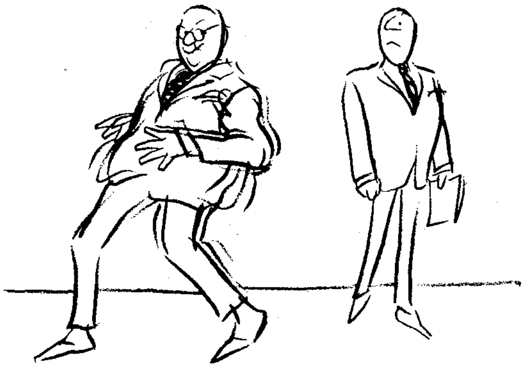
See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc., in the East, Glen W. Fawcett, Inc., in the West.

Game fishing off the Kona Coast is among the world's finest. And fishing is only one of the many pleasures you'll enjoy at this extraordinary new international resort.



(*Advertisement*)

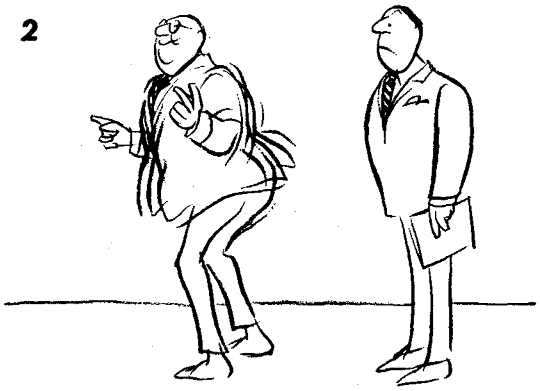
1



Pretty neat, huh?

What on earth are you doing?

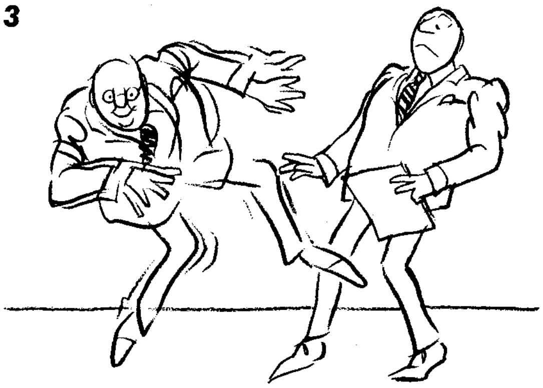
2



Practicing the Watusi.

The Watusi?

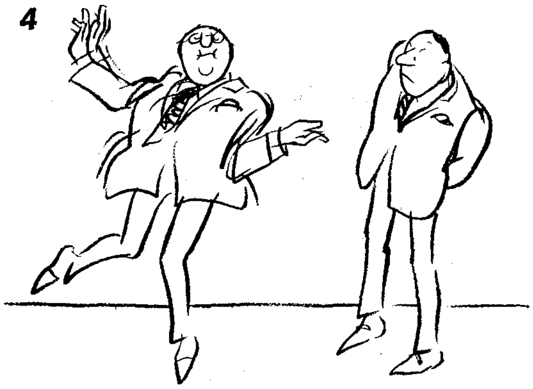
3



I already know the Cat and the Monkey.

What's up with you?

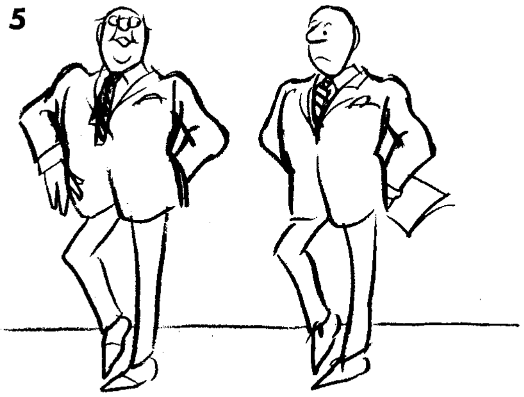
4



Getting ready for retirement. You should see Emma do the Surf.

I thought you two were strictly two-steppers.

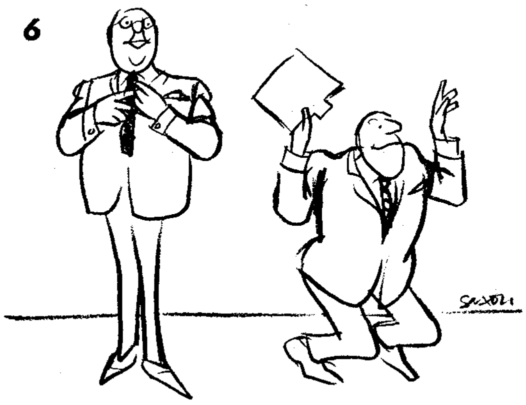
5



Not with the plans we've made. First thing we do is hit the discothèque circuit. Then there's the round-the-world cruise—and you know how they dance on those. And after that—

After that there's the slow waltz to the loan company.

6



Not a chance. Our money's never going to run out. Because we have Equitable's new Husband-Wife Retirement Annuity—which means that Em and I get a regular monthly income as long as either one of us lives.

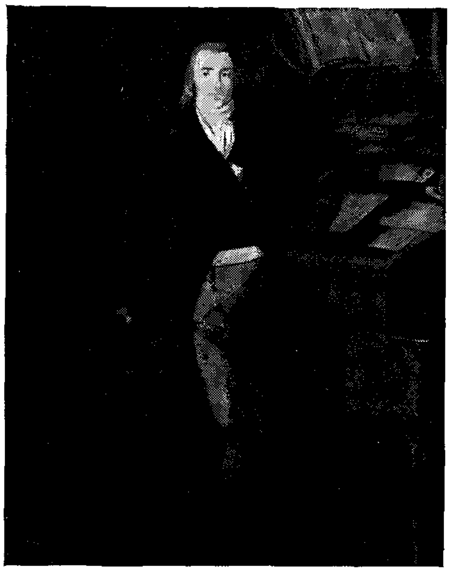
I wonder if Pam knows about that annuity? She's been practicing La Bostella.

Look ahead with Living Insurance

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States

Home Office: 1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10019 © Equitable 1965
See the Equitable Pavilion when you visit the New York World's Fair.

There was another famous Johann.
He composed his music in bottles.



Johann Friedrich Deinhard (1772-1827) founded the world famous German wine house Deinhard & Co., on May 1, 1794.

The 'music' in wines comes from the grape. Perhaps because the rocky soil banking the Rhine and Moselle Rivers is suited for nothing else, it gives its all to the *Riesling* grape. A small grape, a late ripener, but one which presents a glorious wine, full of character, perfume and body. A talented family named Deinhard has been treating each Riesling grape as a note in a symphony, for 300 years. Together they make magnificent, musical wines.

Johann Deinhard acquired extensive acreage along both rivers and built vast aging cellars under the town of Koblenz. By 1825 the family firm of Deinhard was the most important exporter of German wines. Today the House of Deinhard continues to be run by Johann's descendants. And the lyrical qualities of Deinhard still and sparkling wines continue to delight connoisseurs the world over.

Dine with
Deinhard

LIEBFRAUMILCH "Hanns Christof Wein." A superb Rhine wine, aristocratic in character, *fruity, yet crisp and light.* Noted for its pleasing bouquet.

WILE
NEW YORK

were offered for the well-being of Dodoth, and it was decided that two more sacrifices would be held—one in the eastern neighborhood and one in the western. A prayer was offered for the owner of the sacrificed ox, and the ceremony came to an end.

The raid, which was expected within a day or two, was delayed. Suspense mounted, and then it subsided, though no one doubted that in time the raid would come. Then, one day, a scout reported that the original raiding party in the forest had been joined by fifty new men, and, for the first time, the Dodoth seemed uneasy. The next evening, a scout reported that the entire party had disappeared. This meant that they had fanned out into the bush, and people knew that a raid was imminent. In every household in the area that night, a few people sat up to listen.

Early the next morning, a schoolteacher from Kamion came bicycling into our camp to tell me that a speared man was waiting for us by the road. The schoolteacher and I got into my Land-Rover, and at a bend in the road a mile south of our camp we found Toperih-peri, a youth of the Teutho forest tribe whom we knew, alone beside a fire. He had been speared in the shoulder; a three- or four-inch wound gaped to show the arm muscles bulging and red under his skin. We helped him into the car. Several Dodoth men and women, seeing the car leave, had jumped in at the last minute to profit from Toperih-peri's misadventure by riding to Kaabong, but when they found the car filled with the smell of human meat—a bad, sweet, heavy odor—they asked that the windows be opened, and held their hands over their noses. This might have embarrassed Toperih-peri if he had not been in so much pain. He was brown with blood, which had dried all over him, and he cradled the elbow of his wounded arm. As we drove to Kaabong, he said that his attackers were Turkana—that during the past night he had surprised them in their camp, which had not been near the escarpment, as one might have expected, but in the forest, less than two miles east of the road. Being a Teutho, Toperih-peri did not have a shield but only courage and his spear, which—he said, apparently in order to impress the Dodoth passengers favorably—he had flung at the Turkana. When he was struck in turn, he had picked the spear from his shoulder, thrown it back, and run to a place that—he said—he knew was safe. There he had begun to bleed, and in the dawn he had made his way to the

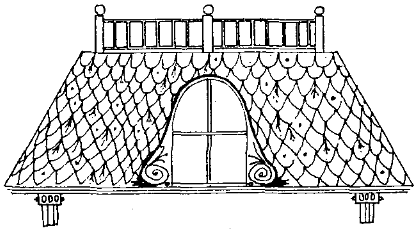
GENUINE IMPORTED
Thai-Teak T.M.
PARQUETRY FLOORING

Herring-bone pattern in home designed by Gerald Jerome A.I.D.

In the Elegant Tradition . . . Nothing creates the aura of quiet dignity and timeless elegance that is characteristic of teakwood flooring. Genuine teakwood imported from Thailand (authentic "Tectona Grandis") is cherished for its versatility, practicality, high lustre . . . renowned for its resistance to wear and decay. And now, teakwood can be installed in your home and office at a price that compares most favorably with all fine floorings and coverings. Available for immediate delivery.

Ask your decorator or write us direct for illustrated Bulletin 100

BANGKOK INDUSTRIES, Inc.
1545 W. Passyunk Ave.
Phila., Pa. 19145



If you want a house with a widow's walk, don't be embarrassed to ask.

If it's available, we'll find it. And we'll welcome the challenge.

Homerica, America's homefinding service, has representatives in 500 cities – 2500 suburbs. Just tell us the general area you'd like to live in, the kind of house you have in mind, and any other considerations that are important. Chances are we'll be able to satisfy most of your heart's desires, no matter how difficult they might seem to be.

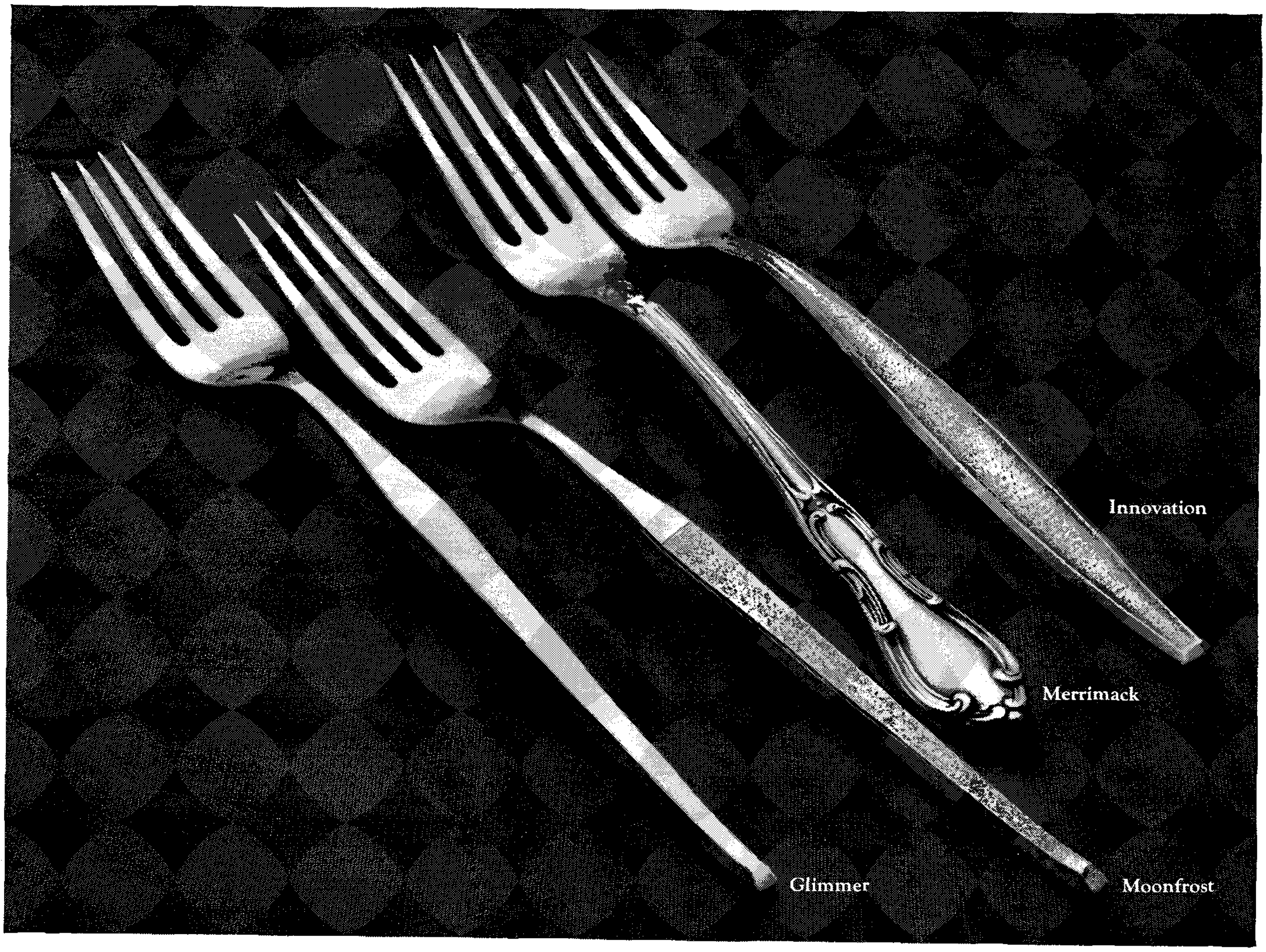
And there's no charge to you. So call Homerica today. You'll be delighted to find we're people you can talk to.

HOMERICA INC.

200 Park Avenue,
N.Y. 10017
(212) 661-3111

3460 Wilshire Blvd.,
L. A. 90005
(213) 387-3111

Marina City, Chicago 60610 (312) 527-3111



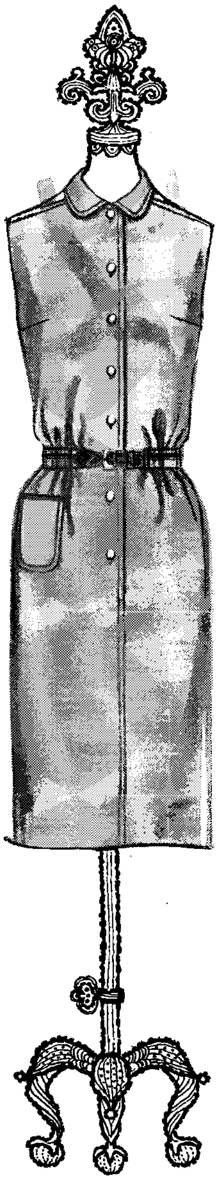
You have to make solid silver for two centuries to be able to create this stainless steel.

It's apparent in every line. In the flowing balance of our new Glimmer pattern. In the delicate finish of new Moonfrost. It takes two hundred years of creating classic tableware that is a pleasure to the hand and eye to create this distinctive kind of stainless steel... practical, beautiful and a tribute to your taste. You'll find it in the finest stores. Created by Towle, Newburyport, Massachusetts. 16-Piece Set $28.95; 50-Piece Set $69.95.

TOWLE SILVERSMITHS

©Towle, 1964

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



Country Girl

There's a cleanness to this one,
like sky after a rain, or the
scent of flowering meadows.
Sleeveless, but primly collared
and pocketed. Shift-straight,
but reined in here with a belt.
The Arnel triacetate and
cotton denim is dauntless,
tireless, sunrise till moonrise.
Spring-hearted shades of Olive,
Pink, Blue. Sizes 6 to 16.

About twenty dollars at
good stores and college shops

The Villager®

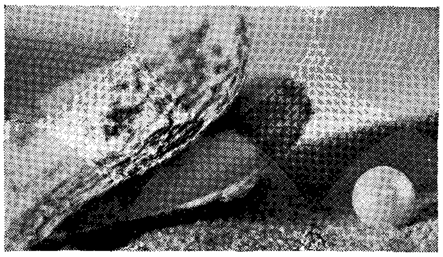
1407 Broadway, New York 18

©THE VILLAGER, INC., 1965. MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

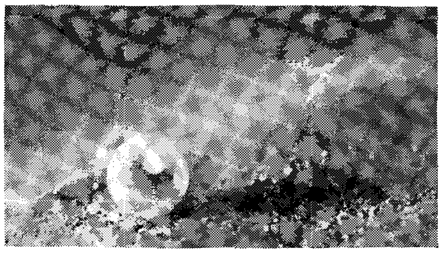
roadside, where the teacher had found him. On the chance that we would help him, he had asked the teacher to tell us he was there. The jiggling car had caused his wound to start bleeding again. Though he held the gap shut, blood oozed between his fingers, and at least one woman in the car snickered as she held her nose; after all, she was obviously thinking, the Teutho were inferior to the Dodoth. Worried by the condition of Toperih-peri's shoulder, I did not try to drive more slowly over bumps and stream beds but rushed toward Kaabong. However, the lurching car so pained Toperih-peri that his confident smile became a grimace, and I had to slow down.

When we finally reached the dispensary, Toperih-peri seemed faint. We helped him from the car into the dispensary, where he slumped against the wall. There he learned that, by law, the dispenser could do nothing for him until the police had seen him. Leaving Toperih-peri, we rushed in the Land-Rover to the police station and persuaded a sergeant and the interpreter to come back with us at once. Toperih-peri spoke both Teutho and Ngadodotho, the Dodoth language. The interpreter spoke Akarimojong—the language of the Karamojong—and Swahili. The sergeant spoke Swahili but wrote his report in English—a statement in the first person singular. The report read, "I, a Teutho, was walking in the bush to the east beyond the mountains looking for honey at night. I came upon a band of armed men. I didn't know if they were Dodoth or Turkana. It was impossible to tell at night. One threw a spear. It hit me in the shoulder." That was the end of the report. The policeman inked Toperih-peri's thumb and pressed it on the paper, for a signature, and Toperih-peri, who was by then lying on the cot in the back room of the dispensary, lay still.

Meanwhile, the dispenser was trying to clear the dispensary of spectators, so he could stitch the wound. His surgery was filled with people, who had to be half pushed out the door. Then his implements had to be sterilized, and a clean bed had to be made. Meanwhile, Toperih-peri was left alone in the back room, behind a closed door. But when the dispenser was ready and opened the door to call Toperih-peri, he found no one. Toperih-peri had taken the pillowcase to bind his arm, rolled off the cot, and slipped through the window, and was gone. Perhaps he was afraid of the police. Perhaps he was afraid of the dispenser. Perhaps



SOME DO

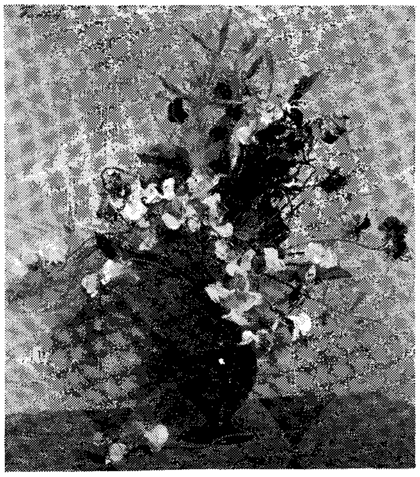


SOME DON'T

Antagonize an oyster and you get a pearl. Maybe. Perfect? Maybe. You never know with an aggravated oyster. Not so with the wondrous new "**Tréza**" simulated pearl by Richelieu. It's contented. Still "**Tréza**" has the iridescence, the warm lustre found only in the finest of pearls. See the complete "**Tréza**" collection. Necklaces from $20. Earrings from $5. All prices plus tax. At the very best *stores in the United States and Canada.*

Richelieu®

THE RICHELIEU CORPORATION • A SUBSIDIARY OF BOTANY INDUSTRIES, 393 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK



Oil on Canvas Henri Fantin-Latour 24 x 21
Exhibited Royal Academy

Flowers

An Exhibition of
18th, 19th, and 20th
Century Paintings

Thru June

HIRSCHL
& ADLER
Galleries inc.
21 E. 67th St. • NY 21 • LE 5-8810
Open Tues — Sat

he was afraid he would be made to report to the police whether Turkana or Dodoth had wounded him. He was an independent and a brave young man. I hope he survived his bleeding, but I can't say what happened, because no one we knew ever saw him again.

During the next few days, rumors of a raid came from all directions, and it became apparent that the raid was building not just in one place but everywhere. One night, in my tent, I couldn't sleep, and panic overtook me, so that I thought of moving to Kaabong. Early the next morning, I went to Lopore's house to see what he thought about it, and found the corridor between the courts and the cattle pen so beautiful, with its splendid pink view of the valley in the early light and the ancient mountains, above which hawks soared in the clear air, that I sat down with his children and grandchildren as if nothing were wrong. Lopore's little granddaughter Iloshabiet sat in her mother's lap while her mother, Chuchu, sang this song: "*Emoit, ngimoe. Emoit, ngimoe.*" "Enemy, enemies. Enemy, enemies." In the cattle pen, some of Lopore's children were milking the cows, which, because of the raid, he was keeping at home. His son Torori found a calabash the size of a teacup and filled it with milk to share with his half sister Chuchu, and when she raised it to her mouth a white cabbage moth flew from the little gourd and landed on her hair. Everything was so pleasant in Lopore's corridor that I forgot that anything was wrong. But by nine in the morning the alarm was sounding. The raid had begun. Torori ran by with two spears and a shield, his face filled with anger and despair. Everyone was arming and leaving; some of the men were going to protect their herds and their herdboy sons, and others, forming small armed groups, were taking the direction in which the enemies were thought to be. Then came word that there was nothing yet. The Teutho in the woods had started an alarm because they had seen the Turkana coming, but the alarm was now thought premature, and the Turkana still far away.

In the middle of the morning of that terrifying day, a sick woman with three children came by our camp. In the pouch of her cape rode two pumpkins and her baby. By her side ran her daughter, a six-year-old. In front of her walked her four-year-old son, a skin-covered skeleton. Dysentery had emaciated him. His flesh was almost gone, and he was so weak he could hardly stagger. His sick mother, who had to carry food and a baby, was

16 flights weekly to South America

From New York

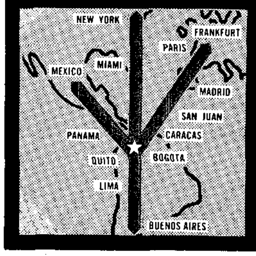
6 Fan/Jets to BOGOTA

including 4 nonstops

Lima
one stop
from New York
thru to
Buenos Aires

From Miami
4 Fan/Jet
4 Propeller
flights

IMMEDIATE JET CONNECTIONS in New York or Miami from key U.S. cities—or thru Mexico City with 2 Fan/Jet flights weekly to Panama and Bogota. AVIANCA's your airline to all South America—with low Jet Excursion fares to Bogota and Buenos Aires. From Miami low fare propeller flights plus ALL CARGO service to Colombia.



Since 1919

AVIANCA

The Colombian International Airline

CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR AVIANCA

6 West 49th St., New York 20—JU 6-6040 • 2 No. Biscayne Blvd., Miami 32—377-8866

BOSTON • CHICAGO • HOUSTON • LOS ANGELES • MIAMI • NEW YORK • WASHINGTON, DC

From Ireland,
Terylene® and linen,
new lightweight fabric

Tailored here in our
dashing coordinates,
a blend that combines the
crisp good looks of
linen and the crease
resistance and long wear
of Terylene® polyester.
Sport jacket in olive,
straw, French blue,
Dubonnet, or lemon.
Regular, short, and
long sizes. **55.00**
Matching plain front
slacks, **25.00**
Bermuda shorts, **17.00**

Men's Store, Street Floor

Bloomingdale's
Men's Store

New York • Bergen County
Fresh Meadows • New Rochelle
Stamford

Bloomingdale's • 59th and 3rd • PL 2-1212

using a switch to drive the dying boy on. She looked neither right nor left but made the children hurry. As the little procession passed, Rengen saw them. Rengen, almost hidden by trees, was standing wrapped in her cape and smoking her clay pipe. Seeing the distress of the children, she strode down the path after the mother to ask her to stop. I, too, saw the procession, and I ran after Rengen. When I overtook them, I asked the woman her name.

"You know me," she said.

And so I did, though I hadn't recognized her—the daughter of the *emuron* Lomotin. When I had first met her, she was healthy enough, but now her eyes were bright with disease. It was as if a witch were trying his power against her father. I offered her food and cocoa.

"I have food," she said. She opened her cape to show me the two pumpkins and a calabash of ground millet.

I asked where she was going.

"To Kaabong," she answered.

I offered to drive her, and she accepted this offer, but when she found that I was not planning to leave for another hour, she decided not to wait. As we talked, the little skeleton sank to the ground. Harshly, she ordered him to his feet again. He cried weakly, but obeyed. Her little girl spoke up loudly, begging her mother to wait. The mother refused. The little girl then begged her mother to accept the rest and the cocoa. "Not for me, for him," the little girl said.

Again the mother refused, saying there was no place to stop.

I offered her our camp.

She didn't answer but, turning the children so that they faced down the path, made them hurry on.

I trotted beside her. "What is your hurry?" I asked.

She looked at me with fatigue and terror. "Isn't there going to be a raid?"

"Stay and have tea with us," I said. "I'm driving to Kaabong."

The little girl was getting stubborn. She turned when I said this, and came straight back toward our camp. When her mother called her, she indicated her brother, who had collapsed under a bush—he lay down every time the procession halted—and said, "Let him have cocoa! Let him have food!"

The mother hesitated. She wanted to; she even asked if we had water.

I said we had, and also offered to make tea. Our interpreter did not translate the part about the tea, and I urged that he do so—a mistake. The mother started away firmly. The in-

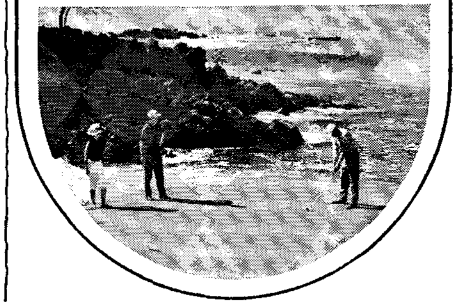
English Leather®

English Leather
ALL-PURPOSE LOTION
MEM COMPANY INC.
NEW YORK
CONT. 4 FL. OZS.
MADE IN U.S.A.

after shave...
after shower...
after hours... the ALL-PURPOSE
MEN'S LOTION
$2.00 $3.50 $6.50 plus tax
©M.C. **MEM COMPANY, INC.**
347 Fifth Avenue, New York

OPENING IN JULY
MAUNA
KEA
BEACH HOTEL
Magnificent new resort on Hawaii
See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc., in the East, Glen W. Fawcett, Inc., in the West.

Famed golf architect Robert Trent Jones put his heart into designing our famous championship course. Here you'll enjoy a variety of other activities unique among the world's foremost resorts.



Men like Scotch...
preferably, smooth Scotch...
ideally, Ballantine's remarkably smooth and light Scotch.
(So do other people.)
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Ballantine's
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Ballantine's
IN USE FOR OVER 135 YEARS
ESTABLISHED 1827
BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA
THE LATE KING EDWARD VII
4/5 QUART
86 PROOF
FINEST BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
George Ballantine & Son Limited
DISTILLERS
Dumbarton & Elgin, Scotland.
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
PRINTED IN SCOTLAND
IMPORTED BY
"21" BRANDS, INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Drum Major leads pipers into arena.

In September, you can watch the Scots toss cabers, dance flings, pipe pibrochs and caper through the incredible Highland Games.

SCOTLAND'S AUTUMN FLING

SOMETHING wonderful happens to Scotland in the Autumn.
Hills grow purple with heather. Salmon leap in the glens. The Queen comes north to Balmoral. Pipers fill their lungs for the cyclonic challenge of the Highland Games.

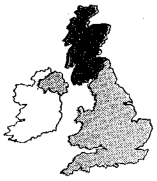
The Games are a curious mixture of ritual and informality. Nature provides the arena. You picnic in the heather and watch a Highland valley fill with gathering clans in a whirl of tartans. It's no place for the color-blind.

The grand finale of every gathering is the march-past of the massed bands—as many as two hundred pipers and drummers. Glorious hullabaloo. Even an Englishman's heart beats faster.

Highland Games often last from dawn to dusk. Yet the full day of caber tossing, piping, dancing and athletics can cost as little as 35 cents. Games are held all over the Highlands. Ask your travel agent for dates and locations.

Lively Autumn calendar

Your travel agent can give you a hundred other reasons for visiting Britain in the lively, lovely Autumn. You can catch the Edinburgh International Festival and the Pitlochry Drama Festival in Scotland, or the Shakespeare Season at Stratford. And the theatre in London is at its brilliant best.



See your travel agent, or clip coupon. Or do both.

British Travel, Box 751
680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

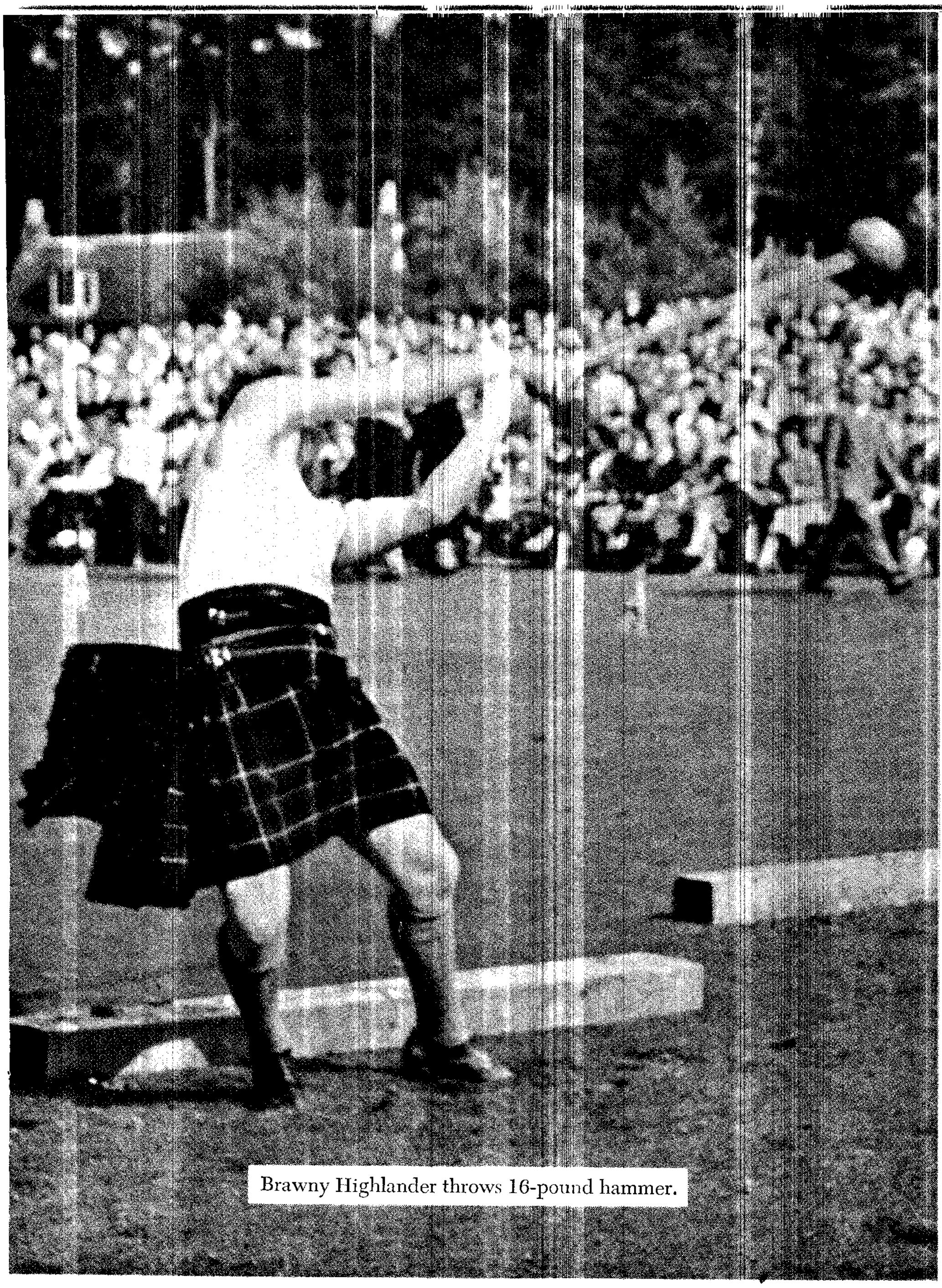
Please send me your free, 24-page illustrated booklet on Scotland.

Name____________________

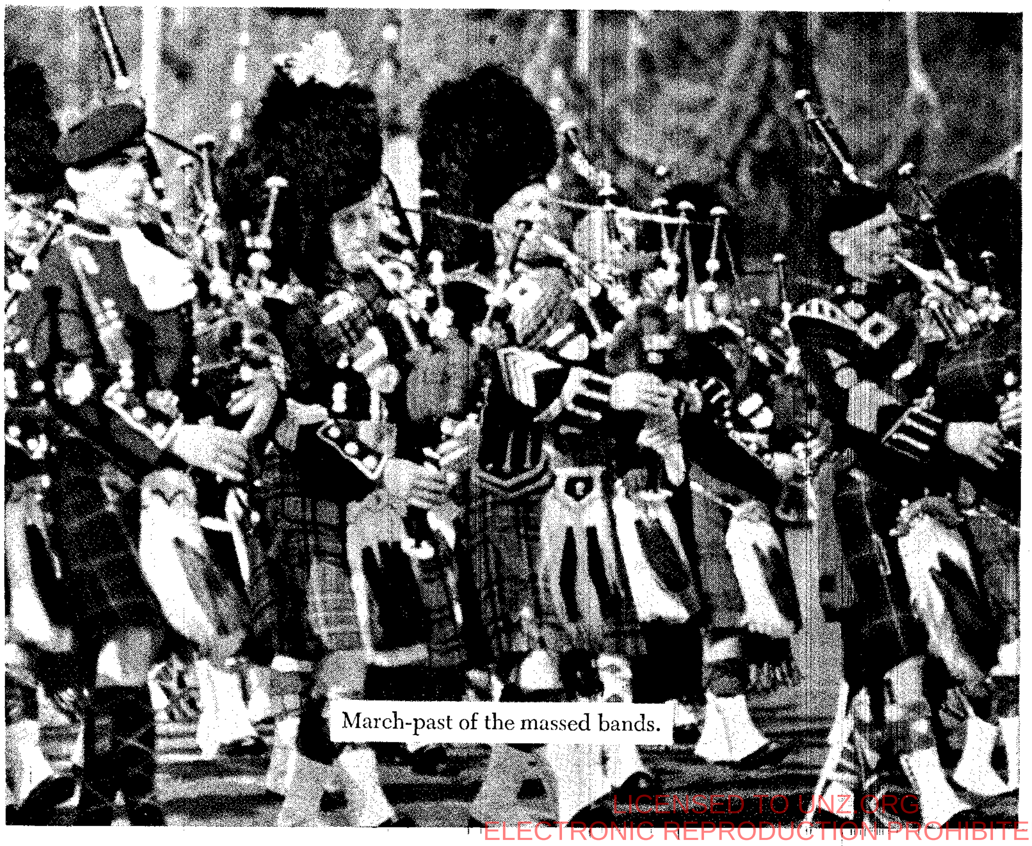
Address____________________

City__________**State**_____**Zip**_____

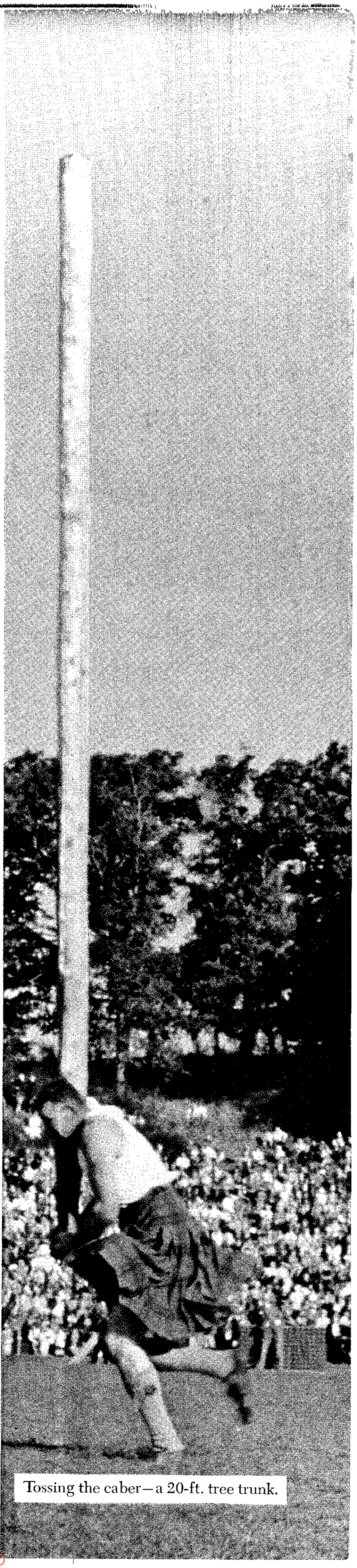
Sword dance—ancient clan celebration.



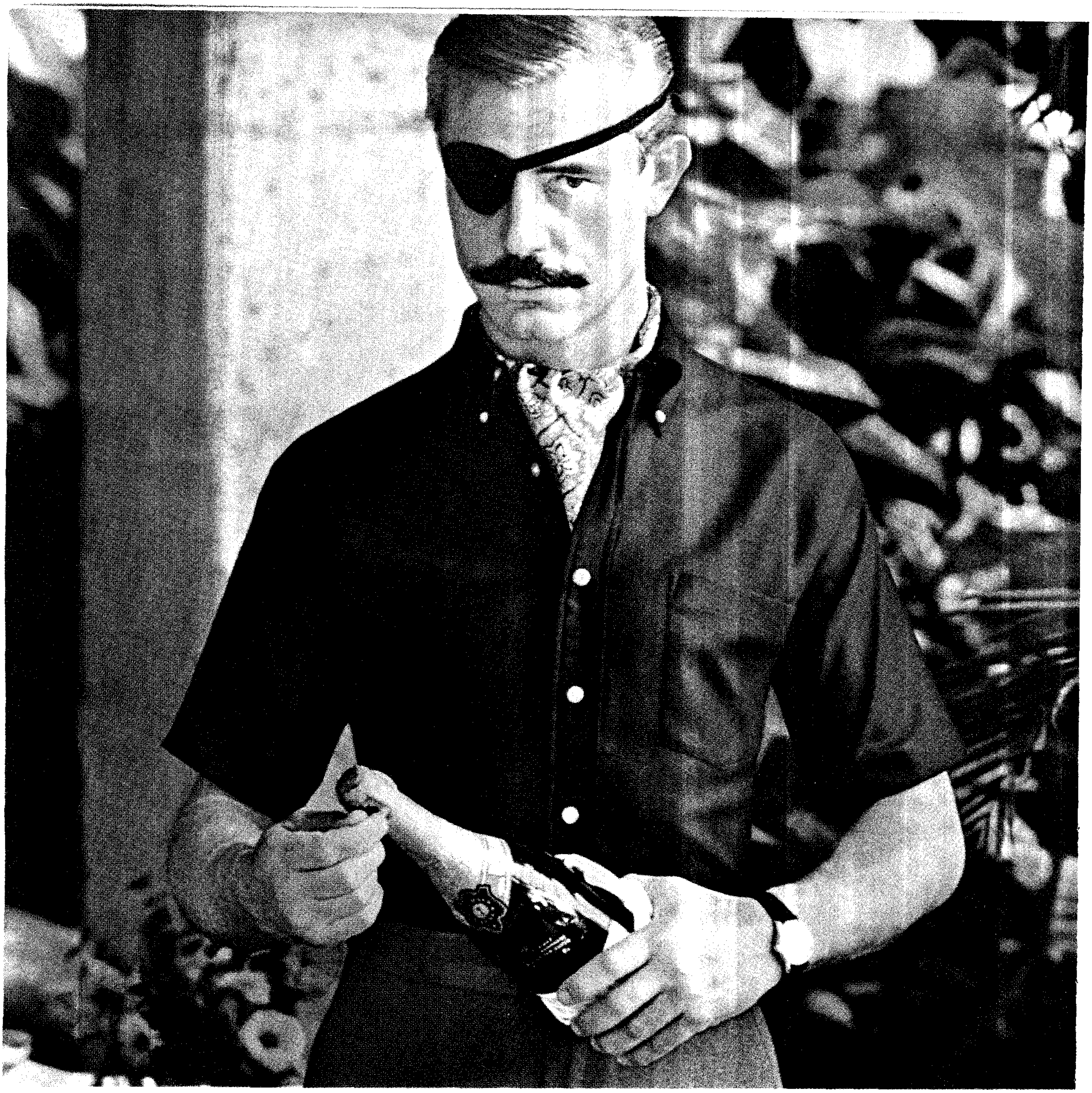
Brawny Highlander throws 16-pound hammer.



March-past of the massed bands.



Tossing the caber—a 20-ft. tree trunk.



HATHAWAY'S AERTEX CLUB SHIRTS COME IN NAVY BLUE AND 5 OTHER MANLY SHADES. ABOUT $10.00

Hathaway's Aertex® Club—a damnably smart leisure shirt

(with 987,693 tiny windows to keep you cool)

OUR hero is celebrating a modest triumph. He has just discovered a leisure shirt that is cool *and* elegant.

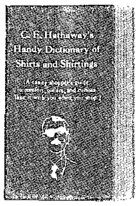
The *coolness* comes from the fabric—English Aertex. A shirt of this airy stuff has 987,693 tiny windows, which let your body *breathe*. They make Aertex the coolest weave you can wear—and probably the healthiest. (It was invented by an English doctor.)

The *elegance* is the work of Hathaway's nimble-fingered cutters. You can detect several of their cunning touches in the Club shirt above.

First, the body is tapered for a sleek fit round the midsection. *No bagginess.* Next, the collar stands a mite higher on the neck than ordinary collars. Much more spruce and tidy, especially under your sport coat or with an ascot.

Other blessings: flat, strong seams. Well-nigh indestructible buttons. And a pair of virtuously long shirt tails that won't slither out of your trousers.

For names of stores and this free *Dictionary of Shirts and Shirtings,* write C. F. Hathaway, Dept. A6, Waterville, Maine. In New York, call OXford 7-5566.



"Never wear a white shirt before sundown!" says Hathaway.®

terpreter told me later that she was under an injunction against witches, strangers, and foreigners, and had to escape malevolent influences as well as the raid. When I saw that she was determined, I ran back to camp to get the Land-Rover, but by the time I had brought the car around, she was already far down the road. I pulled the car up beside her and stopped and opened the doors, but only when her little girl begged her and finally began to push the little boy toward the door did the mother consent to get in. They asked to be let out by the Kaabong courthouse, and as the boy and the girl climbed down, they looked in through the car window at me, wide-eyed, very briefly, as drowning children might look up at a person in a boat. The woman and her children then vanished around a bend in the path.

When I arrived home, I found a group of men assembled at Lopore's lookout in the rocks. Uri was saying, "Remember that the enemies are still coming, even if they don't come today. Some Teutho say that men are not to sleep at home, because the enemies are so many. All the enemies are the same as you. So why are you afraid of them?"

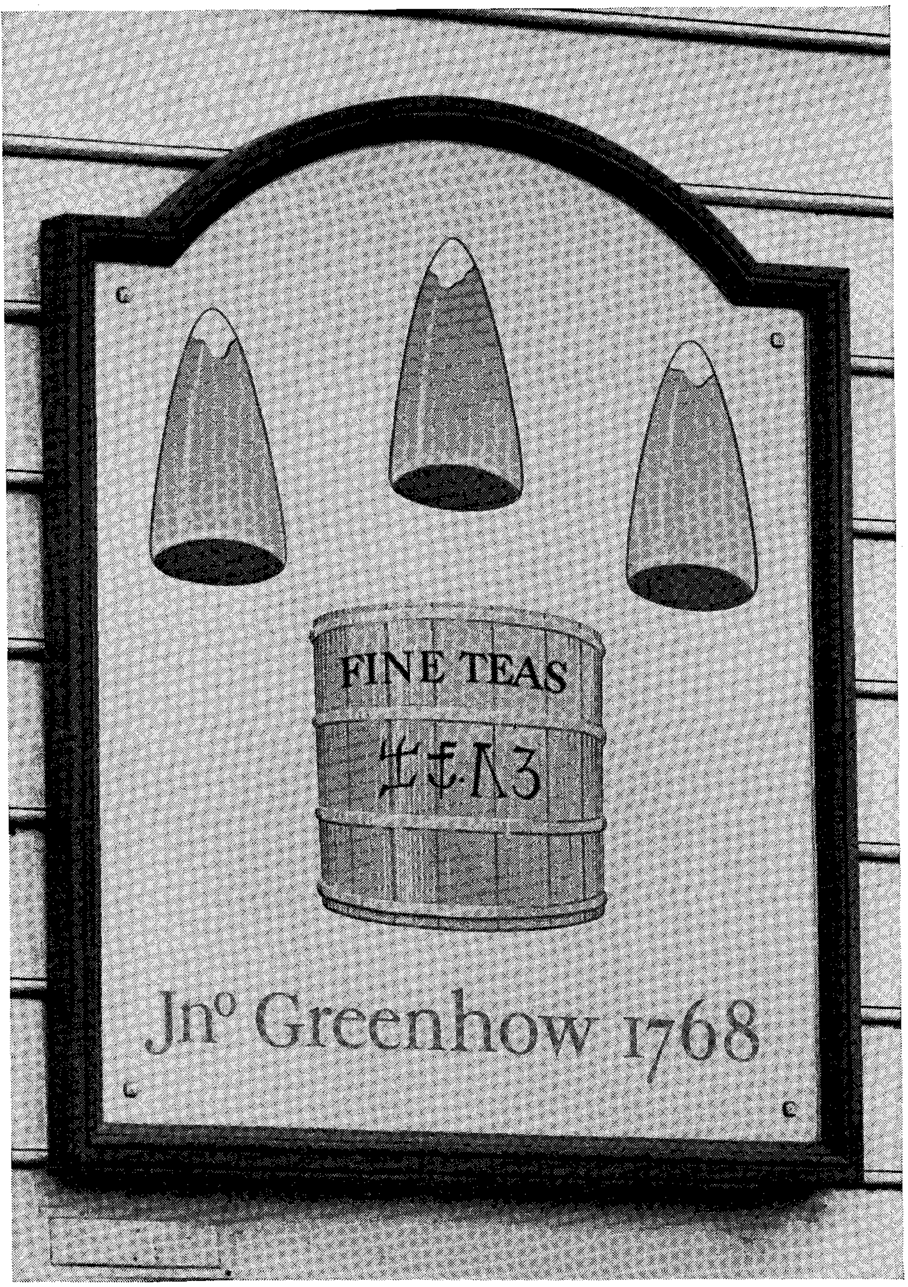
A man I didn't know said, "Why can't we go in a group to find them, instead of waiting here? If we find them, we'll fight them there instead of letting them come to kill our people."

"Let the women and children go elsewhere while we wait at home to fight them," said Lopore.

"Let us go to the river," said someone else.

A sacrifice, I learned, was already in progress there. When I went to the river, the bank looked like an encampment beside a battlefield. Men with spears stood or sat by little campfires, talking. When the group from Morukore arrived, a man came up to tell them that in the intestines of the sacrifice it had been seen that the enemy would come to Morungole and Lotim. The news relieved the minds of the Morukore group, for Morungole and Lotim were rather far away, but, just as a precaution, the men of each household split up when night came, some to stay in the camp by the river, some to guard the dwellings. The people at the river were to stay awake all night, keeping warm beside the fires and consuming the sacrifice.

Early the next morning, I found that the people were going to sacrifice again. In such a time of extreme suspense, people sacrifice day after day un-



Over a barrel.

That's where John Greenhow's sign showed the sugar loaves that signified a grocer. Today, his sign hangs again before his shop, one of many little things that add up to history that's real and meaningful. In this haven of the eighteenth century, each small detail speaks eloquently of a fascinating past. When you come, enjoy a gracious stay at Williamsburg Inn, The Lodge, or The Motor House. And look for little things like the tea and sugar loaf sign along the lovely streets of yesterday.

Where to stay: Williamsburg Inn, from $16 double. The Lodge, from $12 double. Colonial Houses, from $12 double. The Motor House, $14 double. For information, color folder or reservations, write Box CN, Williamsburg, Va. 23185. Or dial Reservation Offices: New York, CIrcle 6-6800; Washington, FEderal 8-8828; ask operator in Westchester County for Enterprise 7301; Essex County, WX 6805; Philadelphia, Enterprise 6805; Baltimore, Enterprise 9-8855.

COLONIAL
Williamsburg
VIRGINIA

This is a perfume for wood.
A sort of eau de mahogany.
And you spray the inside of your dresser drawers where you keep your undies, the desk where you keep your super personal notes, a quick pfffft behind the bedboard on the side you usually sleep on, and everything will smell of jasmine.
French Toile Sachet Spray, Nuit de Longchamp fragrance. $5.*
One of our many new ideas for the perfumed life.

FRENCH TOILES
BY LUBIN

Sold at perfume counters of the world's greatest stores such as Bonwit Teller, I. Magnin and Neiman-Marcus. *Plus Tax.

til the raid is over. Now it seemed that it wouldn't be long. At the river, we learned that three young scouts had seen the Turkana. Some Teutho had pointed them out to the three Dodoth boys at the escarpment. The Turkana, who earlier had been mistakenly reported to be already in Dodoth, were now seen from the top of the ridge and were actually in their own country—in the bush of the valley floor far below, sitting down and resting, the scouts said. It had been thought that there were a great many Turkana, but the young scouts said that there were only a few. Perhaps the Turkana had also felt apprehensive, or had received a sign that they should go home.

By noon, enough people had assembled by the riverbank to hold that day's sacrifice, and by one in the afternoon an ox had been selected. By two o'clock, the owner of the ox had been found and persuaded to let his ox be speared, and by three o'clock the sacrifice was being eaten. By four, it was gone. By five, the speeches had been made, the people of the western neighborhoods had been berated for not helping the eastern Dodoth defend themselves during recent raids, the prayers had been offered. By evening, it was learned that the raid had already occurred, almost where the first sacrifice had predicted—not quite at Lotim but west of Kamion.

While the householders of Lokoki were eating their sacrificial ox, a group of twenty or thirty of the Turkana that the scouts had seen had climbed between the cliffs of the escarpment and up a gradual slope that ended amid three dwellings. The dwellings were isolated, so it did the householders no good to shout the alarm. The three men and their sons took spears to fight as well as they were able, but the Turkana warriors swarmed over them, stealing all their cattle and spearing one of the householders in the leg and the upper arm. The femoral and brachial arteries were severed, and the householder, a man of forty named Lopole, dragged himself home. His little boy, however, had been in a sorghum field, and when the raiders sprang out of the bushes and the fighting began, he ran as fast as his legs would carry him to the school hut at Kamion. In front of its door he found the teacher sitting amid whitewashed stones in a bed of portulaca, which was used as a seat. When the teacher heard the breathless story, he reached for his bicycle and pedalled hard to Kalapata, where he told the King's African Rifles. A platoon of the soldiers got into a truck

Beach or Garden – Swim or Play – there is only J. Berlé

Ready-to-wear swim or play suits, made from the finest exclusive French materials, with built-in Delineators.
From $67.50

J. Berlé
DELINEATOR ©
15 EAST 57th STREET
BETWEEN 5th AND MADISON AVES.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • PL 5-6250

OPENING IN JULY
MAUNA KEA
BEACH HOTEL
Magnificent new resort on Hawaii
See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc., in the East, Glen W. Fawcett, Inc., in the West.

On the "Big Island," a snow-capped mountain slopes down to a golden tropic beach . . . to the new Mauna Kea Beach Hotel. Plan now to enjoy a variety of activities unique among world resorts.

MOËT
BRUT IMPERIAL
MOËT & CHANDON
CHAMPAGNE
EPERNAY-FRANCE

Happy birthday
Happy day-we-first-met
Happy day-we-bought-our-first-home
Happy anniversary
Happy day-the-baby-arrived
Happy...any day!
No matter what you want to say to her, nothing says it so superbly as
MOËT the first and finest champagne of France
FROM THE LARGEST CELLARS IN THE WORLD

©SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N.Y.

trousers by

Newman

favored by the demanding gentleman for over half a century

Relax in the handsome casualness of these trim fully lined walk shorts of 100% cotton. Available in checks and stripes. $14.00

At the fine stores nearest you, or write:
SOL NEWMAN TROUSERS, LTD.
53 West 23 St., N. Y., N.Y. 10010

and set out at once. As the heavy truck groaned over the ruts at the edge of the clearing, several of the Kalapata *dhuka*-keepers and householders, armed with spears, caught up with it and flung themselves in with the soldiers, and they all rode slowly to Kamion. The Turkana had taken about a hundred cattle back down the hill, and were by now lost from sight in the valley. The soldiers did not follow on foot but wheeled about, drove to a new road over the escarpment, and made the dangerous, slippery steep drive down, with the truck's body sometimes almost perpendicular. They hoped to intercept the herd, but the Turkana had escaped them. The tracks of the hundred cattle were to be seen at the foot of the slope, so the herd was already on its way toward the border. The K.A.R., the *dhuka*-keepers, and the householders all climbed out of the truck and ran after them. Twenty-four hours later, they came back. They had killed sixteen Turkana and had recovered the Dodoth cattle.

Meanwhile, however, the Dodoth householder Lopole bled to death in his wife's house. When he was dead, his eldest son lifted him in his arms, as one lifts a child, and carried him to a clump of bushes near the dwelling. There I saw him. I had gone with the teacher to the scene of the raid to see the cattle returning, and I saw Lopole's round hip and shoulder among the leaves. He lay on his side, still in the position of one being carried. Everything movable had been taken from his body, as the custom is, and, except for his headdress, he was as he was born. It was evening. A great pile of sunlit clouds showed over the hills. In an hour, night would come, and in another hour the hyenas, and in the morning the little brown hawks and the vultures. The teacher, a friend of Lopole's, looked up at the sky and sighed, and turned to go home. On the way, we saw a herd coming through the bushes. A herdsman with a stricken face followed it blindly. Lopole's cattle were being returned.

THE departure of the soldiers and the murder of the people in the Turkana camp left the northern part of the country empty and silent again. Raiding was ended—for the time, at least. In Dodoth, people went back to harvesting their wet gardens.

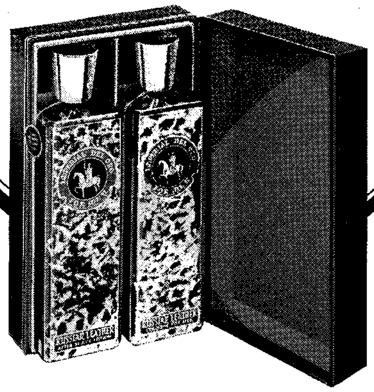
Meanwhile, in a remote dwelling on a mountain, Ibongo, the famous *emuron*, had a prophetic dream. He did not dream of raids or soldiers, or of famine or rotted grain, and he did not, as

"The most treasured name in men's toiletries"

IMPERIAL DEL ORO For Men

AFTER SHAVE LOTION and COLOGNE

- ■ RUSSIAN LEATHER
- ■ ITALIAN LEATHER
- ■ IMPERIAL SABER
- ■ IMPERIAL LIME



Four masculine fragrances handsomely presented in hand decorated 22 karat gold flasks. Individually and gift sets. From $2.50 to $17.

SAMPLES? Send 10c to cover cost of mailing all fragrances.

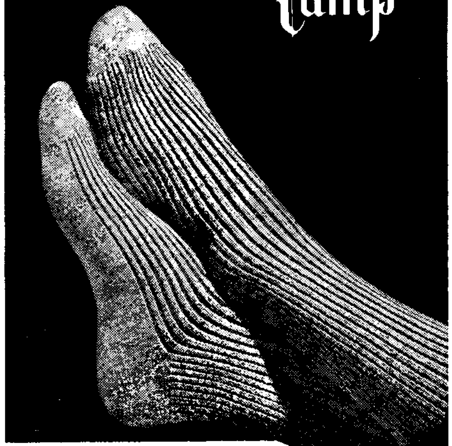
IMPERIAL DEL ORO For Men
2830 Temple Ave. / Long Beach, California 90806

BUOYANT 7®

LIGHT, LOFTY, LUXURIOUS

These extra-long anklets give you a feeling of buoyancy that helps to ease the strain on your feet. Blended of 75% Orlon acrylic and 25% Nylon, these incredibly soft socks are ideal for sports, smart for business wear! One size stretches to fit all. Newest fashion colors. Retail $1.50

STRETCH SOCKS BY Camp

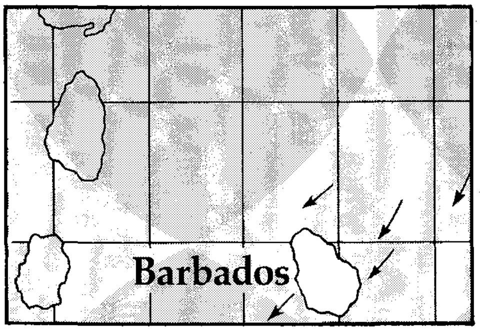


AT **LORD & TAYLOR**
New York, Manhasset, Westchester, Millburn, West Hartford, Bala-Cynwyd, Garden City, Jenkintown, Pa., Washington-Chevy Chase

Barbados summer rates are the hottest bargain of all.

Because Barbados has no summer.

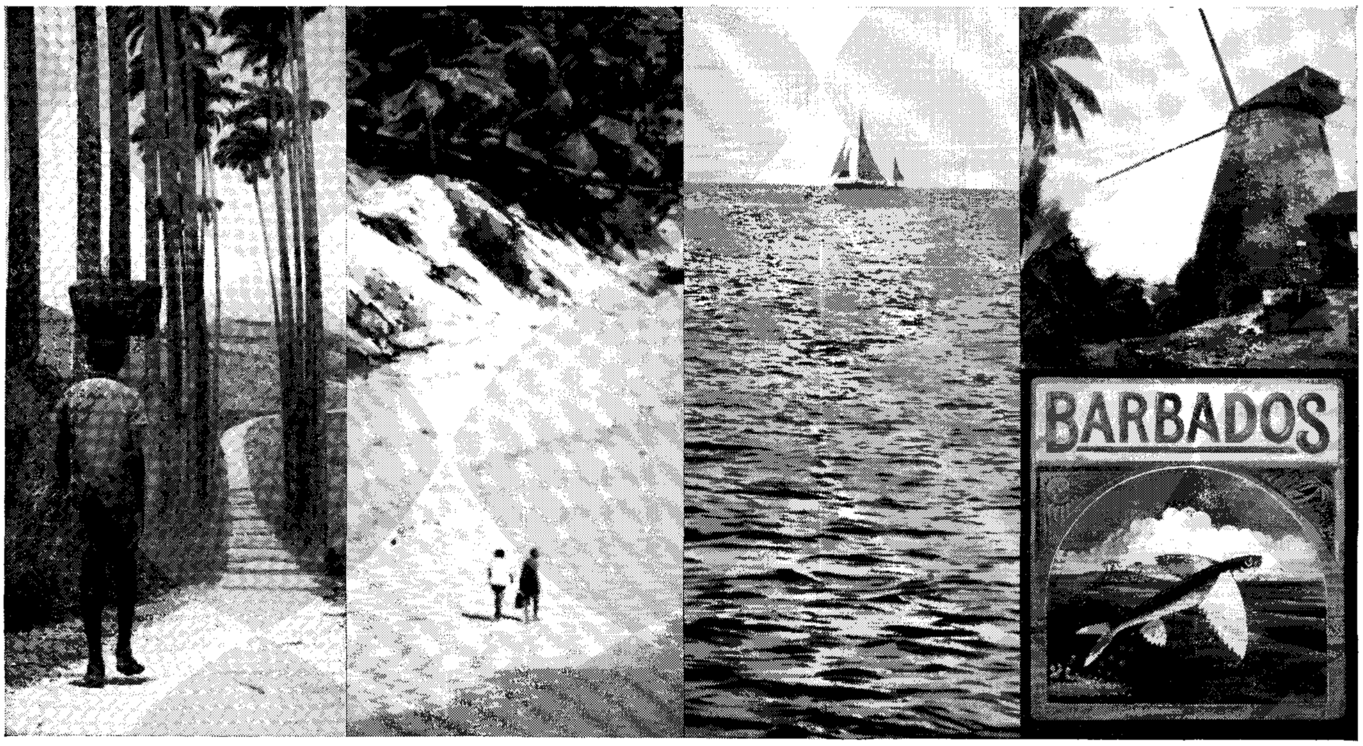
This little map shows you how Eastern Trade Winds reach Barbados first, keeping it blissfully cool with low humidity all year 'round. Temperatures always stay between 70° and 85°.



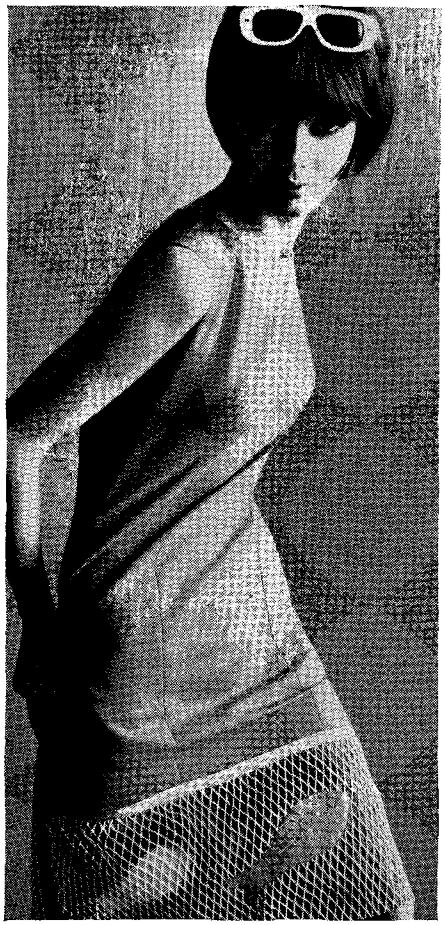
And because Barbados has so many memories to bring home.

Where else can you order flying fish for dinner? Watch cricketers at play on the beach? Swim in two seas, the Atlantic or Caribbean? Enjoy British tradition and charm? Stay in an old buccaneer's castle or your choice of resorts, hotels, clubs, guest houses? Feel that everyone is delighted you came and sorry you must leave? Where else? Nowhere else but Barbados. The singular island that gives you hot summer rates though it gets no hotter in the summer.

For complete information consult your travel agent or write Barbados Tourist Board, 355 Lexington Avenue, Dept. N, New York, N. Y. 10017.



Fortrel, the fiber that keeps chambray wrinkle-free

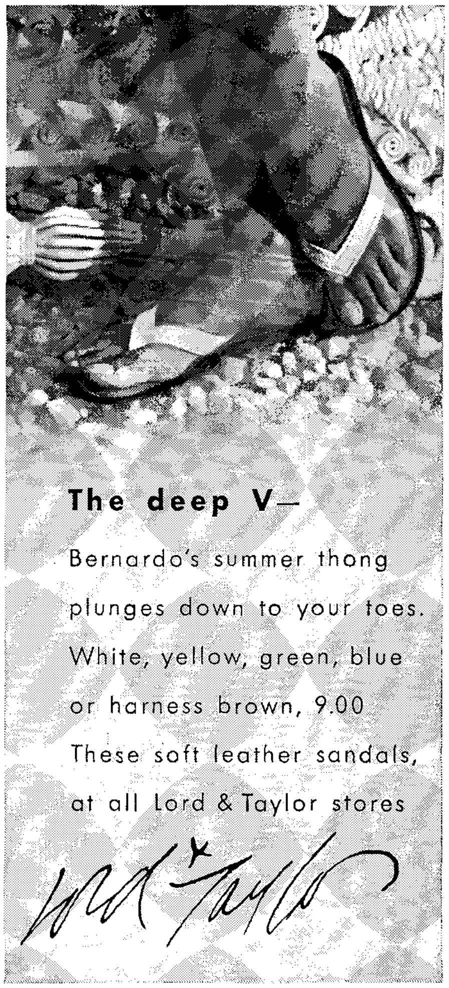


Peek-a-sea netting rounds the bottom of Lori Till's beach shift. Fortrel makes it machine washable! In Concord's chambray of Fortrel polyester and cotton. Blue, tabasco. 8-16. About $13. At Lord & Taylor, New York & branches; Filene's, Boston; Robinson's, Los Angeles.
Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.
Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

Lokorimoe's delegation may have asked him to, dream of a way to stop the unseasonal rain, which went on to wash out roads and bridges, maroon whole towns all over East Africa, and continue into what should have been the depth of the dry season, after the turn of the year. Instead, the *emuron* dreamed of a disease that he saw would overwhelm Dodoth unless measures were taken against it. He saw sacrificing in his dream, and smoke, and women and children moving in the smoke, and when he awoke he told his dream to his neighbors and associates, very much as Lomotin told dreams to Lopore. Soon each householder and each elder in the country knew about it. The dream achieved a national reputation and, for a time, was the subject most generally discussed. Though there were often storms at night, a part of every day was sunny, with fresh air, blue sky, and little white clouds. During these clear hours, while the women turned the wet grain out of their storage baskets to dry it, the men would sit among the boulders of their *etems* and speculate upon the implications of the prophecy. The disease that the prophecy would avert was a disease of coughing and pains in the chest, which would go first to the cattle, then to people—a disease that would weaken the bones, attack the head, and cause many to die. I wondered if it was anthrax, for pulmonary anthrax still exists in East Africa. I once asked the men at Lopore's *etem* if somewhere the disease had already begun. "Isn't it enough to dream about it?" Lopore cried.

The form of the preventive sacrifice was quite specific. Elders were to preside. Women and children were to attend. The ox was to be black, and clansmen were to sacrifice together. Every district in the country was to hold such a sacrifice—not all the districts at once but one after another. The sacrificing was to move northwest, clockwise, and a ring of protection would thus be cast over all Dodoth as, at a sacred place, a ring of protection is cast by a dying ox. The sacrificing began near Loyoro, in the south of Dodoth. Though Kaabong is the capital of Dodoth, Loyoro is, I think, Dodoth's true center. It may be that when the Dodoth first occupied their country, they settled around Loyoro, for even today the primary sacred groves of many of the clans are found there. After starting at this ancient spot, the charmed ring of sacrificing was to come up toward Lokoki. Then a strange pause in the progression occurred, when nobody could decide whether the sacri-

SAVE
INSIST ON
COOK'S
Travelers
Cheques
they cost
25% less*
than
the others
*issuance charge still
only 75¢ per $100
WHY PAY MORE?
THOS. COOK & SON
WORLD'S LARGEST TRAVEL ORGANIZATION
(Coming soon—the new Cook's Travelers Cheques with magnetic ink)



The deep V—
Bernardo's summer thong plunges down to your toes. White, yellow, green, blue or harness brown, 9.00
These soft leather sandals, at all Lord & Taylor stores

fice would be in the east of Lokoki or in the west. I didn't understand the hesitation, or the reasons for it, and I became worried that we would miss the service, because we were about to leave. Very soon, though, it was decided that the service would be held in the west, because Lokoki's two most senior elders, two brothers-in-law, lived in the western section, on the hill called Morunyang, and wanted it to take place in their sacred grove. In the face of raids, alarms, tax collectors, and soldiers, these two old men had seemed aloof and remote, but when, at last, a matter came that called for their presiding, they had only to say when and where the sacrifice would be held, and everyone did just as they said.

The elders' names were Angerengmoe, which comes from "*angerer*" (to eviscerate), and Bakimoe, which comes from "*akibak*" (to stand in line). Their hill was high, steep, and very stony, and was covered with thornbush and little trees. Its name meant Yellow Mountain (perhaps it was first seen in the dry season), but it was lime green when we approached it early in the morning of the day of the sacrifice. The hill looked pale and ethereal against the mass of the dark mountain range beyond. At the foot of the hill, a few new dwellings stood on the eastern side, and on the western side was the sacred place—a grove, filled with long shadows in the rosy morning light. A winding path led up the hill among the trees. It passed by Bakimoe's dwelling and his threshing floor—where, in the fresh breeze, two of his wives were winnowing—and his granaries, and continued to Angerengmoe's wall. Beyond the wall, the tree line ended and the path emerged on the bald summit of the hill—the *etem* of Angerengmoe, where, even at that early hour, fifteen householders and elders were sitting among the stones.

The men sat with their backs to the pathway and their faces to the view, which was the widest in Lokoki. The range of hills curves at Morunyang, and the men on the summit could see south to the very distant blue of the Kaabong hills and north to the tiny, shining roofs at Kalapata, to our already half-razed camp on Morukore, to Lopore's dwelling sprawling on the slope beyond, to Kailele and the vast fields of Lokorimoe, and to all the dwellings far across the plain. Somewhere in the landscape, a black ox grazed. The men were waiting for it. A boy had been sent to find the herd. The herdboy would then have to find the owner, to announce that the black

Spacious pools, crystal waters, no crowds! Here's Horizons in Bermuda.

Five special Bermuda resorts where the atmosphere is like a private club!

BERMUDA OFFERS VISITORS a wide selection of resort facilities, from large and lavish to small and secluded.

THE HAPPIEST MEDIUM. Somewhere in between are five of the most beloved and sought-after resorts on the island. We would call them cottage colonies but one is actually a small waterside hotel. All are privately owned and individually operated, and of a size that fosters a more personal welcome and a more relaxed atmosphere. So many guests tell us that they feel they have been taken into a friendly private club!

EACH IS DIFFERENT AND DISTINCT, but there are certain delights that all provide. Whether yours is a private cottage for two or for family, or a room at the inn, your vista will be of shining waters, and your terrace will be a bower of semi-tropical beauty.

You'll enjoy privacy and seclusion when you wish, but find congenial company at lunch, for cocktails, dinner, later evening entertainment. You'll probably find poolside buffets, beachside refreshment, dancing under the stars, and even picnic lunches for your sight-seeing jaunts by motorbike.

All five are your entrée into Bermuda's world of pleasures—golf, tennis, fishing, sailing, sight-seeing, shopping and water sports. Why not ask your travel agent today?

Glencoe

A charming and informal waterside inn ideally located in Salt Kettle, Paget. Beautifully appointed air-conditioned rooms, dining on the pool terrace, all water sports with a special flair for sailing. Reggie Cooper is the Owner-Manager. Hetland & Stevens Inc. Representative, 211 East 43 St., New York, N.Y. TN 7-1450.

Pink Beach Cottage Colony

On its own lovely south shore beach in Smith's Parish. De luxe pink cottages, all air-conditioned. Magnificent pool and tennis courts. Golf nearby. Famous for its superb cuisine and bar. Sig Wollmann is the Manager. Leonard P. Brickett, Representative, 1 Palmer Square, Princeton, N.J. (609) 924-5084.

Lantana Colony Club

Beautiful coral cottages on Great Sound at lovely Somerset Bridge. Most attractive clubhouse, superb décor, choicest cuisine. Own private beach. Sunfish, O'Day Sailers, all water sports. Golf, tennis nearby. John H. Young, Owner-Manager. Leonard P. Brickett, Representative, 1 Palmer Sq., Princeton, N.J. (609) 924-5084.

Cambridge Beaches

In lovely Somerset. Charming cottages in a unique setting with sparkling waters on three sides. Enchanting beaches everywhere you look. Superb cuisine, swizzle parties, English teas, sailing, tennis, fishing at your door. William P. Wolfe Org., Representative, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. LO 5-1114.

Horizons in Bermuda

Atop a sunny hill overlooking Coral Beach in Paget Parish with all Bermuda at your feet. A luxurious old Bermuda mansion and a cluster of elegant cottages. Big pool, tennis, golf, ocean swimming—and the food is famous. Robert F. Warner, Inc., Representative, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y. JU 6-4500.

Or write Bermuda, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20 • 6 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 2
111 Richmond Street, West, Toronto.

Mémoire chérie

Remember the name. You will never forget the fragrance.

Mémoire Chérie is more than a perfume. It is an aura that becomes you and becomes an unforgettable part of your own beauty. Wear it and you will never be forgotten. 10.00 to 95.00 plus tax. At fine stores everywhere.

© ELIZABETH ARDEN 1968

Elizabeth Arden

ox was wanted, and the owner's permission would have to be obtained. All this would take time, and the waiting men knew it. They were as patient as a pride of lions on the hilltop. They spoke softly and passed snuff, and the plumes of their headdresses stirred in the wind like manes.

Bakimoe and Angerengmoe turned to see who had arrived, then stood and came toward us. The two old men were very frail, and moved quite slowly. Both were naked except for gray capes over their backs, and both were without plumes or headdresses; on their heads was only their own gray hair. Their wrinkled skins, as thin and loose and delicate as the skin beneath an eye, were covered from the waist in back up over the shoulders and down to the waist in front with the intricate linear scar patterns for enemy victims, but the scars were so old and small they were barely visible, and lay over the elders like hair veils.

Angerengmoe took my hands, and spat a misty blessing over my face. "I pray God that all people may live together peacefully," he said—a grave and formal greeting for a foreigner. Then he said, "The ox is soon coming," and invited us to sit down.

"The ox is sent for," said Bakimoe, with formality, as we sat down next to him.

Silence fell, and we began waiting too. The sun climbed higher. The ethereal light and the hazy air that had hung on Morunyang gave way to glare and shadows, and the day became hot. Some of the waiting men wrapped themselves in their capes and lay down to sleep, and some moved back into the shade of the trees. Some, like Angerengmoe and Bakimoe, remained impassive among the rocks, their eyes scanning the green landscape or following the flights of birds that flashed from the nearby trees and slipped through the air down the steep hill.

The gathered men belonged mostly to two clans—Ngidiko ("They of the Wart Hogs"), which was the clan of Bakimoe, and Nginyangatom ("They of the Yellow Trumpet"), the clan of Angerengmoe. The second, according to the ethnologist Dr. Neville Dyson-Hudson, may be a very ancient clan, perhaps even deriving from the time when the Dodoth left Karamoja, for the yellow trumpet is used there symbolically to lead the herds as they depart for dry-season pasture. As it leads the herds and their herdsmen today, it could have led the departing herds and people who came to colonize Dodoth. Lopore was a member of clan

the village store

Presto-Put-on . . .

For puttering and what-not about the house and garden, zip-front, drop seat, many pocketed coverall. In stretch denim, blue, beige or yellow. 6-16. 20.00. **Please mail orders to 217 Pierce St., Birmingham, Mich.** Post. 50¢. Catalog on request.

Come visit us in person at:

NEW YORK CITY, Lexington at 63rd St., PL 2-6895

Birmingham, Grosse Pointe, Saginaw, Ann Arbor, Mich.

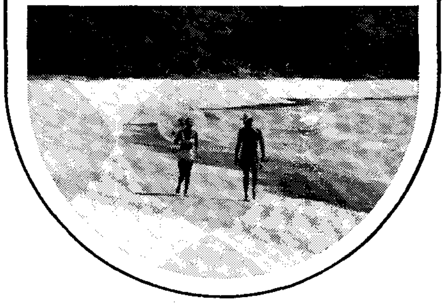
OPENING IN JULY

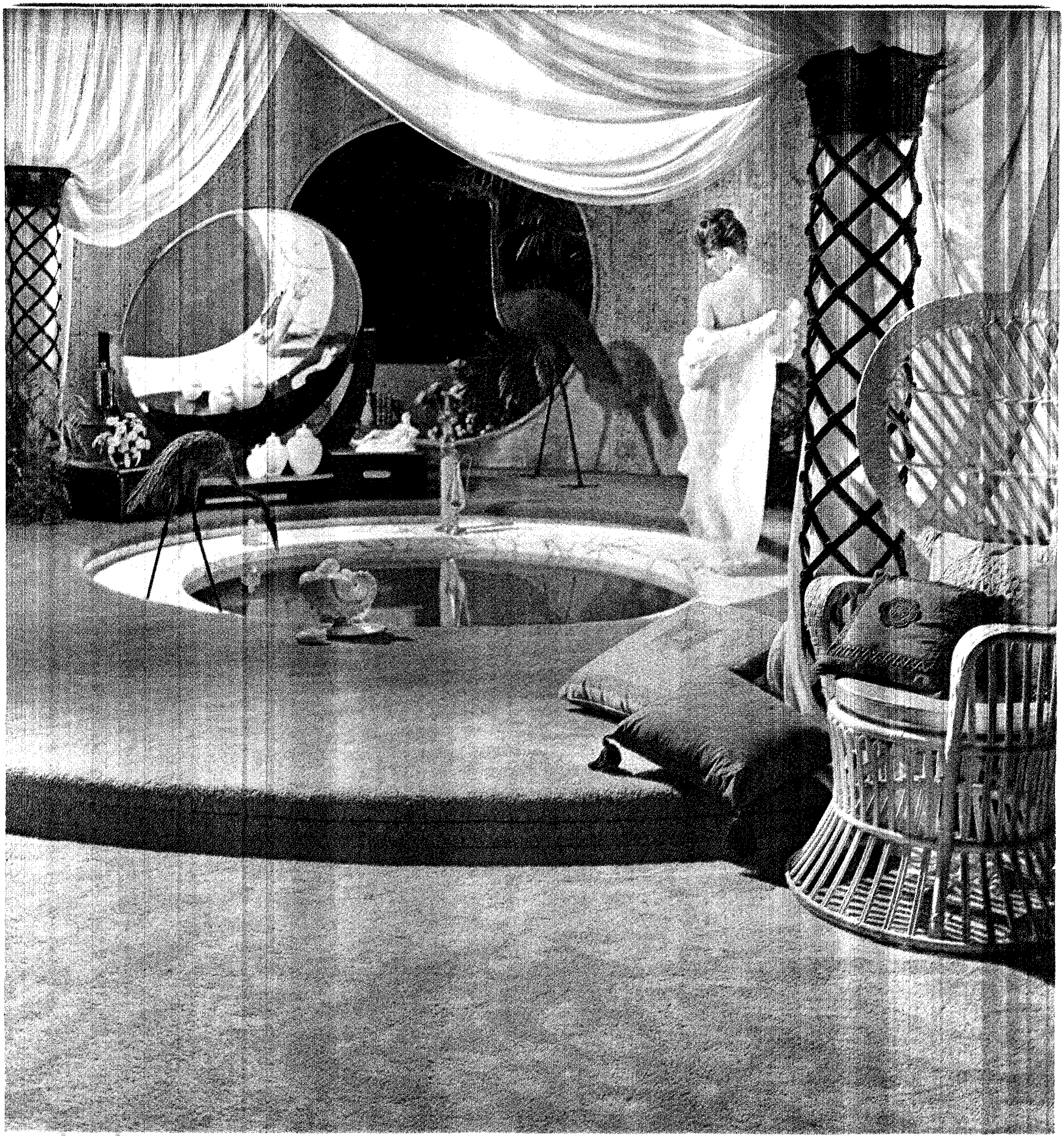
MAUNA KEA BEACH HOTEL

Magnificent new resort on Hawaii

See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc., in the East, Glen W. Fawcett, Inc., in the West.

Softly-curving beaches by a sapphire bay invite sunbathing, swimming, surfing at Mauna Kea Beach Hotel. Enjoy a variety of diversions (including championship golf) unique among the resorts of the world.





hideaway...

Somewhere deep in the inner self of most of us a secret voice whispers for a special place to stretch out our spirits, and savor a round of quiet reflections. What could be more right than a Monarch carpet to line a retreat with restful elegance. You will find Monarch fit for a queen, but priced to please a modest purse.

MONARCH'S Nylon, Acrilan acrylic and Herculon olefin...the strongest, longest-wearing carpet fibers known...fashioned into luxurious carpet pile...with highest crush recovery that takes traffic in stride...shed-resistant...non-absorbent...clean easily with kitchen detergent...quick sponge-away of spots and spills...resist soil and stain...endless choice of radiant, fade-resistant colors cost from $7.95 per square yard.

CHAMBLEE, GEORGIA
Monarch carpet mills

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY AND BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. FOR W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N.Y., N.Y.

Booth's House of Lords, the non-conformist gin from England, is different from every other gin in the world.

It is, most certainly, not for everybody.

Are you everybody?

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST
DISTILLED DRY GIN
LONDON
ENGLAND

Nginyangatom, although he wasn't present. Uri, who was, belonged to Ngidiko.

I wondered if Lopore was planning to attend. When we passed his dwelling early that morning, we had found him in his old cape and holding a calabash of medicine with which he was about to dose his bull. I had thought he might not be intending to come at all, so much did he resent the western neighborhoods for their self-seeking ways. But, suddenly, there he was, standing in the midst of the patient, waiting people. He had bathed and changed his clothes, and now wore a new white cape and a cap of red feathers that he had taken from the Turkana on the day of a raid the preceding June. No one greeted him. He glared at the gathering, his heavy brows drawn together, and presently he sat down, not with his age group but near Bakimoe, in the circle of elders. No one paid any attention to him. After waiting many minutes for somebody to speak to him, he said loudly, "Bakimoe! I have come!"

"Eh," said Bakimoe, gazing into the distance.

Lopore looked as if he had expected another answer, though I don't know what it could have been after his frequent public declarations that the people of the western neighborhoods were cowards and women. A few moments passed, and then he tried to engage Bakimoe again. "There are many people now waiting here, but no ox has come," he said rudely.

Bakimoe spoke blandly to Angerengmoe about another matter, keeping his voice so low that Lopore could not hear him. While he was still talking, three newcomers appeared on a footpath leading to the top of the hill.

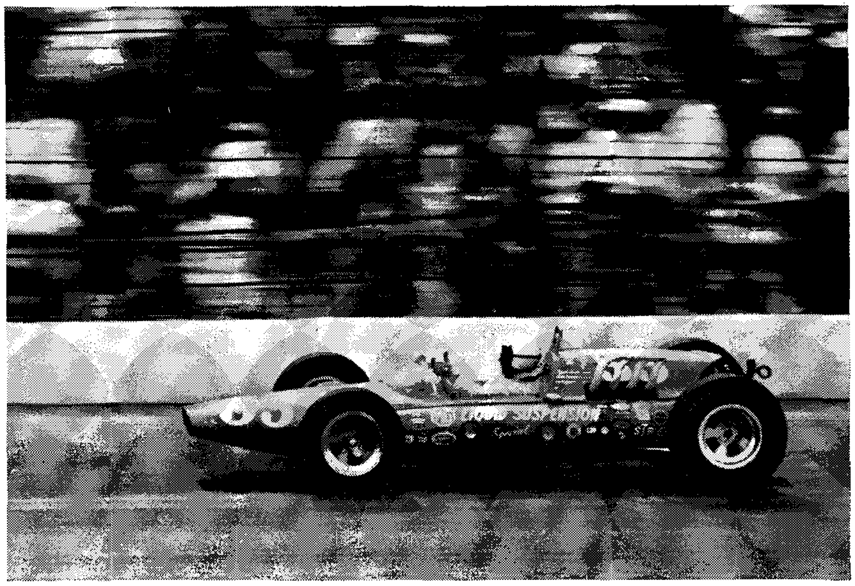
"Who are those men?" Lopore demanded.

"Visitors," said Bakimoe, in a distant, superior manner, but it gave Lopore the opening he had been waiting for.

"Are they visitors or are they Turkana?" he yelled.

Having said it, Lopore got up and moved to join his age group, where he began giving someone a long formal greeting. However, because he was not very warm toward anyone present, he gave the greeting in a perfunctory manner without letting the other man respond. Afterward, he left the man abruptly, went a short distance away, and lay down.

It was now early afternoon, and the sun blazed in the sky so strongly that the fifty or sixty men who were in

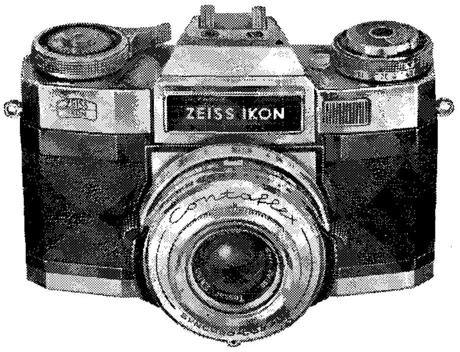


Indianapolis 500, 1964

Driver: Walt Hansgen

Too good to miss

Contaflex Super B makes sure you don't



The Contaflex Super B 35mm is always ready when the picture happens. Automatic exposure control and through-the-lens viewing lets you take advantage of fast action or a transient visual effect the moment you see it. The incomparable Carl Zeiss Tessar f/2.8, 50mm lens on the superbly crafted, rugged camera body gives you the sharpness and detail you want in a photograph.

As an automatic, the Super B is reassuringly easy to use. . . . Or set it on "manual" and you have the freedom to experiment, to create moods and atmospheres you want—to get the picture exactly the way you see it in your mind's eye. If you need flash—the Super B *automatically* sets the proper lens opening as you focus . . . *no need for guide number arithmetic.*

The Contaflex Super B, with its interchangeable Carl Zeiss lenses from 1:1 to 400mm, and interchangeable film backs for black-and-white and color, constitutes a complete camera system. The Super B will keep pace with your expanding photographic ambitions—this is one system you will not want to outgrow.

See the Contaflex Super B at your Zeiss Ikon dealer—priced at less than $260. Or write for the special booklet on the Contaflex System. Carl Zeiss, Inc., Dept. C22, 444 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10018. In Canada: Carl Zeiss Canada Ltd., 60 Overlea Blvd., Toronto 17, Ont.

SYMBOL OF EXCELLENCE ZEISS IKON IN WEST GERMAN OPTICS

So comfortable...it's sinful
So safe...it's embarrassing

Don't be self-conscious about being the one who always keeps his grip while everybody around is on skids. Explain that you're safe on slippery deck, tennis court or wet pavement, thanks to Sperry Top-Sider exclusive anti-slip sole with its many razor-fine zig-zag cuts. And if they're jealous because you can outlast, outrelax the best of them...drop the hint how sinfully comfortable men and women can be in the double-deep heel cushions and non-chafe linings of these light and breezy canvas shoes. Their choice in Classic White, Navy Blue, or fashionable Breton Red. They'll soon find out that it's the most extravagantly practical $9.95 they've ever spent. (We'll be glad to supply you the name of their nearest dealer.)

SPERRY
TOP-SIDER
NAUGATUCK, CONN. U.S.A.
®

18 Rubber Avenue, Naugatuck, Conn.

Angerengmoe's *etem* sought the shade. No other gathering is as sedate as a group of Dodoth men waiting for an ox, and no other conversations—news about events and about cattle—are as conventional. People were therefore the more surprised when Lopore suddenly jumped to his feet and, pointing to the naked back of a householder who was sitting soberly upon a rock, cried, "Who is this man?" People turned to stare. Lopore continued, "Some say he's of clan Ngidiko, but clan Ngidiko counts him as clan Nginyangatom," and he thrust his pointing finger into the householder's face and shouted rudely, "Which?" The householder rose abruptly, at the same time hooking his fist to catch Lopore with an uppercut under the chin. Lopore's head snapped back, and he and the householder grappled, fell, and began to roll slowly and clumsily down the hill, bits of grass and red feathers from Lopore's headdress rising into the air. The gathering had not expected any such event. Though Bakimoe and Angerengmoe merely glanced around to confirm their suspicions that the disturbance was caused by Lopore, other elders and householders stared openly, some of them even standing up to see. In the high grass at the foot of the hill, the men's locked bodies came to a stop. They separated, sat up, and looked at each other.

"A few years ago, I could have thrown you," Lopore said.

"We are all getting old," said the other man, standing up.

Slowly, side by side, Lopore and the other man climbed the hill. "I have been waiting for you here since early morning," said the other man. "Why didn't you come?"

"Because you people on this side are jackals," Lopore said.

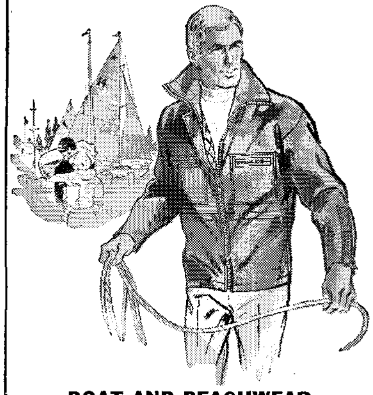
"Then why are you following me?" asked the other.

"Because you have snuff."

Realizing that no true fight had been going on, the observers took their seats again. Once more, people pretended to be ignoring Lopore, but this was more difficult now, and when Lopore sat down at the rim of the hill with his back to everybody but the man he had fought with, it was almost as if he were ignoring them. Perhaps the slight victory had softened Lopore. Perhaps the encounter had reminded him of the past. In any event, not long afterward Lopore came to sit near me and told me that fifty years ago, when he and his widowed mother were living as guests in a dwelling in Kaabong, Angerengmoe, using another name, had been one

Chipp
Clothiers Furnishers

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP



BOAT AND BEACHWEAR

BOAT JACKET **$60.00**
...of S-T-R-E-T-C-H Dacron® Polyester/Cotton/Lycra® and quilted Dacron® lining has heavy duty nylon zippers protecting utility pockets and securing high turtleneck (red, navy, yellow, white, natural, black, wine, blue, olive)

PORT AND STARBOARD
... of S-T-R-E-T-C-H cloth; left leg, RED; right leg, GREEN.
Swim Trunks **19.50**
(Also navy/denim, green/yellow, coral/cranberry, khaki/banana)
Walk Shorts **20.50**
Trousers (also navy/denim) **24.50**

KIMONOS 36″ long, Bold stripes of Arnel®/Rayon Triacetate (white on blue ground) **19.50**
Seersucker stripes of Dacron® Polyester/Cotton (blue, grey, yellow) **20.50**
Tattersall, Rayon/Flax **20.50**
(navy/white or white/navy)

BUSH COAT Cotton Seersucker Stripes
(blue, olive, yellow, red) **11.00**

Add 75¢ for postage
Mail orders accepted No C.O.D.'s

14 E. 44th Street
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

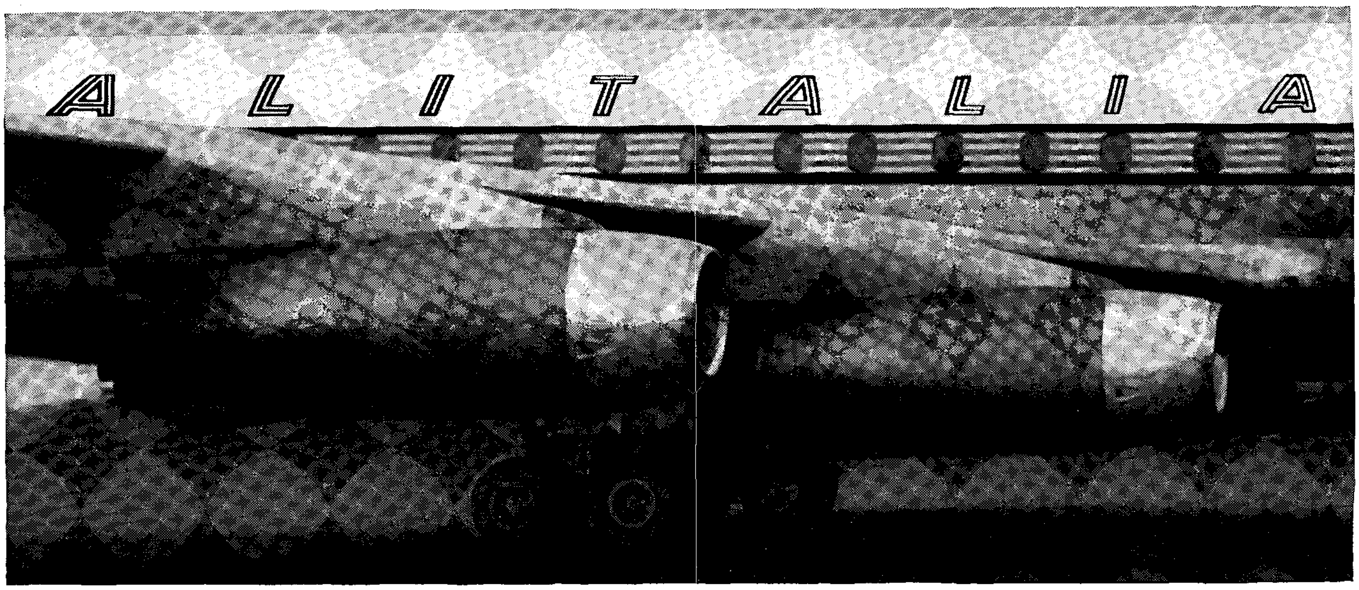
CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

OPENING IN JULY
MAUNA KEA
BEACH HOTEL
Magnificent new resort on Hawaii

See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc., in the East, Glen W. Fawcett, Inc., in the West.

Ride the range, hunt wild game on the vast Parker Ranch, largest privately owned ranch in the U. S. Enjoy a wide variety of diversions unique among world resorts.

How many European Airlines Jet* non-stop to London, Lisbon, Milan, Rome?



one!

Alitalia's the one!

And, if you're considering a trip to Europe, or anywhere else in the world, for that matter—that's something!

Because, from those four glamorous "Gateway" cities, Alitalia jets on to serve the world.

London. For theatre, restaurants, nightlife (reasonably priced), you can't beat it. And, once your business or pleasure is done, you can make excellent connections to Venice, Milan, Genoa, Prague, Warsaw—North and Central Europe.

Or Lisbon. This city has a personality unique in all the world. Unique weather, too; thoroughly delightful, year round. Lisbon is your gateway city to sunny, exciting Portugal and Spain.

Milan, capital of Italy's industrial North, is also a most convenient gateway if you're planning a trip through middle Europe.

Eternal Rome. A magnificent mixture of ancient and modern. Gay, colorful, dignified, exciting, historic Rome.

Rome, your gateway to the World.

To Athens, Tel Aviv, Hong Kong, Sydney, Tokyo, Vienna.

To Nairobi, Naples, Karachi, Johannesburg, Tunis, Beirut.

To 6 continents, 49 countries, 83 of the world's great cities.

But get to know the "atmosphere" on our Super DC-8 Jets for yourself.

Unique. Warmly Italian. More a part of traveling than merely transportation.

People seem to enjoy themselves more with us. They laugh more. They even eat more. (Our wine cellar has managed to get itself quite a little reputation, too.)

Oh yes, ask your Alitalia Travel Agent how many airlines can fly you throughout the World—the Roman Way.

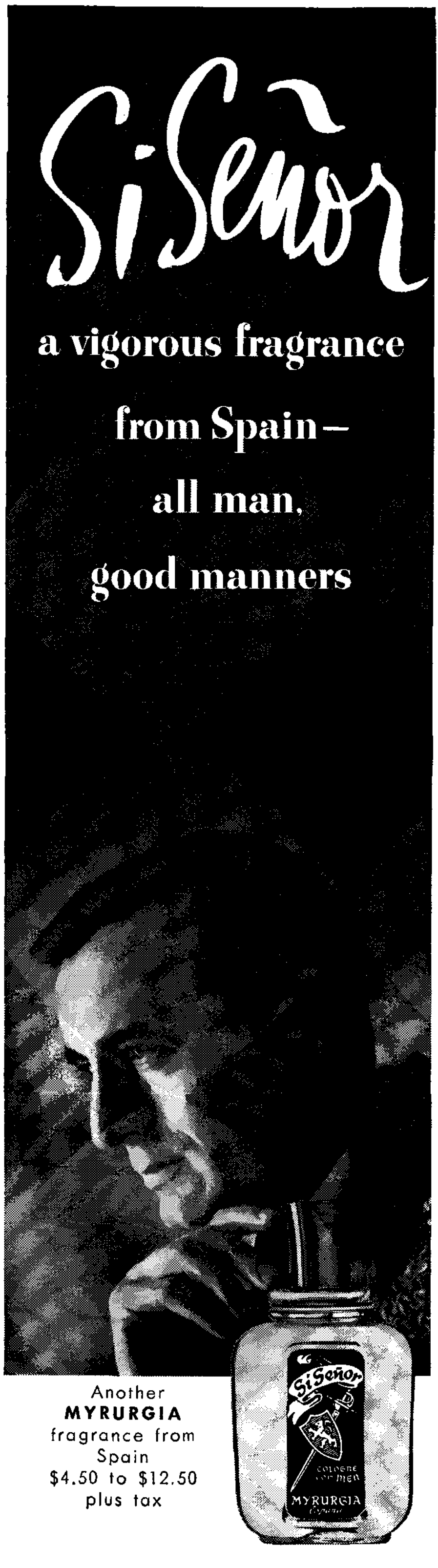
He'll tell you.

One!

ALITALIA
AIRLINES

---

*Alitalia Super DC-8 Jet Service from New York



Another
MYRURGIA
fragrance from
Spain
$4.50 to $12.50
plus tax

¡Olé!

Carson Pirie Scott & Co
has it!

of the *askari* members of Lopore's first raiding party and had served as Lopore's witness when Okware, the old man who owned the dwelling, had tried to confiscate some goats Lopore had captured. Angerengmoe overheard the story and turned his head toward Lopore, and the two men, smiling slightly, exchanged a glance.

At half past four, a herd appeared in the trees below the hill. The herdboy drove the cattle out of the woods, and among the mass of trotting beasts that flowed like a wave up over the hill's slope and down into the woods again ran a little black ox. "There," said some of the men, as calmly as if they had not been waiting nine hours to see it, and they began to saunter down the hill. Soon only Angerengmoe and Bakimoe remained on the hilltop; they finished their conversation, stood up, and, in the most leisurely manner possible, their capes billowing above their ankles, walked slowly after the others and vanished among the trees.

The sacred place was a parklike grove of small acacia trees in the water-cut gully of a stream in the valley. Among the acacias, young men, householders, and elders were sitting and standing so as to form a circle, in the center of which stood the black ox, its head lowered and its tail arched. It was a beast of a kind that is called "*emong*"—translated as "ox"—yet is biologically what we call a bull, and it seemed angry. It threw the dirt up over its shoulders and shook its horns. Its owner seemed angry, too. He sat firmly in the very center of the glade and absolutely refused to let anyone spear his ox unless the spearer agreed to pay him a heifer within two days.

"Two days!" the owner said hotly. "I want the heifer within two days."

Near me, Angerengmoe remarked in a tired voice to Bakimoe, "All oxen are paid for eventually."

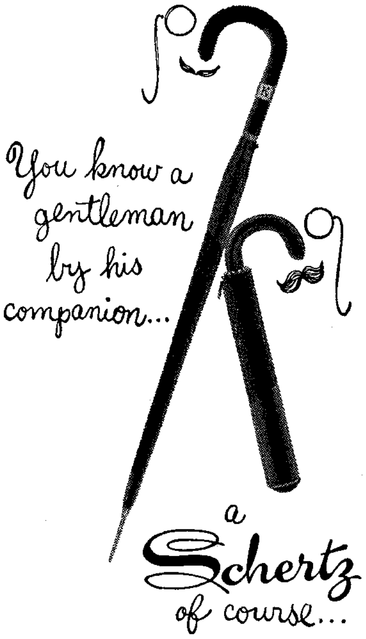
But across the glade Lopore was shouting, "Kill it! Why is it here?"

"Or drive it away!" someone cried.

"You can't drive an ox from a sacred place," said Lopore.

"Kill it, drive it," said Bakimoe to Angerengmoe.

The two old men gathered their capes about their legs and settled themselves for another time-passing conversation. They were so composed and dignified that it bothered them not a bit when the bull suddenly charged them, causing them to run on spindly legs, their capes streaming, among the trees. They merely raised their voices and continued their conversation as they ran. Insofar as they could, they


You know a gentleman by his companion...
a Schertz of course...

RIGHT: BUSINESS TRAVELER THE FOLDING UMBRELLA THAT FITS INTO AN ATTACHE CASE OR THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT OF A CAR. MADE OF LONG LASTING AND QUICK DRYING SUPER NYLON. $20.00 OTHERS AT $15.00.

LEFT: COSMOPOLITAN A PERSONAL TOUCH IN A SLIM WINDPROOF UMBRELLA IN SUPER NYLON WITH A HAND ENGRAVED INITIALED HANDLE. $9.00 SELF OPENER $10.00.

AVAILABLE AT FINER STORES
SCHERTZ UMBRELLAS, INC.
15 WEST 36 STREET • NEW YORK, N. Y.

"RED CARPET" at SUMMER RATES

800'
PRIVATE BEACH
2 POOLS • TENNIS
3-PAR GOLF • GUEST
PRIVILEGES GOLF CLUBS
CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND
ENTERTAINMENT • GUEST
ROOMS • EFFICIENCIES
APARTMENTS • VILLAS
YOUR INQUIRY
IS INVITED.

Lago Mar
RESORT CLUB FT. LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA
Under Ownership-Direction of Sidney Banks

DEDICATED TO YESTERDAY'S CHARM
. . . AND TOMORROW'S CONVENIENCE

Hampshire House

150 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, NEW YORK 10019

DISTINGUISHED RESTAURANT, BAR
and BANQUET FACILITIES

LUXURY HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS

Dial (212) CI 6-7700

ignored the bull, and when a householder suddenly decided to pay the heifer and called out the news to his son, who speared the bull, dropping it instantly, Bakimoe simply stopped running and walked back a few yards to kneel behind the dead bull. He raised his arms, hummed a few bars of a very sober hymn, and began to pray. The group responded.

"All bad things will end today!" Bakimoe said.

"They will!" answered the men who were slowly kneeling around him.

"All bad things will disappear."

"They will!"

"Let all bad things go with the sun!"

"They will!"

"The father of this ox is here!"

"He is!"

"His people, they are here!"

"They are!"

"Let them always be here, and in their camps!"

"Let them be here!"

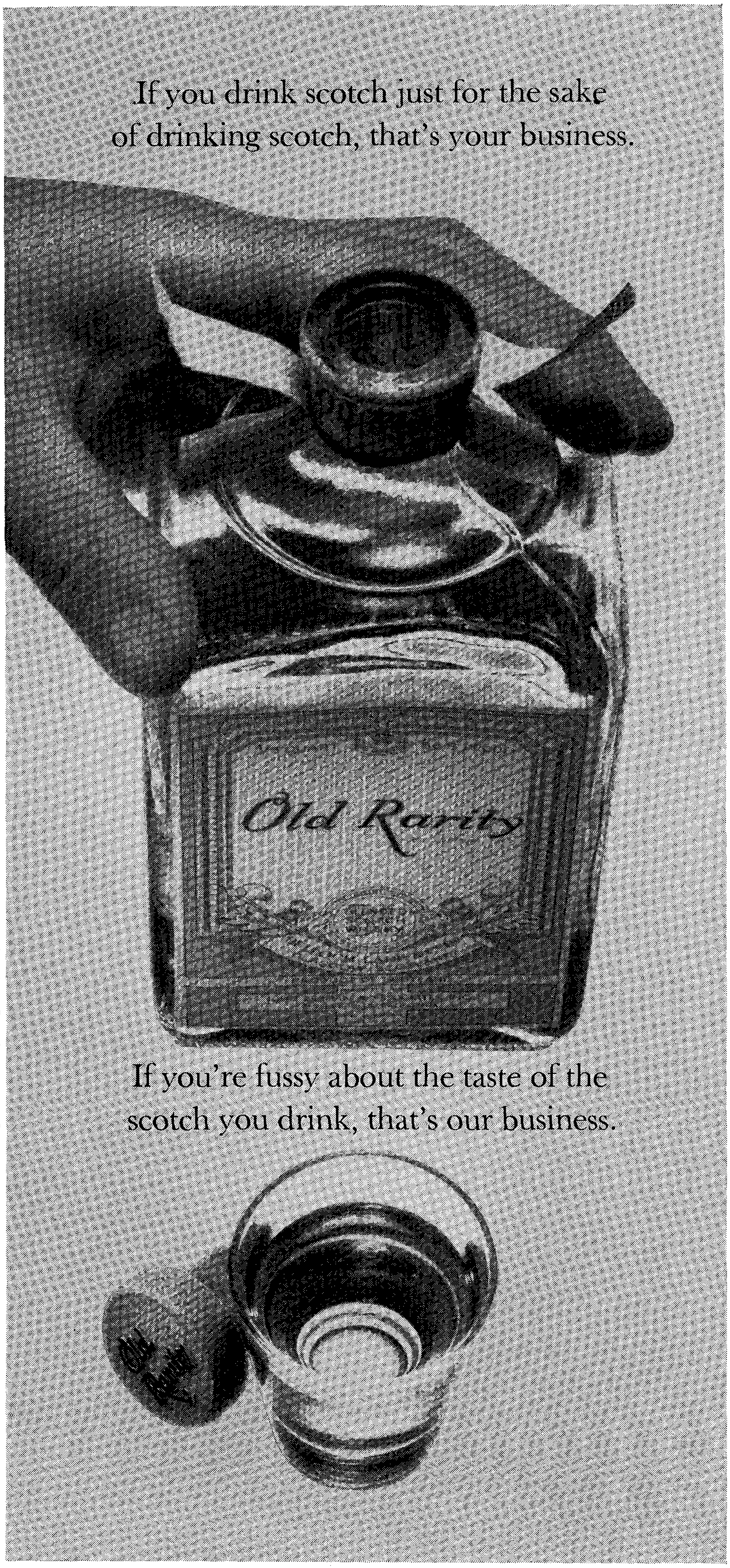
"Is this not good?"

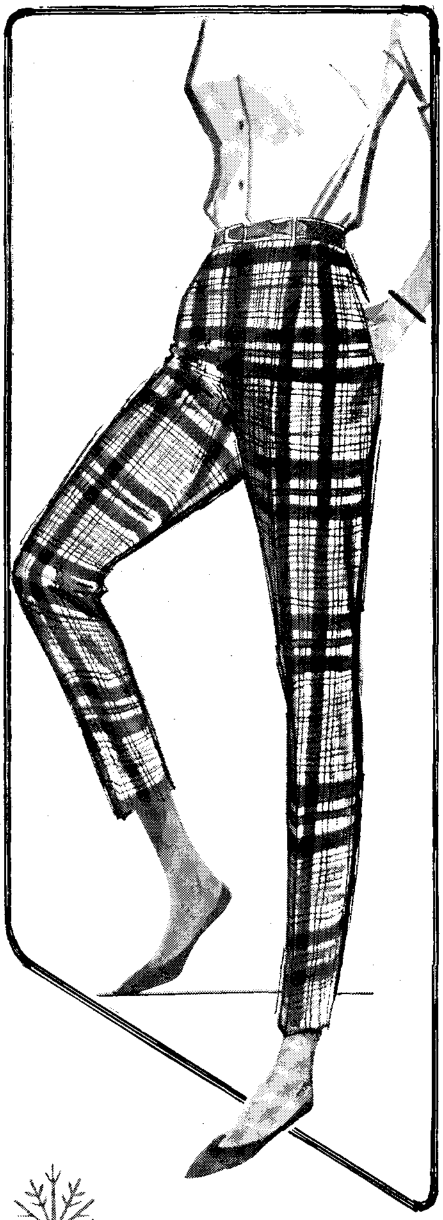
"It is!"

"It is!" said Bakimoe, letting his arms fall.

"It is!"

Angerengmoe stood at the tail of the bull while some of the younger men bent to start the butchering. As their spear tails swung, Angerengmoe said to them, "This ox is for Ngikido and Nginyangatom. You are butchering too slowly. You are letting the sun go down." As he spoke, one of the bull's front legs and adjoining ribs were lifted off. Angerengmoe knelt and put his lips to the hot blood in the bowllike abdominal cavity, then wiped his mouth on the stiff hairs of the thigh. Bakimoe drank next, and then, one by one, the other members of the senior generation, some of whom ladled blood into the chest cavity for the junior men. The divination was held, the hind legs were divided, and the fire was built. The men began to eat, and suddenly, in the golden haze that had settled in the grove in the evening, there appeared three groups of women and children, walking quickly and quietly, in lines. They were the mothers, wives, and children of the clansmen of the western neighborhoods, and because it is against tradition for women to come to a sacred place, they were uneasy. They tried to look straight ahead or at the ground as some of the young men shouted "Beat the first one!" and "Run along!" But Bakimoe raised his arms so that his cape fell like sleeves, and, with the evening sun in his face, giving his skin a violet cast, showed the women the path they were to follow. Quick-


If you drink scotch just for the sake of drinking scotch, that's your business.
Old Rarity
If you're fussy about the taste of the scotch you drink, that's our business.
Jules Berman & Assoc., Inc., Beverly Hills, Calif., Blended Scotch Whisky 86.8 Proof



Something deeply satisfying to own . . . slacks of true India Madras, lighted with the pure natural tones that gentle with time. Fully lined and tailored throughout with John Meyer's responsible care. A most rewarding investment. Sizes 8 to 16. About $13. For store nearest you, write John Meyer of Norwich, Norwich, Connecticut.

JOHN MEYER® OF NORWICH

AT FINE STORES

ly and quietly, their leather skirts asway, the women walked in a circle around the raw meat, the wood that was to be burned, and the fire where the meat was roasting, and the cloud of smoke from the meat and fire encompassed them all. The women hurried through the yellow haze until they had completed their circle, whereupon they broke and ran.

"Disappear!" called a youngster as the group was passing.

"Hello there, Importance!" murmured one of the older women as she hurried by him.

But Bakimoe was praying. With his arms raised, he said, "Bad things will go forever from our trees!"

"They will!"

"Bad things to Dodoth will disappear!"

"They will!"

"Those who speak ill of Dodoth will disappear!"

"They will!"

"The *ngipian* will send thunder against them!"

"They will!"

"Our cattle will live here in peace!"

"They will!"

"With grass and water!"

"They will!"

"They will!"

"They will!"

The sun lit all the little ridges, with their tumbled trees, and gleamed on the spear blades held straight up by the prayerful people, and as the last group of women and children vanished over the hill and the column of smoke billowed empty on the ground, it came to me that what we saw had been seen before, almost exactly, by the famous *emuron* in his sleep. It was strange, to be watching someone else's dream just as night was coming.

After dark, the sacrifice disbanded and the people began to go home.

"I thought you had a flashlight," Lopore said to me as the group from Morukore organized itself for the five-mile walk home.

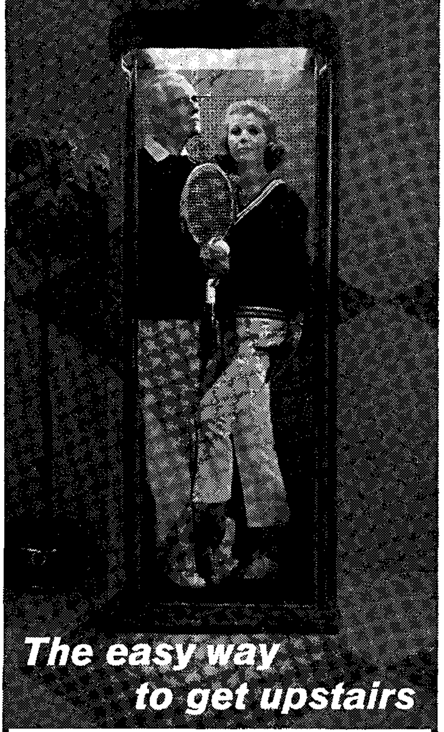
"I didn't know you were expecting it," I said.

"Oh, yes, I was," said Lopore. "If I had known you didn't have one, we would have left earlier."

"We'll have to use the starlight," said Lomotin, ending the pointless conversation. "And hope we meet nothing on the way." He walked off into the darkness, followed closely by the others. "Look out for the spear points," he said.

TO judge by the group of men who visited Lopore's *etem* the next morning, he was not the only person

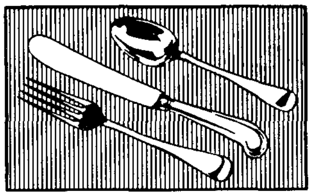
TURNBULL ELEVATOR
Residence Lift



and you'll be surprised how little it costs

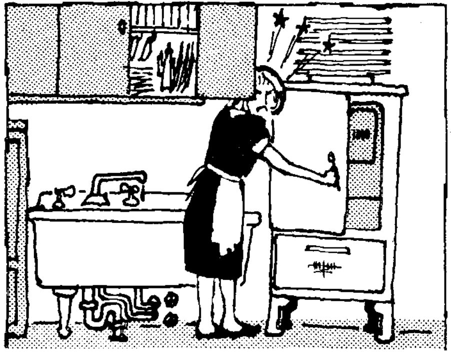
FOR INFORMATION, CONTACT SALES DEPARTMENT
TURNBULL ELEVATOR
P.O. BOX No. 174, TIMES SQUARE STATION,
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036 PL 7-3030
In Canada: 126 John Street, Toronto 2-B
2

"George III"
ENGLISH SILVER
Six Piece Service



ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

BLAST KITCHEN



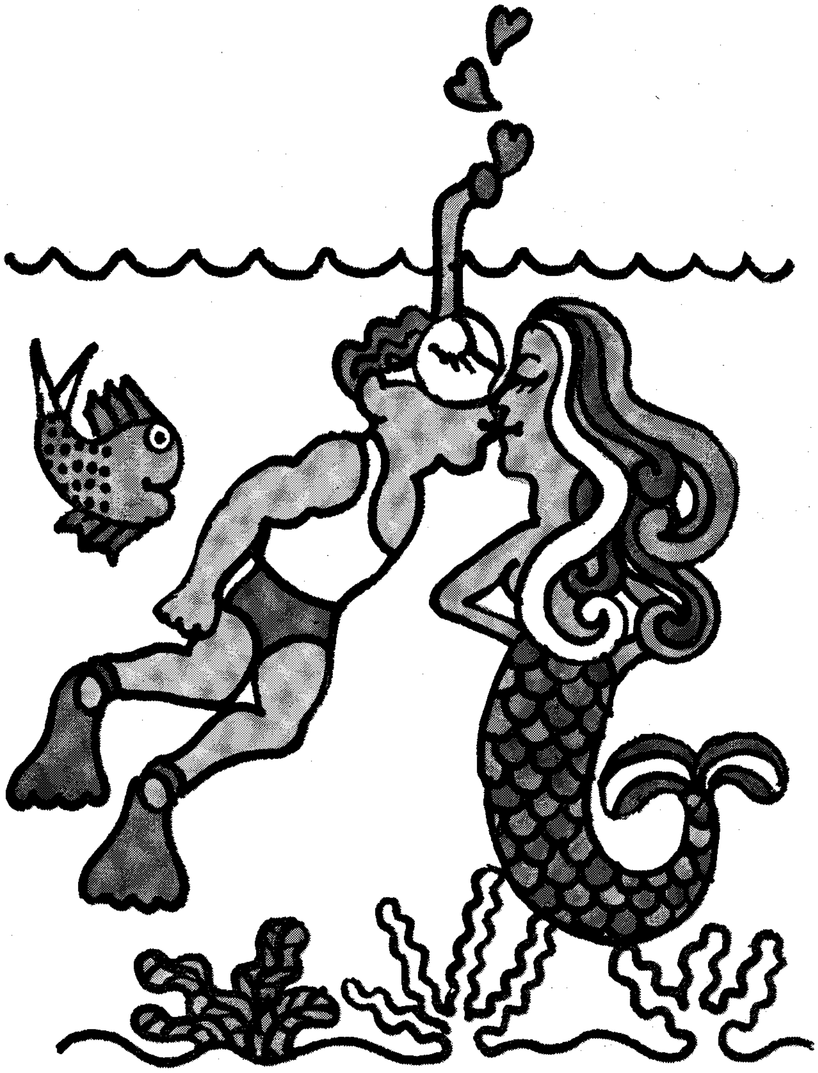
Julian Hess Can Make it a Showplace . . .
Glamorize Your Bathroom, too!
JULIAN HESS, INC., Engineered Kitchens®
306 E. 61 St., N. Y. 21, N. Y.
TEL: (Code 212) TE 2-8600

who resented the fact that the western neighborhoods alone were benefiting from the sacrifice. There were always four or five people visiting his *etem*, but that particular day there were at least twelve men waiting before the sun was well up, and more came as the day began to warm. Lomotin, his special, broken spear in one hand, crawled out through Lopore's doorway, for he had spent the night at Lopore's, wanting to be present when the neighbors gathered there. Lopore and his son-in-law were busy serving the visitors with an enormous roast—part of the sacrifice, which Lopore had carried home the night before. It is uncommon, and is sometimes forbidden, for a man to carry away part of a sacrifice. Usually, all is eaten within the grove. But though Lopore may have broken a rule, he had adhered to the principle of it, because he had hidden the meat in a deep cleft in some boulders overnight, and had not brought it into his home. If the people of the eastern neighborhoods ate this meat, it would be a bit as if they had attended the sacrifice itself. As they ate, Lopore stood up to address them, and, having repeated once again all the complaints he had against the western neighborhoods ("Those people are nothing," he said. "They won't even spear the ox when they get it"), he proposed that within the next few days the people of the eastern neighborhoods hold a sacrifice of their own. I doubt whether the dreaming prophet had intended this. Nevertheless, as Lopore spoke, pacing against the rainy sky and flinging out an arm and crying, "We will do the same as they did to the women! We on this side are one people, all these dwellings here," a murmur of assent rose from the men.

Those words were the climax of his speech. Saying, "I have put the matter before you—if you don't understand, that's up to you," Lopore wrapped his cape around him and sat down near me while the men put their heads together and, in whispers, talked over what he said. "Do you think I'm an elder because I am speaking of these matters?" he said to me. "I'm not, but I'm not bad, and can say what I like."

Presently, Lomotin arose and said, in his soft voice, "We will do it within the next few days. We will not look far for the ox but will take it from among our own neighborhoods. Let it be as Lopore says." As he sat down, the crowd murmured their agreement and approval, and Lopore acknowledged these with a nod.

A young man leaned forward and



You'll find your heart's desire in Jamaica ...come and let us show you why.

Underwater fantasy...maybe even mermaids. Lazy beaches, gentle lagoons. Moonlight raft rides on jungle river rapids. There's so much that's so different and so lush and so lovely here.

And who can bring you here with such sure knowledge, such spirit and style as BWIA? First to bring the fabulous Boeing 727 Sunjets to the Caribbean, finest with bounteous BWIA service that puts you in a Caribbean holiday mood from the moment you board. Just tell your travel agent your heart's desire. He'll do the rest.

For falling-in-love-with-places vacations on Jamaica or any of the lovely BWIA islands, fly the airline that knows... and serves...the Caribbean best. Ask your travel agent, any BOAC office or, in Florida, BWIA-Miami. And for your free Caribbean Fun-Pak write to BWIA, Dept. N-5, 530 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036.

17-day Round Trip Economy Excursion Fares

TO:	FROM N.Y.	FROM MIAMI
Grand Cayman	$155	$ 59
Montego Bay	155*	64
Kingston	155*	64
St. Kitts	161	128
Antigua	161	133
Guadeloupe	180	138
Dominica	173	145
Martinique	190	149
St. Lucia	181	153
St. Vincent	199	165
Barbados	189	161
Grenada	204	168
Trinidad	209	170
Tobago	209	170
British Guiana	247	210

* Via BOAC

BWIA
THE AIRLINE OF THE CARIBBEAN

We've loved the Caribbean for 25 years...come and let us show you why.

Send us $5,000 and we'll send $50 back*

*(a month)

The New York Bank for Savings would love to mail a regular check in any amount you decide — not necessarily to you — but to someone else you love.

All you have to do is send us some money, watch it accumulate high dividends, and tell us how often and how much to mail to whom.

We call this interesting plan an Automatic Payout Plan. You'll call it convenient if you have someone in mind you'd like to provide for: parents, grandchildren, a child's allowance, newlyweds. And the recipient will call you a Guardian Angel.

It's easy. Start with a lump sum up to $15,000 or a smaller amount and add to it regularly. If you deposit $5,000 you can provide $50 monthly for ten years — big interest dividends are included.†

You'll always have the option of changing the amount of the payments. And, if you decide you want to be your own rich uncle, you can use the Plan for your own retirement income.

Your money will be safe and always available. Begin bestowing right now; mail coupon below.

Latest dividend declared: 4.40% a year on savings on deposit for four consecutive quarters prior to the dividend period — 4% a year on other deposits.

† based on assumed rate of 4% a year compounded quarterly. Interest-dividend rates are not guaranteed in advance. Rates vary in accordance with bank earnings.

The New York Bank for Savings NY5-22
Park Ave. So. at 22nd St., N.Y. 10010

☐ Please open an Automatic Payout Account as specified. Enclosed for deposit is $________.

Automatic Payout Account for:____________

____

My Name________________

Address________________

City________State______Zip Code_____

THE NEW YORK BANK FOR SAVINGS
NEW YORK'S OLDEST SAVINGS BANK
Assets over $1.5 billion

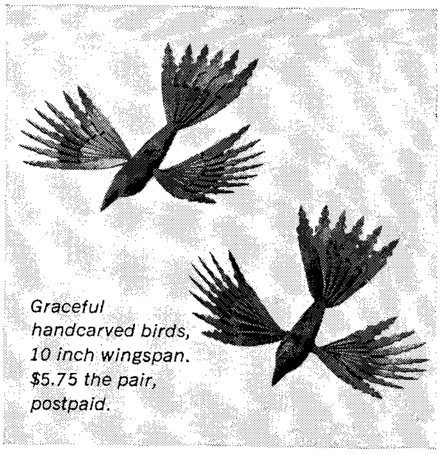
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

said to me earnestly, "Lopore says he's not an elder, but around here he's very important, a very important man."

Wondering if Lopore had heard this, I looked around. He was not listening. Having got to his feet, he was buttoning on a coat—a gift from his fourth wife, Nabilo—and taking up his club and spear. The men were so occupied with their talking and eating that they hardly noticed when he slipped between the boulders and started down the rock slide, which at that spot was as steep as a stair. The blue summer flowers that grew in the rocks, and had bloomed again because of the rain, swayed around Lopore's knees as he disturbed them. When he reached the foot of the hill, where gray mist was swirling, he looked back, and, seeing me watching, he waved for me to join him. I followed him through the decapitated grain stalks in the field below, along a footpath to the cattle road, and along the cattle road to a dwelling part way across the plain. There were too many people at his dwelling, he explained when I caught up with him, and they wouldn't leave until evening. He was tired of talking, and was going to visit a friend. The friend and Lopore knew each other so well that Lopore didn't announce himself at the outer wall but went straight to the doorway, dropped to one knee, and ducked inside. Making his way through the maze of passages, he dropped again, in front of an inner door. When he rose this time, he was in a little courtyard, where a woman knelt, grinding grain with a stone. She was a slender woman of forty-five or fifty—ten or fifteen years younger than Lopore—with a sensitive face and delicately wrinkled skin. She looked up when Lopore entered, and, putting her grindstone aside, folded her hands. Lopore casually stood his club and spear in a corner, and introduced her. "My wife," he said to me. "Kiten."

I was so astonished to learn that Lopore had taken a fifth wife that I couldn't help asking about her, but she didn't seem to mind. While Lopore answered, she looked down modestly and smiled. She was his brother's widow, he said, and had been living elsewhere for a very long time. But lately she had begun to think of living with Lopore, and until a court could be built for her, she was staying as the guest of his friend. She was going to start a garden near Lopore's house, however, and it would not be long before she moved in.

"She has four children—a girl, a boy, a boy, a girl," said Lopore. "Ask



Graceful handcarved birds, 10 inch wingspan. $5.75 the pair, postpaid.

Looking for something special? NK has it. All smart travelers know NK (Nordiska Kompaniet), Sweden's unique department store, famous the world over for the distinctive quality of its merchandise.

Now NK brings to the World's Fair the finest products of Creative Sweden's artists, designers and manufacturers.

Why not select your sophisticated Christmas and wedding gifts in the NK Shop in the Swedish Pavilion? We ship everywhere.

NK

At the Swedish Pavilion
New York World's Fair

The fabulous fingers of
Irving Fields
AND HIS TRIO

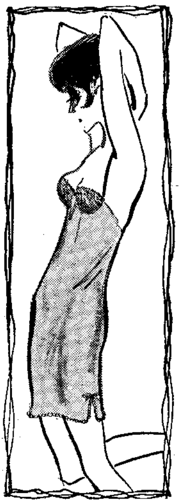
MERMAID ROOM
Dancing nightly except Sunday. No minimum.
No cover. Superb Roast Beef only $3.95.
PARK SHERATON HOTEL
55th St. and 7th Ave., New York

To The Sophisticated

THE DESIGNERS COLLECTION

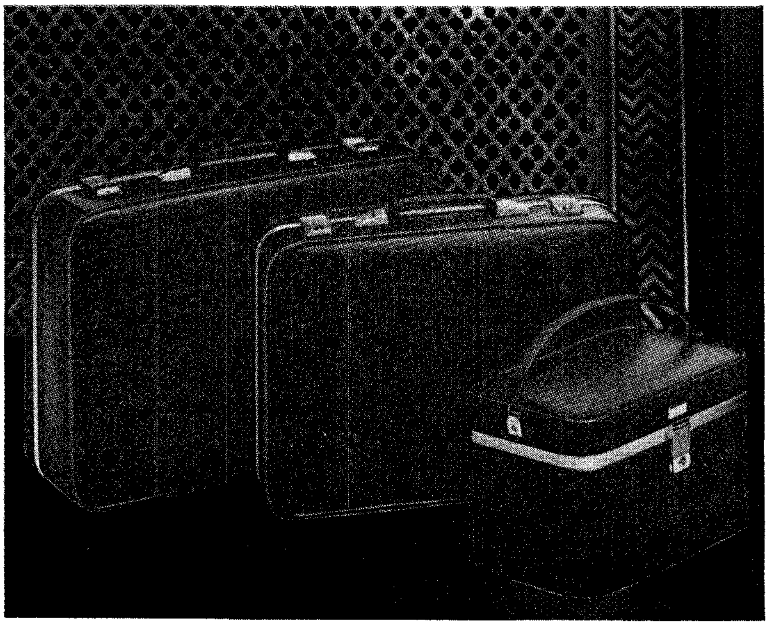
is the inside secret to outgoing chic

Bras, girdles, lingerie. Designed with flair, executed with care, lavished with imported laces. At finest stores or write The Designers Collection, a Fashion Division of Genesco, 530 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.



This beautiful traveler is from New Delhi, India.

She has just arrived from London, England.



Her luggage is Amelia Earhart from Baltimore, Maryland.

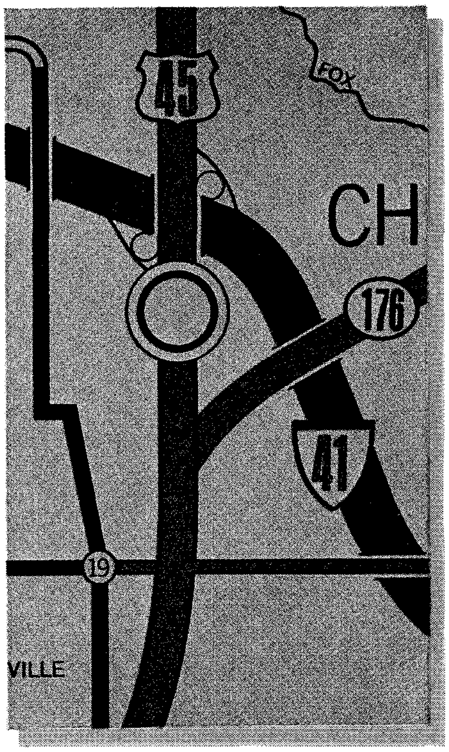
Amelia Earhart gets around. Here or far away, it's the ultimate in casual luggage for contemporary air travel • Luxurious grained vinyl • Polished chrome die-cast locks • Air-lift handles • Lightweight, tempered aircraft aluminum frames • Rich, color-coordinated interiors • Rugged, full-strap hinges • Personal initials • Cases in chestnut, avocado green, light blue, white, red or charcoal, $12.95 to $44.95. Men's cases in chestnut or charcoal, $19.95 to $39.95. All prices plus existing taxes.

Amelia Earhart Luggage is manufactured by The Baltimore Luggage Co. For name of the fine store nearest you write to, The Baltimore Luggage Co., Dept. AN 5, 304 N. Smallwood St., Baltimore, Md. 21223. A Division of Botany Industries.

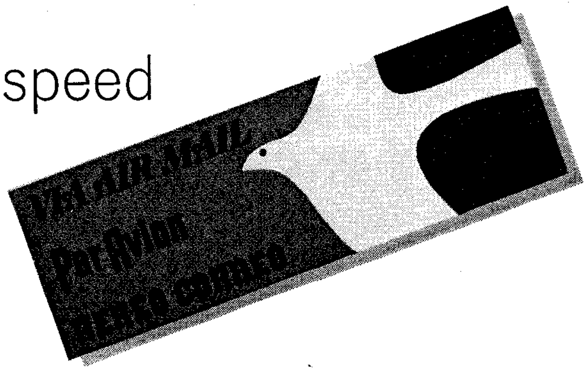
Amelia Earhart®
LUGGAGE
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Consider the power of paper used with imagination to

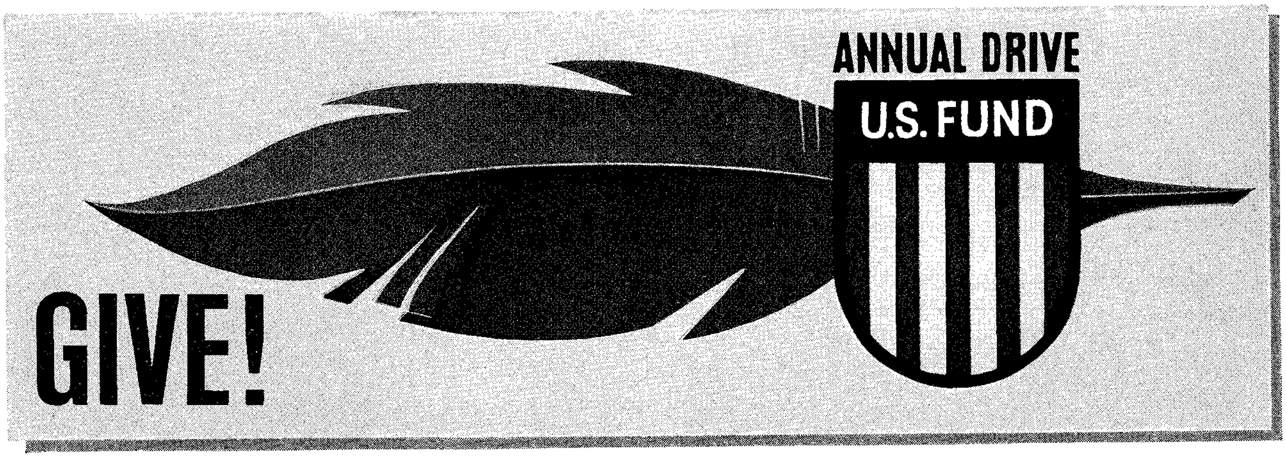
lead


45
FOX
CH
176
41
19
VILLE

speed


VIA AIR MAIL
Par Avion
AEREO CORREO

plead


ANNUAL DRIVE
U.S. FUND
GIVE!

We offer the world's largest selection of commercial printing papers. And we can help you use them with great imagination.

Champion® Papers

© 1965 The Paper Division of Champion Papers Inc., Knightsbridge/Hamilton, Ohio

her their names. She'll tell you anything." So I did.

Then she and Lopore began to speak of other things. They sat very close together, he on a stool, she flat on the ground, with her outstretched feet under his knees. She would touch his sandals now and then, and would look down, smiling, when he teased her. Presently, she indicated me and said, "Since she can read, ask her to tell me when I will die."

Lopore reached down and took one of her legs, which he crossed over the other, and, holding her ankles tightly between his large fingers, he gave her feet a shake. "You are a great liar," he said. "She can't tell you that. If Europeans knew things like that, they wouldn't die themselves."

Looking at him evenly, she said, "But when I was young, there was a clerk in Kaabong working for the government. One day, he said he was going to die at noon. No one believed him. He took a chair, sat in it beside the door, and waited. At noon, he fell over dead. People believed him then."

"How did he know?" asked Lopore.

"Because he could read."

"She thinks that you are refusing to tell her," he said to me. "It isn't good to speak of dying."

"But what else can we speak of?" Kiten asked. "There is no sun to dry the millet. What will we do if there is no millet and if the cattle are taken to dry-season pasture?"

Lopore smiled down at her with protective affection. "My herd will stay," he said.

—ELIZABETH MARSHALL THOMAS

(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)

•

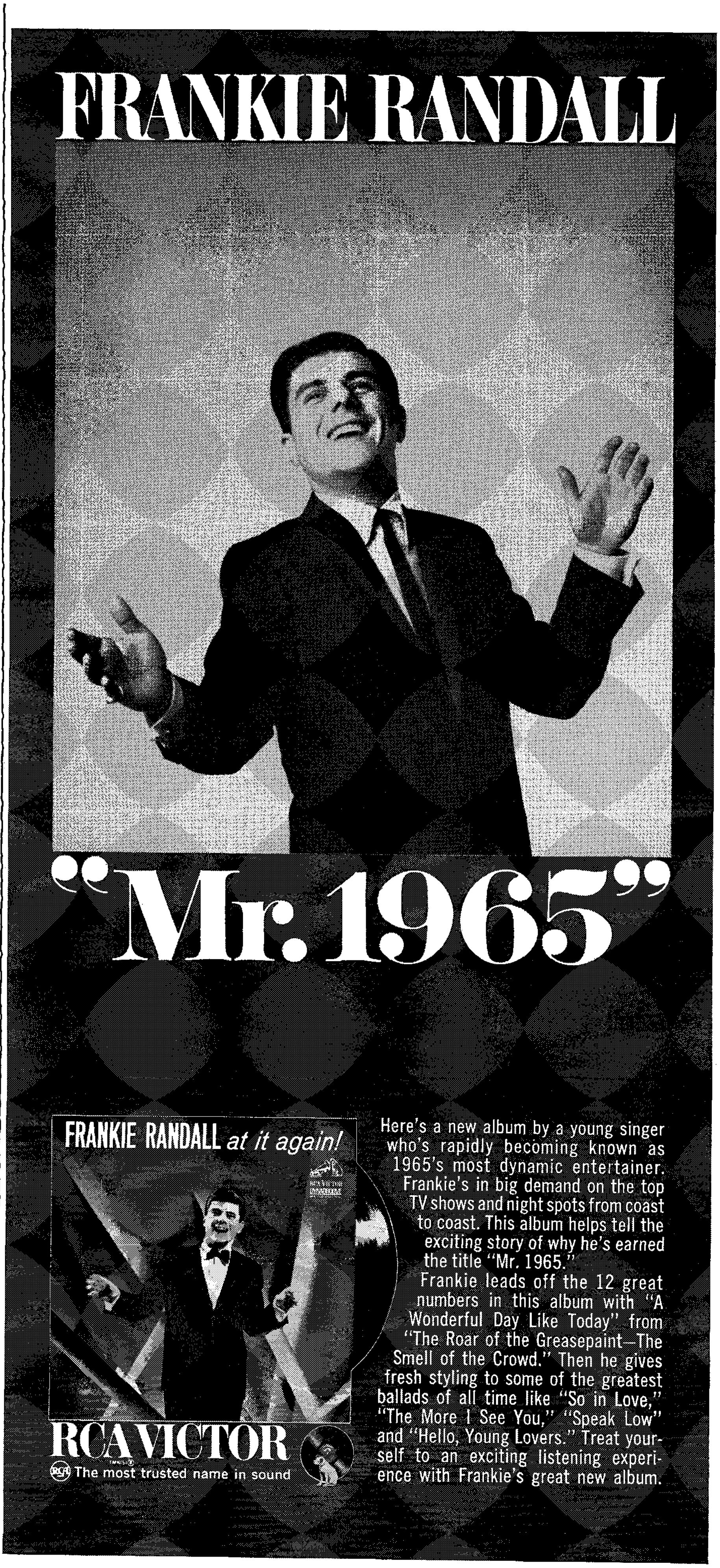
The economics director of the Federal Trade Commission says that in 10 years 200 firms may control two-thirds of America's manufacturing assets. There are also some intangible factors involved in a conglomerate merger. For example, when CBS buys the New York Giants, is this kind of odd marriage socially desirable?
—*Christian Science Monitor.*

You mean they're philandering *already*?

•

ON THE HOME FRONT . . . Every night before he goes to bed President Johnson speaks person-to-person with the naval commander off Viet Nam. He also gets a nightly rubdown to help him relax and sleep. Added note: The President's favorite dessert is chocolate tapioca pudding.
—*Maggie Daly in Chicago's American.*

If you're trying to break our spirit, you're not succeeding.



FRANKIE RANDALL

"Mr. 1965"

FRANKIE RANDALL *at it again!*

Here's a new album by a young singer who's rapidly becoming known as 1965's most dynamic entertainer. Frankie's in big demand on the top TV shows and night spots from coast to coast. This album helps tell the exciting story of why he's earned the title "Mr. 1965."

Frankie leads off the 12 great numbers in this album with "A Wonderful Day Like Today" from "The Roar of the Greasepaint—The Smell of the Crowd." Then he gives fresh styling to some of the greatest ballads of all time like "So in Love," "The More I See You," "Speak Low" and "Hello, Young Lovers." Treat yourself to an exciting listening experience with Frankie's great new album.

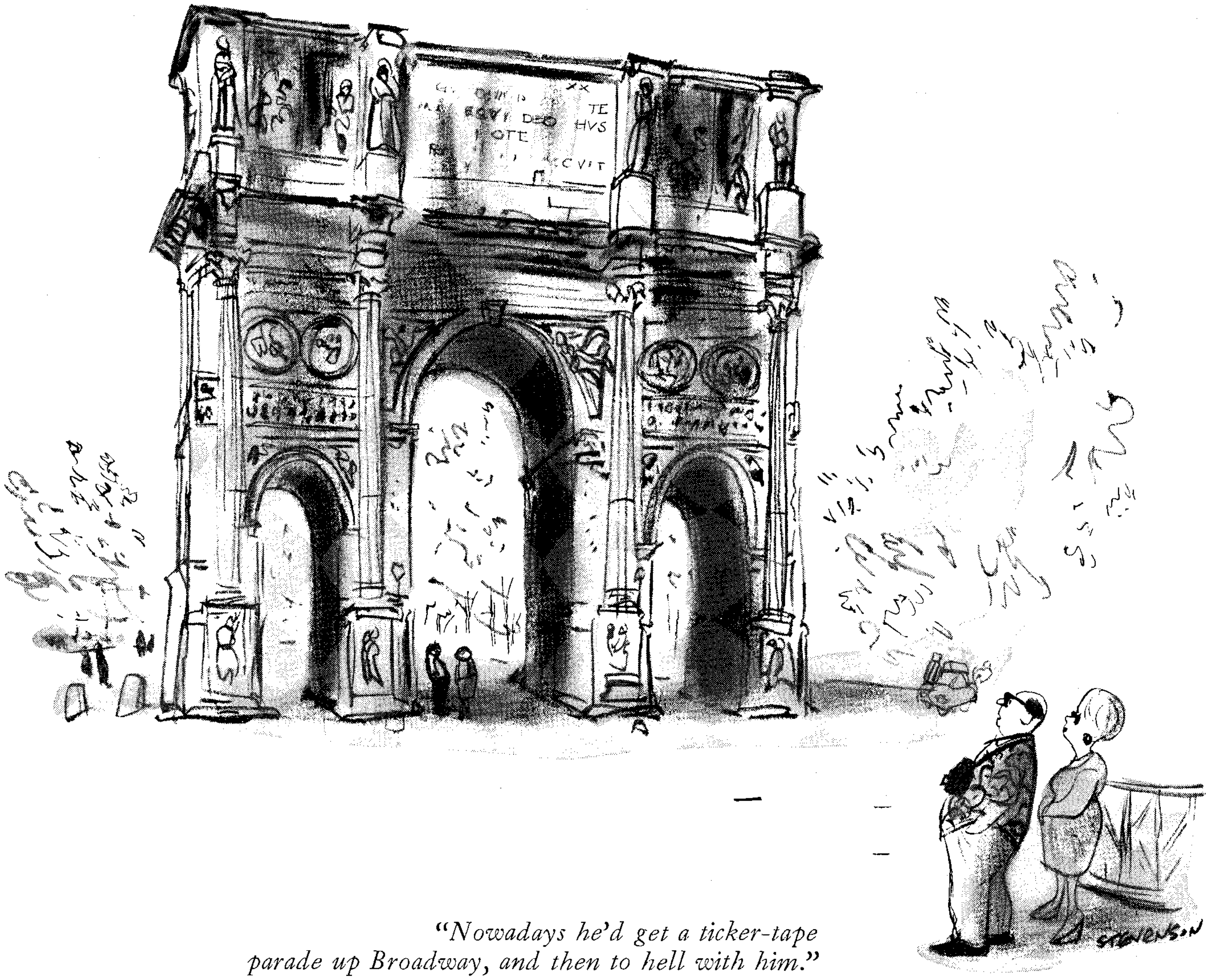
RCA VICTOR
The most trusted name in sound

THE THEATRE

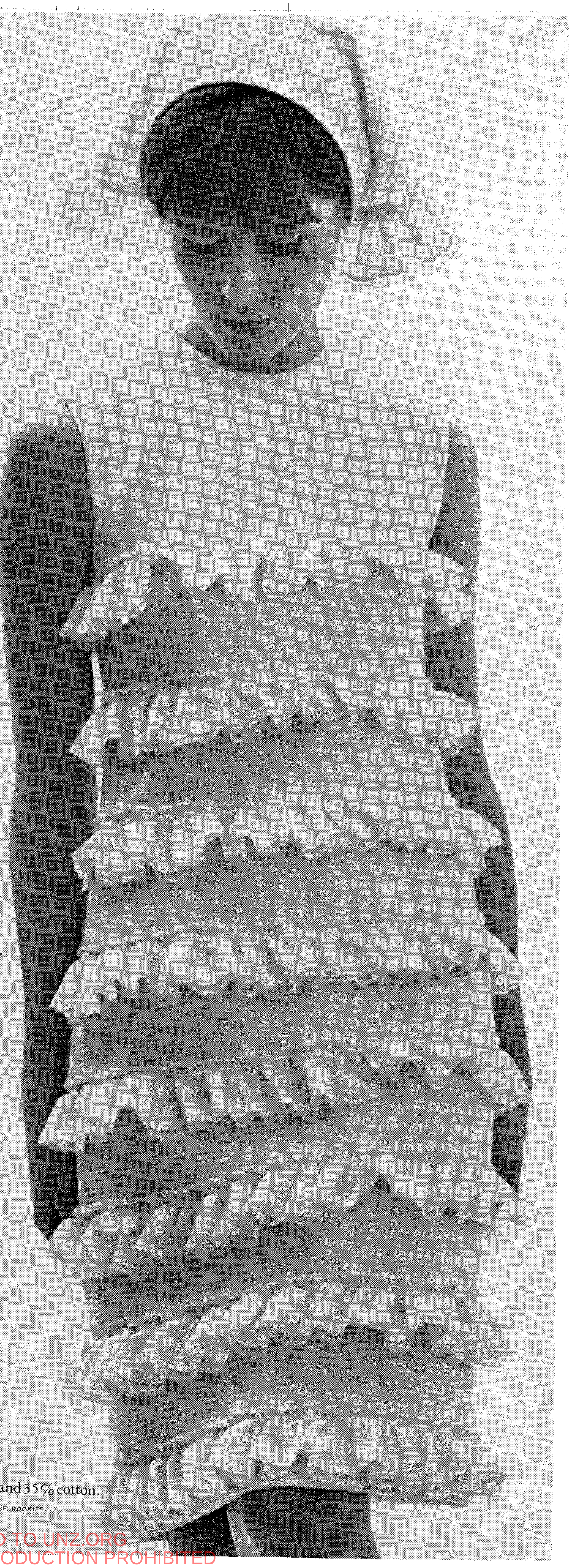
LOOKING BACKWARD

UNLESS you have some inexplicable yearning to recall the grim old days of the great depression, I don't think there is any particular reason for you to attend "Flora, the Red Menace," at the Alvin. Even though it has the advantage of being directed by the redoubtable George Abbott, who also collaborated with Robert Russell on the book, it is a lacklustre affair in which dialogue, songs, and dances never rise above mediocrity. Based on Lester Atwell's novel "Love Is Just Around the Corner," and with tunes by John Kander and lyrics by Fred Ebb, it opens with a woebegone group lined up to get a handout in 1933, just after we have heard the voice of Art Carney imitating the voice of Franklin Roosevelt enunciating the famous "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself." Thereafter, "Flora, the Red Menace" fearlessly sets about depicting assorted drab doings in the life of a girl just graduated from a high school of commercial art, who—not unexpectedly, considering the sad state of the economy at the time—finds it hard to realize her ambition of becoming a fashion illustrator. But love, the old compensator, soon comes along, giving our young lady a chance to relieve the tedium of her existence by succumbing to the charms of a Communist muralist, who busies himself between Party assignments with a commission to decorate the walls of the men's room of a fancy hotel. (The humor of the piece runs to the elementary.) The muralist in question is a stammerer, and much is made of the fact that he, like Demosthenes before him, is attempting to cure himself of his affliction by talking with his mouth full of pebbles. Fun with the handicapped is not for me, and neither is the heavy-handed spoofing of Communist antics in the thirties that goes on here. The ridiculous pseudo-proletarian jargon, the asinine cultural pretensions (illustrated by an outlandish workers' ballet), and the mad dreams of upsetting the capitalist system by throwing rocks through windows are all exploited to no purpose, and the extraneous introduction of a flibbertigibbety actress and her protégé, a cowboy crooner, both of whom have high hopes of becoming the rage on "Major Bowes' Amateur Hour," adds little to the proceedings. Although the material is hardly stimulating, the performers, who are led by Liza Minnelli and Bob Dishy, portraying the illustrator and her beloved, go about their duties with commendable determination.

"KEN MURRAY'S HOLLYWOOD," at the John Golden, another backward glance at days gone by, consists of



"Nowadays he'd get a ticker-tape parade up Broadway, and then to hell with him."



"I think The Ruffit** is as much a new way of dressing as it is a new kind of dress. Always ruffled but virtually unrufflable, it will take a woman prettily through all those hot-day situations when everything else seems either too dressed or not dressed enough."

Anne Fogarty

Zepel† stain protected piqué of 65% **Dacron**® polyester and 35% cotton. Sizes 4 to 14. $30*. At stores listed on page 146. *SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES.

†TM FOR DUPONT'S FABRIC FLUORIDIZER. ®DUPONT'S REG. TM FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER. **T.M. REG. APP. FOR

Lord & Taylor

He says I'm so refreshing—

who wouldn't be in David Crystal's snow-white cotton eyelet shift! Gently shaped, prettily bowed in sizes 8 to 18, 18.00—Second Floor Spectator Dress Shop, Lord & Taylor—and all of our suburban stores

home-movie clips of all sorts of Hollywood notables, whom Mr. Murray has been photographing at work and play since 1927. Also included in Mr. Murray's pastiche are shots of William Randolph Hearst and his performing friends at ease in the expanses of San Simeon when the old homestead was really jumping. Mr. Murray, an ingratiating type, sits at a lectern to one side of a screen while his bits and snatches are being shown, and delivers a running commentary that is low-keyed and helpful. I say helpful because there are about a hundred and twenty-five movie actors on view, and the mists of time, alas, have obscured some of them beyond immediate recognition.

—John McCarten

•

I am just beginning in the watch repair field and I know that I need to follow certain procedures in doing many things in this work. I am having trouble working out a procedure to put my watches back together. Can you recommend one?—L. M.—*Southwestern Watchmaker & Jeweler.*

Yes, indeed we can. See this little magnifying glass? Screw it into your eye, like a monocle. Good. Now you're in business. Hold the mainspring in your left hand and pour one drop of molasses into the coil. If the coil gets away from you, which it *may do*, don't lose your nerve, there's more where *it* came from; the world is full of mainsprings. All right, now assemble the cap jewels and oil them good. For men's watches use the crankcase oil, for women's use the rubber cement. (That'll teach 'em to wear such tiny little gadgets!) Insert the tiniest screw of all into the obvious hole and turn it down briskly with your driver. Place the balance assembly under one fingernail, put the escapement in place, check the beat, check the freedom of staff, check the trueness of all. Slap the crystal on, twist the stem, and take a big sniff of the glue. *Voilà!* The watch is back together again.

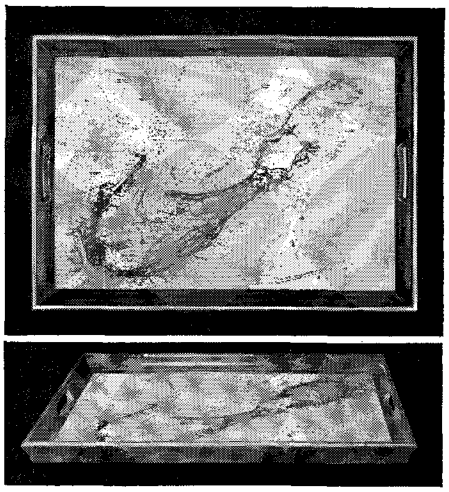
•

New Lebanon—The Jolly Workers 4-H club Cooking IV project met March 29 at the home of the leader, Mrs. George Eichelberger. Plans were made for the year and a menu for a future meal was planned.

The Jolly Workers Cooking IV project met April 1. Dinner was prepared consisting of swiss steak, golden yellow corn, combination salad, hot rolls, sliced peaches and cookies.

Georgia Eichelberger is the only member.—*Boonville (Mo.) Daily News.*

Yeah, but it may escalate.



TRIMINGHAM'S OWN BERMUDA CHART TRAY

AUTHENTIC SIGHTINGS AND SOUNDINGS
17" x 22"—**$19.75**

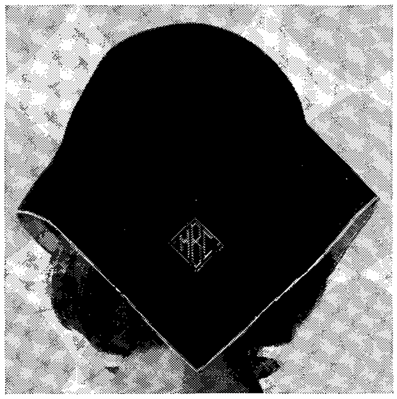
SINCE 1844

FOR YACHTSMEN AND ARM CHAIR NAVIGATORS, THIS IS THE UNUSUAL GIFT. HEAT-AND-ALCOHOL RESISTANT WOOD TRAY, GILT TRIMMED DEEP RED, GREEN OR PALE BLUE. CORK BACK. MADE IN ENGLAND ONLY FOR US. HERE OR BY MAIL.

Trimingham's
BERMUDA

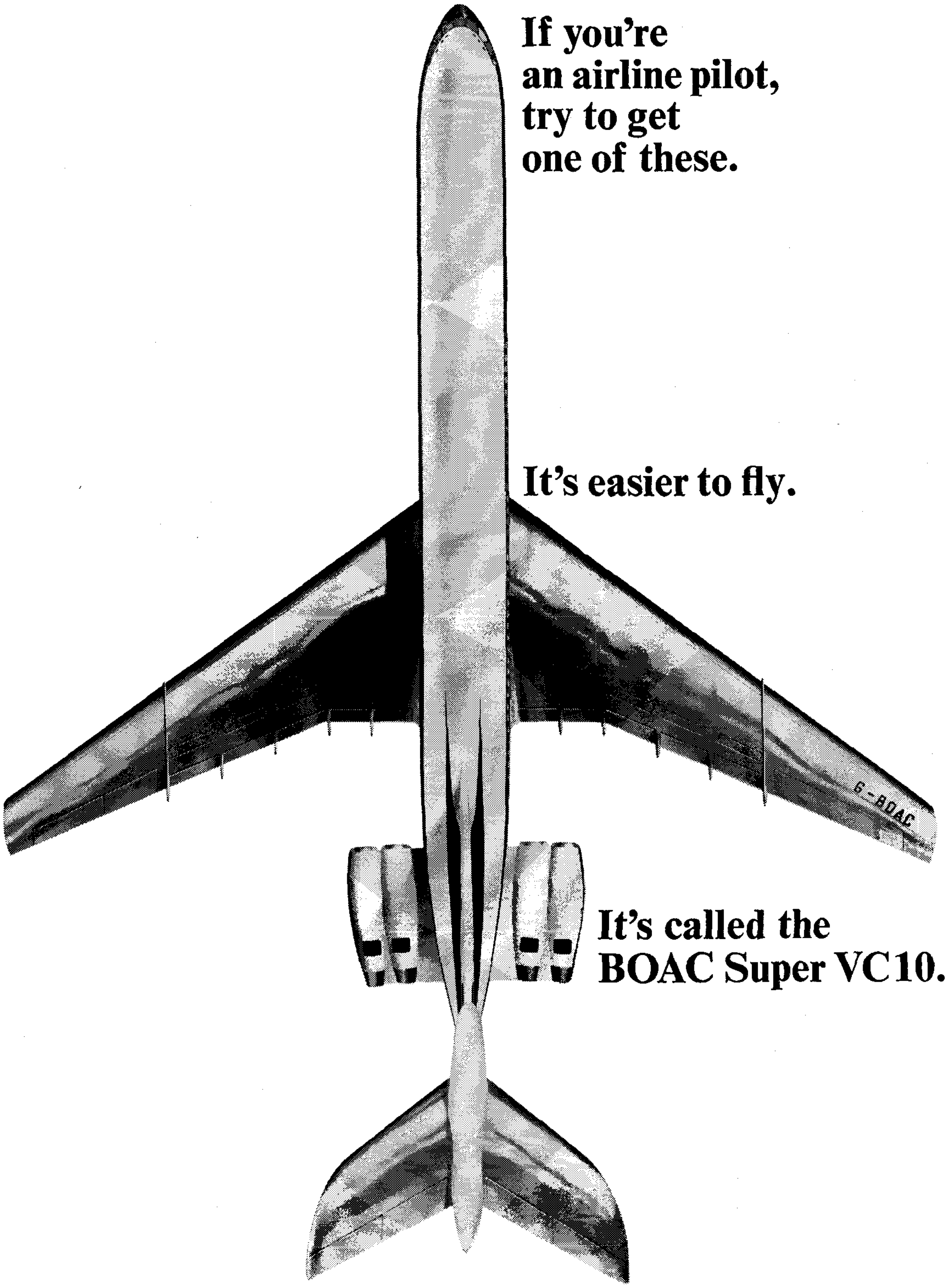
Write Trimingham's, Hamilton, Bermuda, Dept. N-8.
12" x 18" size tray, $16.95 ea. Add $2.50 postage.
U.S. duty, if any, on delivery.
Send for our illustrated catalogue.

EARTHA KITT
is galore in the
PERSIAN ROOM
May 5-June 1
Performances at 9:15 & Midnight
For a lovely evening, call
PL 9-3000
THE PLAZA
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA



Monogrammed kerchief conceals hair in rollers, protects from breezes or broiling sun. Sheer cotton with white hand-rolled hem and 3 letter monogram. 24" x 24": Navy, red, copen blue, pink, yellow, black, beige, white, purple, turquoise, jungle green, coral or rose. Underline last letter of monogram. $3.95 ppd.

VILLARI HANDKERCHIEF CO.
Y-522, 280 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016



If you're an airline pilot, try to get one of these.

It's easier to fly.

It's called the BOAC Super VC10.

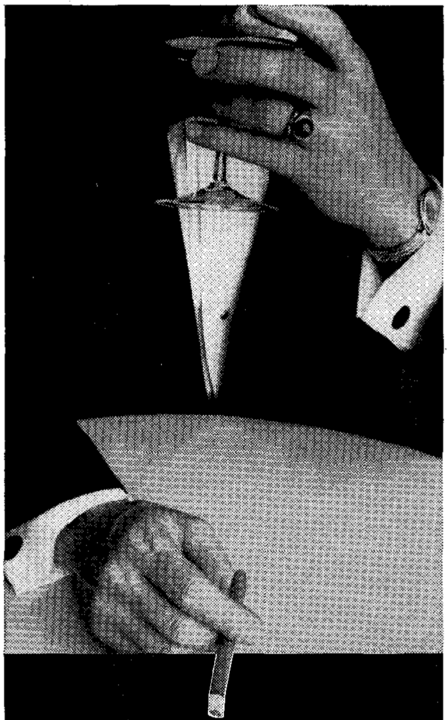
Up to now, every time an airline pilot has been handed a new big jet, he's had to get used to landing it at least 10 mph faster than the one he's been flying. And each time he's taken longer to get off the runway. Now the whole thing's been changed. The new BOAC Super VC 10 actually lands over 20 mph slower. Gets off the ground sooner. And is much easier to fly. What's made the big difference? For one thing, we took the engines off the wings. By putting them in the tail, we were able to design a clean, uncluttered wing that is much more efficient. But we didn't stop there. With the engines out of the way, we could design better high-lift devices (they're like flaps) along the front and back edges of the wing. These make the wing even more efficient, especially at slow speeds. Then we took a look at where the pilot does his work; the flight deck. We gave him more room. (That's a big change in itself.) Then we built in all kinds of other aids. Two automatic pilots; not just one. Two automatic speed controls. All sorts of things pilots have wanted for years. Now, what's all this got to do with you when you're sitting there in the comfort of the BOAC Super VC 10's almost soundless cabin? Not much. Except that a relaxed, contented pilot is a nice thing to have around.

Fly the BOAC Super VC 10 daily from New York to Bermuda or London. Or direct to London from San Francisco. Also to Nassau and Jamaica* from New York. Pay no more than on ordinary jets. For details, see your Travel Agent or call British Overseas Airways Corporation. Offices in all principal cities.

*One plane thru service via Nassau.

Triumphantly swift, silent, serene.

BOAC
AND BOAC CUNARD
Services Operated for BOAC Cunard by BOAC



A lot of men are going to smoke
Van Baars Juniors,
the little Swedish cigars,
because they're snobs.

That's the wrong reason.

The right reason, of course, is the taste. Van Baars Juniors are tastefully made of real cigar tobacco. Sumatra wrapper, Brazil and Java filler. Blended with Swedish skill and pride, these superior cigar tobaccos make a very mild, very light, exquisitely aromatic small cigar. One that really tastes like a cigar. We hope you try Van Baars Juniors. Whatever your reason may be.

van Baars
JUNIOR

Sole importers for the United States "21" Club Selected Items, Ltd.
60¢ package of 10, $1.20 tin of 20

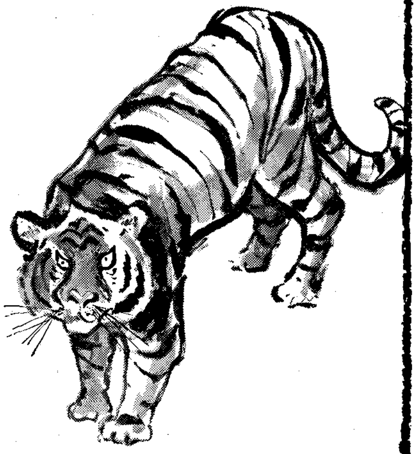
THE RACE TRACK

Preakness Star

THERE were many possible outcomes to the Preakness, and victory for Tom Rolfe was certainly one of them. In the Kentucky Derby, on May Day, he was blocked at a critical stage of his bid for the lead, and finished third, behind Lucky Debonair and Dapper Dan. Well, Turcotte, who rides him, learned his lesson, and, taking an outside course at Pimlico last Saturday, won the second of the spring classics for three-year-olds. Who would have dreamed, though, that Dapper Dan, making almost as spectacular a run through the stretch as he did in the Derby, would again be beaten by a neck? As for the lesser surprises, Hail to All was third, four lengths behind, and just ahead of Native Charger; Lucky Debonair was an unlucky seventh; and Flag Raiser was last of the nine runners, beaten by more than twenty lengths. Altogether, it was as exciting a Preakness as I've seen in many a year. To top it off, Valenzuela, who rode Dapper Dan, lodged an objection, charging that Turcotte had impeded him in the stretch. After deliberating for fifteen minutes, the stewards disallowed the claim. It seemed to me, as I watched that part of the race run off repeatedly on video tape during the seemingly interminable interval, that the claim of foul was pretty farfetched. When Valenzuela sent Dapper Dan up along the rail, inside Tom Rolfe, he never stopped hand-riding him, and his mount didn't change his stride, which he would have done if he'd been bumped. Still, you can't blame Valenzuela. He had missed the jackpot for the second time, and I suppose he thought the ploy was worth trying.

For reasons that wouldn't interest anyone, I saw the Preakness on TV, and enjoyed it. Jack Drees is my favorite race caller, and Eddie Arcaro, who commented on the technical side of the racing, has never been in better form. As the nine colts paraded to the post, I thought Tom Rolfe looked bright and fit, and so did Native Charger, but Lucky Debonair appeared a bit light in flesh and very nervous. Flag Raiser didn't leave the starting gate as nimbly as he usually does, but he soon sprinted

Make like a tiger... with Chenango



New AFTER SHAVE COLOGNE
and aerosol DEODORANT FOR MEN.
Originated by FRANCES DENNEY.
Available at fine stores.

Bachrach
First Family of Photographers

Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PL 5-6233
Also The Mall at Short Hills, New Jersey

TAKE YOUR PLACE IN THE FUN!

Harborside Inn

ON THE STORYBOOK ISLAND OF
MARTHA'S VINEYARD

Complete vacation activity, sailing, swimming — ocean and pool, fishing, dancing nightly in the Boat House Bar. Regattas, near-by golf. European Plan, comfortable rooms. Fine food in our new Navigator Restaurant. Special Honeymoon rate folder.

WRITE FOR COLOR FOLDER P
N.Y. TEL.: CH 4-1997
OR SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

HARBORSIDE INN
EDGARTOWN 8, MASSACHUSETTS

into the lead. Going down the backstretch, he was five or six lengths to the good, and the crowd roared; approaching the far turn, however, Swift Ruler moved up to him, followed by Native Charger and Lucky Debonair, and a glance back showed Tom Rolfe beginning his run, with Dapper Dan behind him. On the turn into the stretch, Tom Rolfe went around the leaders, and in half a furlong he seemed to have the race sewed up. Then Dapper Dan came bearing down on him, and as they passed the winning post he had only a neck advantage.

Lucky Debonair's fadeout wasn't caused by that injury to a heel earlier in the week; during the race he developed bucked shins, an ailment similar to an athlete's Charley horse. It seems that all sorts of things happen to Derby winners; in the last ten years only Tim Tam, Carry Back, and Northern Dancer have brought off the Derby-Preakness double. The easy and obvious thing to say about Flag Raiser would be that he ran himself dizzy, but the pace he set was seconds slower than the one he set to win the Withers a week before. Chances are that he didn't like the footing at Pimlico. Actually, he has never won anywhere except at Aqueduct. (He did finish first in a race at Garden State Park last autumn, but his number was taken down for crowding, or something.) A one-track horse?

Tom Rolfe is owned by Raymond Guest, our Ambassador to Ireland, and is a son of Ribot out of Pocahontas. (If you remember your history, Pocahontas, the Indian girl who saved the life of Captain John Smith, married John Rolfe, and they had a son they named Tom.) He is a handsome bay colt with a deep chest and powerful quarters, but he's a bit on the small side. So far this season, he has won five of his seven starts and earned $178,301, of which $128,100 was his share of the Preakness purse. He is trained by Frank Whiteley, Jr., who has done most of his racing in Maryland, and his rider, Ron Turcotte, is a Canadian who broke in rubbing horses for E. P. Taylor and rode Northern Dancer in his first start as a two-year-old. Look for Tom Rolfe in the Belmont Stakes at Aqueduct on June 5th, and Dapper Dan, too.

THERE was another lively race last weekend—the Acorn Stakes, at Aqueduct, which was the first of a trilogy for three-year-old fillies. In this one, Ground Control, Marshua, and Up Oars finished necks apart, and What a Treat, the odds-on favorite,

'BOTANY' 500® TAPERED-TRIM DESIGN

...in the Natural Gentleman suit

New Tapered-Trim Design slims your figure with the leanest of the lean in looks. Soft tailoring, natural shoulders, plain front trousers, traditional custom-selected lightweight fabrics including DAROLITE (Dacron® polyester Worsted blend), DAROGLO (Dacron Mohair blend), DARO-POPLON (Dacron Worsted Poplin blend)—all show the Personal Touch of the Daroffs, their passion for perfection in fashion, tailoring and comfort. $59.95 and up.

Sanitized® for Hygienic Freshness.

'BOTANY' 500® *Tailored by DAROFF of Philadelphia*
(The Cradle of Freedom in Men's Wear)

For free booklet, "Secrets of Tapered-Trim" and name of nearby clothier write: H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., 2300 Walnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa. (A subsidiary of Botany Industries.) Prices slightly higher in West.
Dress by Kimberly/Handbag by Tano/Woman's shoes by Fiorentina

The "Champagne Touch"

Enjoy the elegance that makes ocean travel the height of luxury aboard America's newest cruise liners ss ARGENTINA and ss BRASIL.

Every moment aboard is graced by our "Champagne Touch"...gracious service, beautiful staterooms, superb cuisine.

CARIBBEAN CRUISES

from BOSTON

Sept. 21	7-days	$250 up

from NEW YORK

Oct. 6	7-days	$250 up
Oct. 14	9-days	$325 up
Oct. 23	5-days	$180 up
Oct. 29	12-days	$430 up
Nov. 10	7-days	$250 up
Nov. 18	13-days	$470 up

Calling variously at: San Juan, St. Thomas, Bermuda, Martinique, Trinidad, Curaçao, Guadeloupe, Barbados.

SOUTH AMERICA CRUISES
31 days from New York
June 25, August 13, Sept. 3, October 8, November 19, $930 up

35-day Christmas-New Year Cruise
from New York—Dec. 22, $1010 up
(from Pt. Everglades—Dec. 24)

Calling at St. Thomas, Rio de Janeiro, Santos (São Paulo), Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Barbados, San Juan.

35-day SCANDINAVIA • BALTIC & NORTHERN EUROPE CRUISES
from NEW YORK
July 8, July 29, $1350 up

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT NOW!
Call or write for colorful brochures

MOORE-McCORMACK LINES
Two Broadway, Dept. N-5, N.Y., N.Y. 10004

was fourth. Curiously, though Ground Control had won twice and had been second twice in her last four starts, she paid $79 in the mutuels. Incidentally, Ycaza, who rode Up Oars, claimed a foul against Ground Control, but the stewards didn't agree with him. The only other race at Aqueduct last week worth recording was the Fashion Stakes, for two-year-old fillies. Sundestine won it by a nose from Inyala, and Ameri Belle was third. I thought perhaps we would see the Meadow Stable's Clementine, a sister of Cicada, in the race, and also First Feather, a daughter of Quill, for whom Paul Mellon paid $90,000 at Saratoga last August, but their training is not being hurried.

ONE afternoon last week, I saw the plans for the new Belmont Park, which, when it opens in 1968, is going to be the last word in race tracks. It will also be the largest in the country, and will cost at least thirty million dollars. The three-tiered grandstand will be one thousand two hundred and sixty feet long—two hundred and ten feet longer than Aqueduct's—with a seating capacity of about twenty-five thousand, and the first row of seats on the lowest level will be only eighty-five feet from the racecourse. Horseplayers will love that. It will have nineteen escalators and ten elevators, and six additional escalators will service the entrances from the Long Island Rail Road and the bus terminal. (First thing you know, somebody will be calling it Big B, and Aqueduct Little A.) What pleased me most, as I looked over the color sketches, was that Arthur Froehlich, its architect, who also designed Aqueduct, Roosevelt Raceway, and so many other racing plants that I've lost count, has retained much of the charm of the old Belmont. I liked especially the drawings of the paddock, which is modelled on the new one at Longchamp. Taking one thing with another, the new Belmont seems worth waiting for. —AUDAX MINOR

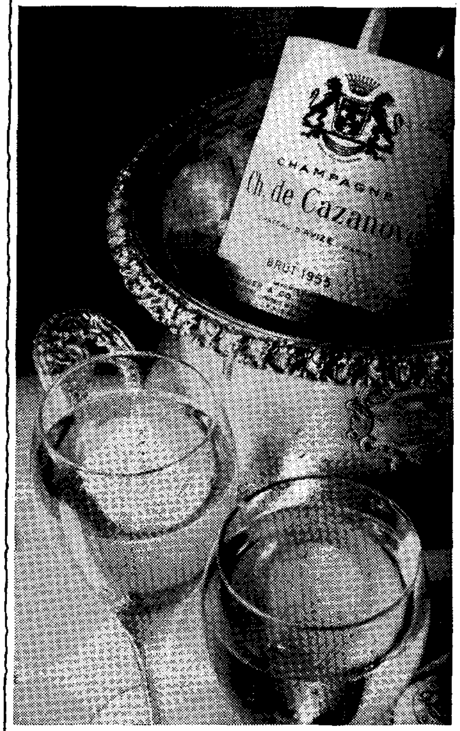
•

PHILADELPHIA, May 2 (UPI)—The nuns who make up the faculty of Cabrini College in Radnor, Pa., said Sunday that Sophia Loren would be "the worst possible choice" as the actress to portray Mother Cabrini in a film.

"We feel strongly Miss Loren is the worst possible choice to portray a holy woman," Mother Ursula wrote. "Miss Loren may be a very good actress, but she's not the type; doesn't have the physique. Mother Cabrini was a small, slender woman. Miss Loren is bulky."
—*The Times.*

Why, Mother Ursula!

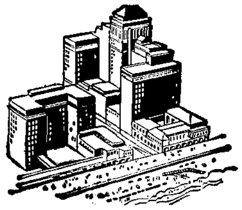
CHAMPAGNE CH. de CAZANOVE
FOR THE MOST EXQUISITE TASTE...
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1811



IMPORTED BY
PARK, BENZIGER & CO. INC.
NEW YORK

TITLE SONG

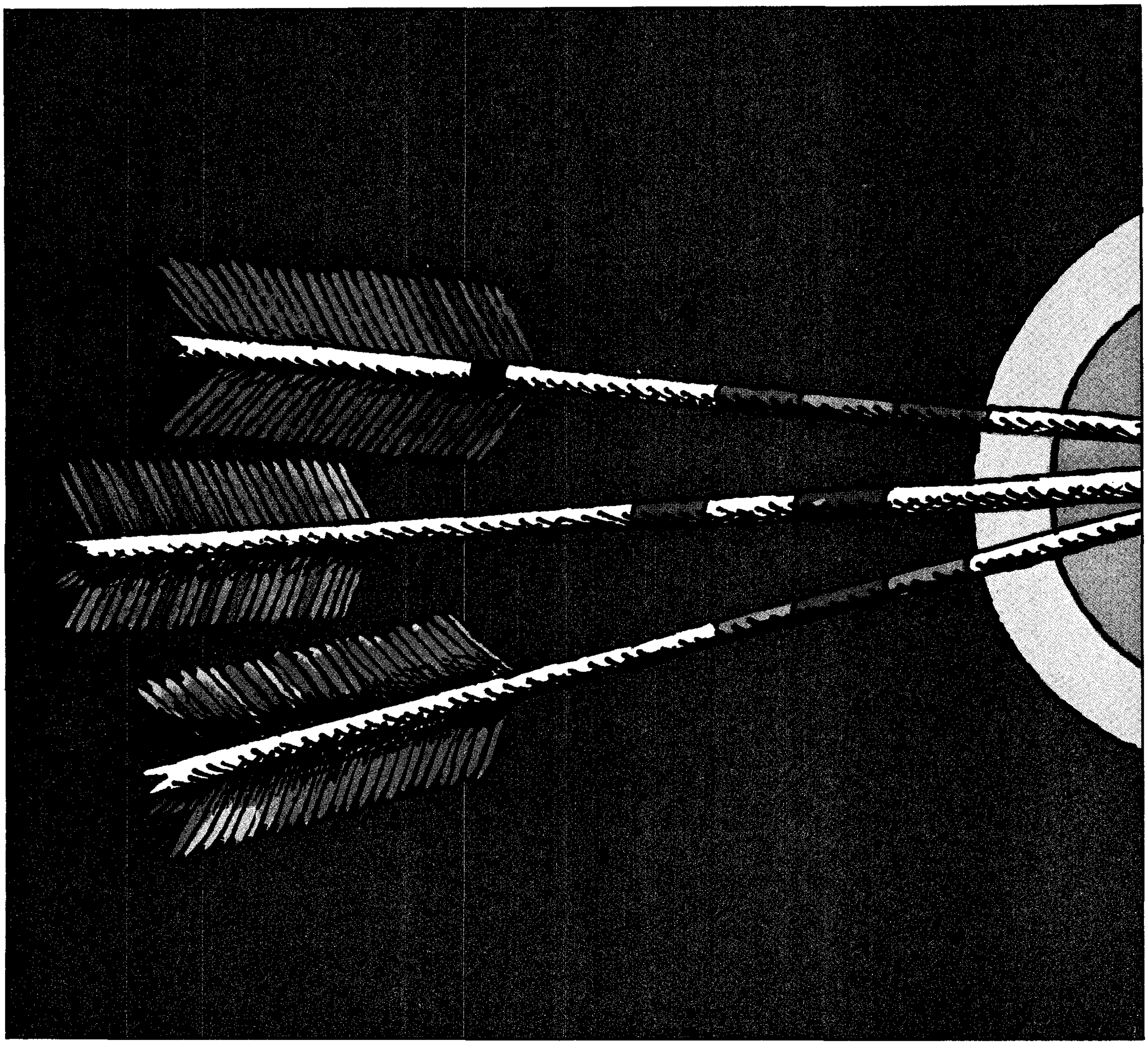
With so much to see and do, no one has ever been on a bored walk in Atlantic City.



CHALFONTE — HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Leeds & Lippincott Co.—Progressive Innkeepers for 75 years
Call Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York/Chicago/Washington/Boston/Toronto

After the Moving Pichures
Continuous supper performance until 1 a.m. starring Fatatateeta's Toast, The Foot Long Hot Dog, and the Frozen Hot chocolate. Stupendous!
serendipity 3
225 E. 60TH ST. TE 8-3531

AIM



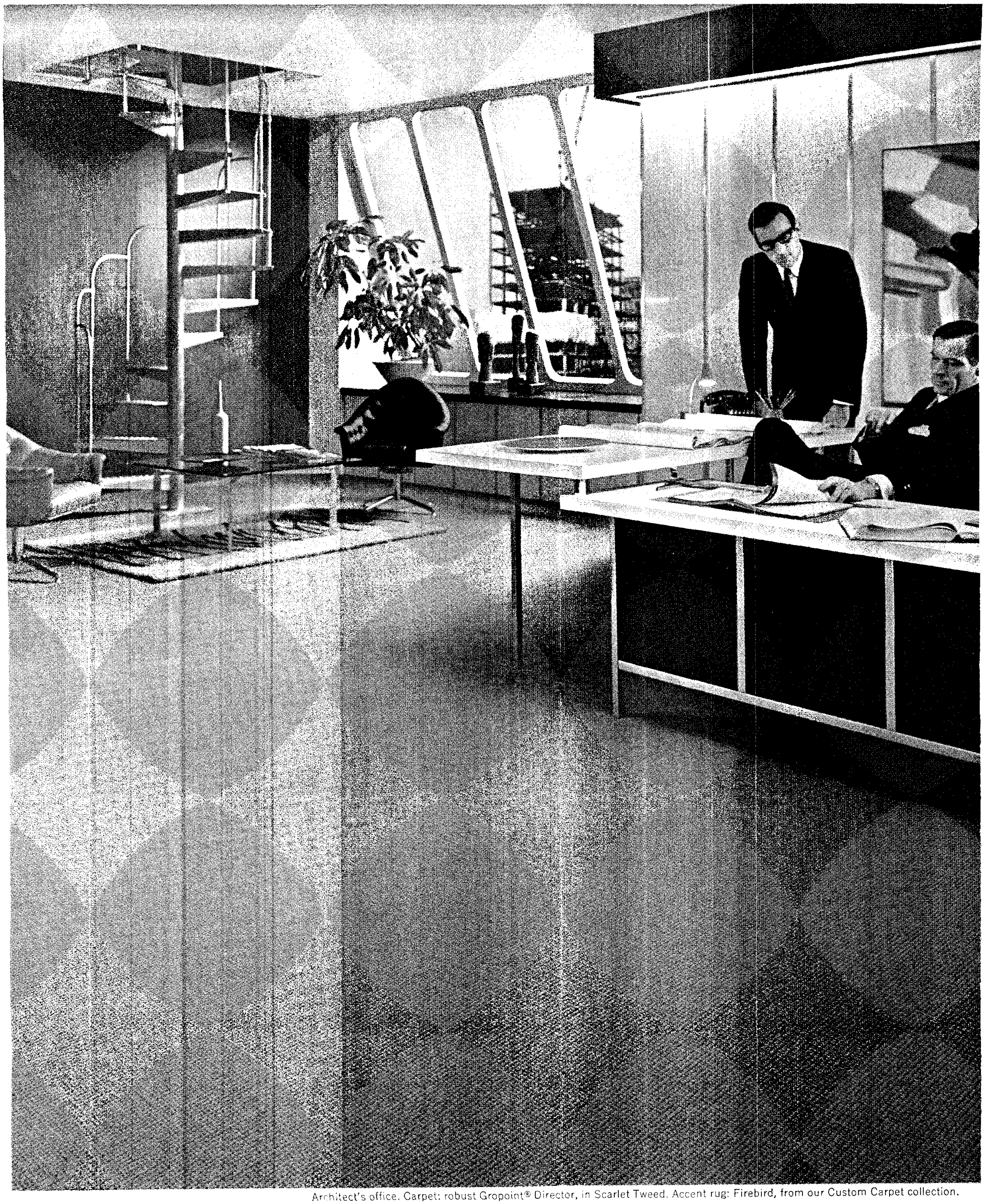
At GT&E, research, manufacturing and operations are all aimed at serving the public interest. Research develops new ideas. Manufacturing translates them into products. Operating companies put them to work for the community. This teamwork brings the public new and better services in the quickest, most economical way. And such service, we are convinced, is the soundest basis for growth.

GT&E

Sharing greatly in America's growth

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

730 THIRD AVE., N.Y. 10017 • GT&E SUBSIDIARIES: General Telephone Operating Cos. in 33 states • GT&E Laboratories • GT&E International • General Telephone Directory Co. • Automatic Electric • Lenkurt Electric • Sylvania Electric



Architect's office. Carpet: robust Gropoint® Director, in Scarlet Tweed. Accent rug: Firebird, from our Custom Carpet collection.

A title on the door rates a Bigelow on the floor

For every place of business, every public building, every home, Bigelow has or can readily create the perfect carpet. We've done it since 1825.

LETTER FROM LONDON

May 13

ALL that the bewildered public can make of the row and the angry recriminations from his own party that are now raging over Mr. George Brown, the ebullient Minister for Economic Affairs, and his extraordinary performance in last week's important steel debate in the House of Commons is that, in consequence, the nationalization of the industry looks further away and another general election may have drawn nearer. Though the Conservatives would like to be sure who is going to lead them before they fight again, they are filled with good cheer at the way they think things are going for them. Certainly Thursday's hectic Parliamentary occasion reflected little credit, in anybody's view, on either the Minister or the Government, and, in its frequent passages of rowdy back-bench din, not much on the House itself. The uproar drew several icily exasperated rebukes from the Speaker, including one that sounded like a warning that the sitting might be suspended if the tumult was not, and for the members of the electorate thoughtfully gazing down on the scene from the public gallery, the proceedings probably pointed up the undignified drawbacks of trying to run the business of governing like a football game, with heads counted at the turnstiles as the supporters pour in to root noisily for their home sides. Mr. Wilson's team remained vertical after it was all over by a majority of four, the halt, the sick, and the globe-trotting absentee Labour M.P.s having loyally struggled along or jet-propelled themselves home to record their highly necessary votes. The press had put it about that the Prime Minister might have a very narrow squeak, or even, just conceivably, be toppled in this debate on the recently published White Paper setting out the Government's intention of taking the major part of the protesting steel industry back into the state's embrace, in spite of the antagonism of both the Opposition parties and the disapproval of millions of middle-of-the road voters who think they can recognize a bit of old-fashioned Socialist dogma when they see it. It was known that two, or perhaps three, Labour M.P.s doubtful of the wisdom of nationalizing steel at this juncture (a doubt shared, it may be guessed, by very many of Labour's rank and file when they read the other day of the unexpectedly lavish terms of compensation the Government will fork out to the steel companies, and thought of the long list of promised social reforms that have been shelved willy-nilly in the present economic squeeze) would probably abstain from voting in the debate to show their disagreement.

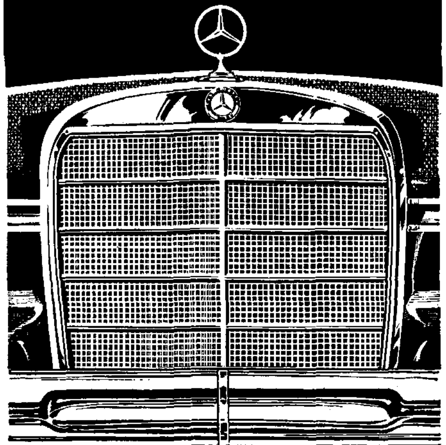
Attracted by the proffered drama, the public made a scramble for every inch of accommodation in the House that was said to be as great as those for the Suez and Profumo debates. What everybody got—at least, in the excited closing stages, around ten o'clock on Thursday night, when the vote was taken—seemed more like farce. Mr. Wilson, it turned out, won his victory by two more votes than had been calculated in well-informed forecasts, but the way this figure was reached has come in for much criticism. The votes of the two right-wing back-bench rebels, Mr. Woodrow Wyatt and Mr. Desmond Donnelly, were, after all, obtained in quite literally the last moments before the division hour. The third waverer, Mr. George Strauss, had earlier made a good, thoughtful speech suggesting that the Government should take more time for thought on what it was doing (at this, one or two heads were seen to nod agreement on the benches around him), though he added that he intended to vote along with it. George Brown, the final speaker for the Government, turning toward the bench where the rebellious pair sat together like unhappy-looking brothers united in adversity, suddenly roared out, at top speed to beat the clock, his lofty, ambiguous offer to "listen to" any suggestions that the steel owners might like to bring forward for a watering down of the White Paper's plans for a hundred-per-cent takeover of their companies. This vague formula appeared to satisfy Mr. Wyatt and Mr. Donnelly, as it obviously astonished the House and the journalists, goggle-eyed up in their gallery, and, doubtless, the steel men themselves. It was also, as speedily became known, a disconcerting shock to Mr. Fred Lee, the cheerful Minister of

Buy your beautiful Mercedes-Benz in Europe

& travel "first class" all the way–abroad and at home.

Save plenty of money, too.

Free exciting new booklet.



EUROPEAN VACATION

Please send me without cost or obligation copy of new, exciting full-color guide, "European Vacation."

Name..........

Address..........

City..........

State..........Zip Code..........

Mail this coupon to: Mr. Hans von Brockhusen, Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc., 158 Linwood Plaza, Fort Lee, N. J.

MERCEDES-BENZ

Fortrel, the fiber that makes poplin little or no iron

Skim through a long, hot summer in this lithe, young fashion. Fortrel makes it vervy and vivacious. Keeps it wrinkle-free, too. It's by Kay Windsor in Blends, Inc. poplin of Fortrel polyester and Avril rayon. Royal, red, black. 10-18. About $15. At Macys New York; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

Power, whose task had been to battle along through dissenting uproar from the Opposition and outline the Government's proposals for full, unwatered national ownership of the fourteen specified steel firms. It was a ludicrously unexpected ending to a major debate.

The newspapers have given varying interpretations of Mr. Brown's last-minute horse-trading, none complimentary. The most widely credited version, it seems, is that his pledge to reconsider the terms of the White Paper—made off his own highly individual and often wildly hitting bat—was designed to give Mr. Wyatt and Mr. Donnelly their chance to vote with (and stay in) the Party, but that the chance of any fresh compromise on steel is unlikely. If so, this piece of double-speak from the front bench may seem neither edifying nor trustworthy to ordinary citizens, who remember such things, not to mention to the pair of rebels, who could use their votes very differently when the steel bill itself comes before Parliament. In that case, the Government could fall and a general election would follow. There are those who think that the bill will have a long, hard struggle to get through, and may even fail to do so at all. They feel that Mr. Wilson would not be sorry to drop the awkward package quietly (several of his Cabinet are on record as being averse to it) if it had not become an almost sacred issue—one of the old tablets brought down from a Socialist Mount Sinai to large numbers of the faithfully watching workers in the constituencies. The fact that the Government would have got home safely last Thursday on its meagre but adequate two votes, without going to such lengths to increase its majority to four, has added to the confusion for many of the rank and file, to whom anything less than whole-hog public ownership would seem like backsliding. The Government has already been obliged to issue a statement saying that, in spite of Mr. Brown's improvisation, that is precisely what it is going out for.

Mr. Wilson is expected to sweep the pieces under the carpet as quickly as possible. There have been revivals of recent rumors that the Prime Minister has not been seeing eye to eye with his larger-than-life, sometimes unpredictable First Secretary, for whose bounding energy, occasional resounding clangers, and unaffected enjoyment of finding himself on the commanding heights of power the public of all shades of political opinion has an affectionate soft spot. Even before the rumpus over steel, which may not do

NEW NAME IN DISTINGUISHED CHRISTMAS CARDS

Each exclusive Christmas Card from Douglas bears a unique design whether traditional or ultra-modern. Each card may be completely personalized with individual sentiment and choice of type face.

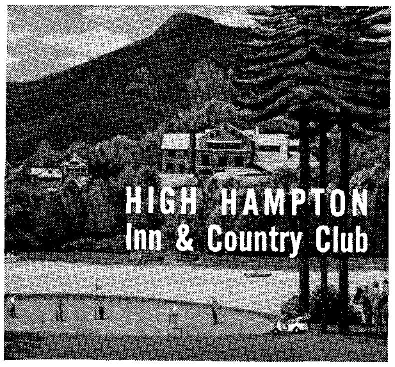
Douglas Cards are not available in stores, sold only by accredited representatives. Summer discount now in effect.

- Representatives desired in some choice territories. Write for details.

Douglas GREETINGS LIMITED
Subsidiary of Barton-Cotton

2604-B Sisson Street, Baltimore, Md. 21211

DINE IN LEISURE AT THE
Casino ON THE Park
LUNCHEON • PRE-THEATRE DINNER
DINNER • SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
STEVEN WELTNER AT THE PIANO
Home of the Bombay Bicycle Club
ESSEX HOUSE
VINCENT J. COYLE, V. P. AND MNG. DIR.
TEL. CIRCLE 7-0300
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH



Beautiful mtn. scenery surrounds this distinguished resort. Private 18-hole, par 71 golf course (bent grass greens). Activities for the family. Boating, tennis, riding, swimming, fishing. Open mid-May to mid-Oct. Write for brochure: High Hampton, Cashiers, N.C., Dept. N.

the Government much good in the country, Conservatives were cheerfully hopeful that the political climate was changing in their favor. It is certainly noticeable that there is more and harsher criticism in what is being written by those serious political journalists who up to now have seemed rather well disposed toward the Government and admiring of—even reluctantly fascinated by—the Prime Minister's expert management of his team.

The business world is embittered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's giving no ground on, or flexible second thoughts to, some of his most criticized budget proposals, now set out in the finance bill. On Monday night, the Liberals again voted with the Conservatives to give the bill a close shave of three votes only—an even tighter scrape than steel. What ordinary people who care nothing about corporation taxes or nationalization plans do understand and feel bitter about is their dwindling chances of buying their own houses, which has become more difficult, instead of easier, as they had hoped, since Labour came into power and was forced by circumstances to apply classic Conservative methods of restricting money. The anguish caused by the present drought of mortgages offered by the building societies since the sharp rise in the bank rate was probably the largest grievance behind the latest public-opinion soundings, which were published on the day of the steel debate and showed the Conservatives nosing ahead in public favor at last.

THE president of the Royal Academy, Sir Charles Wheeler, announced to this year's customary all-male Burlington House banquet on the eve of the summer exhibition—an event that visiting country cousins tick off in their diaries as a double with the equally vast Chelsea flower show—that he and his council were about to send around the world a priceless art possession, which some of his hearers, and probably most Londoners, may not have known was on the premises. This is the glorious Virgin and Child of Michelangelo, a sculpture that he executed as a young man for the Florentine family of Taddeo Taddei and that Sir George Beaumont, a friend of Constable's, bought in 1823 and gave to the Royal Academy. It is even more precious than the Academy's other treasure, the wonderful, tender Leonardo da Vinci cartoon of the Virgin and Child with St. Anne and the little St. John. Being a proudly independent body that has been financing

Loaded with Fun

recording fun...listening fun...your kind of fun with a candid tape recorder by Norelco—the new Carry-Corder® '150'

With its tiny fool-proof cartridges that load in a second and play for an hour... with its unbelievably simple one-button control... with its wonderful sound and cordless convenience... with its handy size and light weight... with all the accessories you'll ever need... what in the world could add more to your fun—at home or away, than this really fun-to-use, professional quality candid recorder.

The Carry-Corder '150' is 100% transistorized, uses ordinary flashlight batteries and weighs only three pounds. It comes with a fitted carrying case, a broadcast-quality microphone, a remote start/stop control, a direct-recording patchcord and a supply of extra cartridges—all at a very modest price.

See it, hear it, try it... at your local camera, hi-fi, music or appliance store. Or write for brochure CF-5: North American Philips Company, Inc., High Fidelity Products Department, 100 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017.

Norelco®

OTHER PRODUCTS: ELECTRIC SHAVERS, HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES, RADIOS, HEARING AIDS, ELECTRONIC EDUCATIONAL KITS AND DICTATING EQUIPMENT.

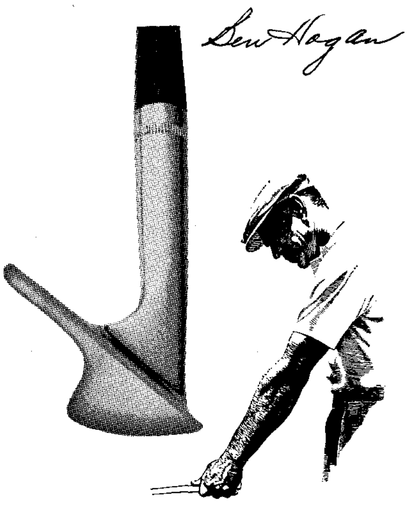
You can hit the green easily, now.

Why?

I've put a specially broad, rocker sole on my new *Sure-On*™ *Wedge*, to lift the ball out of the toughest lies. And, you can stop the ball on the green and *save* strokes.

Hit a few approach shots with the new *Sure-On* Wedge next time you're at your Pro Shop. You'll never play without it.

Ben Hogan



AMF

BEN HOGAN SALES COMPANY
Subsidiary of AMERICAN MACHINE & FOUNDRY COMPANY
2912 W. Pafford Street, Fort Worth, Texas

its famous free-tuition art schools out of its own pocket since 1768, as well as staging large, rich exhibitions of loaned international paintings every winter, the Academy was forced to sell the Leonardo a few years ago in order to do a bit of relining. As you may remember, the nation anted up for it, and it is now in the National Gallery. The Michelangelo has been at home for the last hundred and thirty-odd years to visitors (latterly on request) in one of the private upper rooms of Burlington House, though the Academy drew attention to it with such British reticence—a discreet notice in the foyer, mostly overlooked by the public busy parking umbrellas—that the weekly average of intrepid explorers who asked to be conducted to it was six. Until the other day (Sir Charles said regretfully in his speech that from now on it will not be shown for some time), it was on view, as this correspondent discovered, in a handsome room with a painted Italian ceiling and port-wine-colored damask walls, where the Academicians entertain distinguished guests. It is a ravishingly beautiful circular marble plaque of a Virgin (whose gentleness somewhat recalls the Leonardo) cradling the infant Christ, toward whom a much rougher figure of the child St. John—almost blurred, as though hidden behind veils of the future—is implacably holding out a goldfinch, the symbol of death. Because of the lack of public interest in this masterpiece, the Academy decided to send its treasure travelling in search of more appreciative audiences. The Soviet Union, the first state to be invited to receive it, has accepted with enthusiasm, so it will go to Moscow, insured for three million pounds, a token approximation of pricelessness.

The news that the Michelangelo was going out of the country brought some sharp complaints from critics, who said that the Academy might have put the sculpture on view in one of its galleries all these years instead of hiding it away upstairs like an invalid and then bewailing that nobody came to see it. Unperturbed, Mr. Humphrey Brooke, the Academy's energetic secretary, says that it will probably go to Holland and the United States after Moscow, and that when it comes home it will be put on show with an entrance fee charged—one way, in his opinion, of convincing the public that it is about to see something worth queuing up for.

THE left wing of the Labour Party, which has long been vocally critical of the Government for backing

Shhh. This is a quiet vacation.
The informal life.
Charming cottages on beach or hillside.
The sporting life.
(We provide sloops, sailfish, pool and tennis court).
White secluded beaches. (So private you can almost forget your bikini).
People.
(Nice people. Fun people. Single or married. Want to be or just were).
A central hotel.
(Just a short stroll or surrey ride from your cottage). Superb service. Great food. Music. Dancing.
A nightly change of pace from the lazy golden days.

Do you love all this? We're for you. Grapetree Bay. (What a beautiful name). Warning: the entire area is so *magnificent you might go home a* property owner. Many do.

Want a color brochure?

Get in touch.

G B
Grapetree Bay

John A. Burgess, General Manager
Grapetree Bay
Christiansted
St. Croix, Virgin Islands, U.S.A.

Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.
Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.
For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
Banquet Facilities

IMPERIAL
935 Lexington Ave.
at 69th St. LE 5-4070

GOURMET
157 W. 49th St.
nr. 7th Ave. JU 2-8182

EAST
75 E. 55th St.
at Park Ave. PL 3-4930

WEST
143 W. 49th St.
Hotel Plymouth PL 7-1170

Indian 'TENT' Dress
you'll want a closet full!
Imported!—Fine Cotton
Lilac
Sea Blue
Shocking Pink
Lime
Turquoise
Sapphire Blue
Jet Black
Natural
Chinese Gold
Avocado
Mandarin Red
$12.95 S-M-L
Send for Catalog
Penthouse Gallery
485 Madison Ave. at 52nd St., N.Y.C.

American policy in the war in Vietnam, has now registered its dislike of and worry over the situation in the Dominican Republic. It should be said, however, that such concern is by no means confined here to left-wing circles. The Foreign Secretary, Mr. Michael Stewart, came under brisk fire yesterday from both sides of the House when he was speaking about the United States' having sent forces "necessary for the protection of its own nationals" to Santo Domingo. A hundred and seventy trades unions have planked down on the doorstep in Downing Street resolutions of anxiety over the bombing in North Vietnam. Anxiety is, indeed, in the background of many people's thoughts during these days of suddenly glorious May weather, as they sit reading their papers and the worrying headlines in the parks beneath the great pale-green undefoliated trees of early summer.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

SPRING SONG

For a toad enjoys a finer prospect than another creature to compensate his lack . . . For there are stones, whose constituent particles are toads. —*Christopher Smart.*

B'york! but it's lovely under the leaf—
cool, green, slimy, sleeping,
quietly breathing at all my pores—
a jade toad in a rainy garden.

Down here, ceiling zero,
pulse steady, breathing slow,
heart smiling under his harness,
brain grinning behind the bone,

down here, in the dead of winter,
nothing happens, honey of time
slowly, sweetly melts and oozes
in the vein.

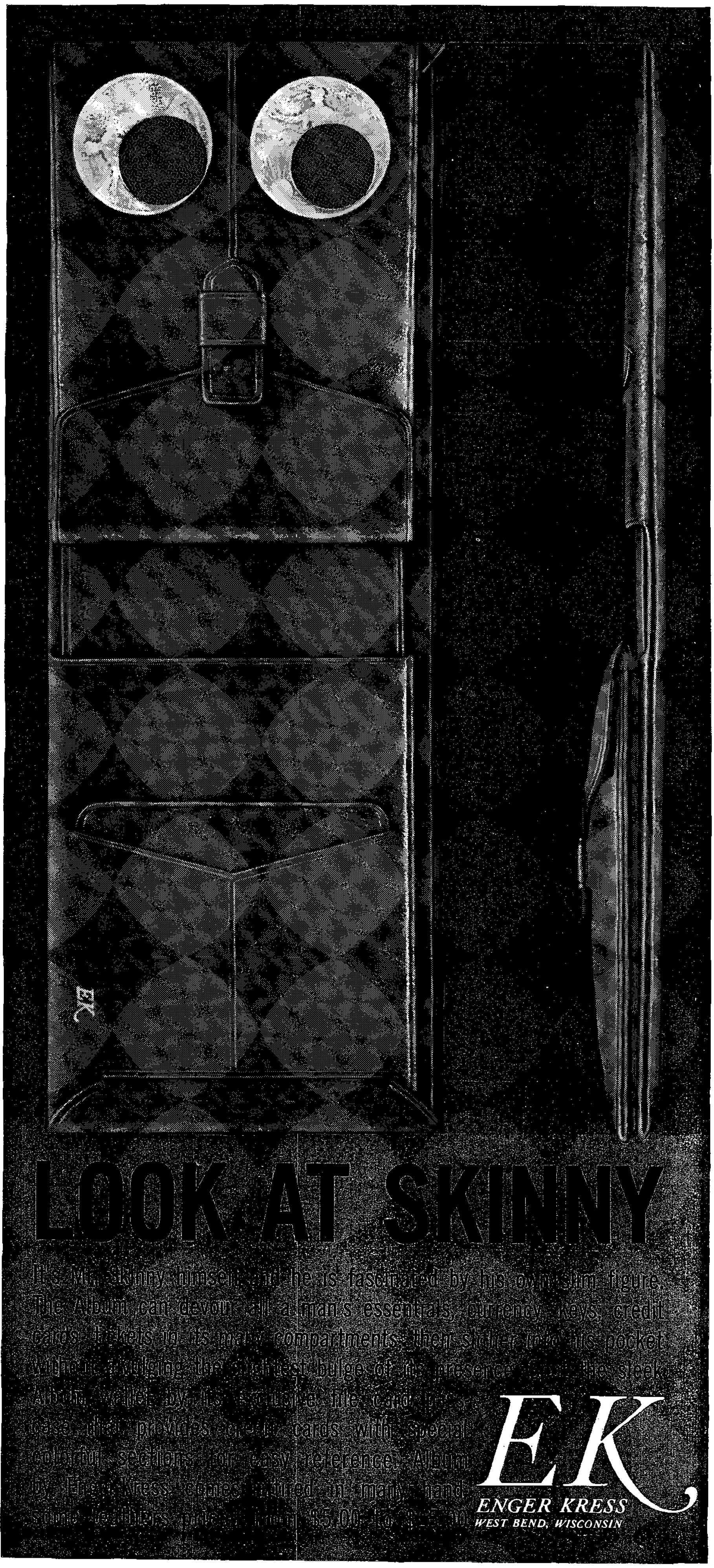
Tall in the saddle, hulking stranger,
looking for trouble, blind with anger,
you who think to stand between
the sun and me: think again.

Ten feet up, you cannot see
further than your bleeding fist;
blows leap out from every tree,
the night is your antagonist.

Sad Goliath, gloomy champion,
lost in an unfriendly wood,
riding high, riding handsome,
ten feet up from where my gleaming
stones can do you any good,

far away your love is sleeping,
far away your king is dead,
your eye is almost shut with weeping,
your foot is bruised against my head.

—DONALD FINKEL



LOOK AT SKINNY

It's Mr. Skinny himself and he is fascinated by his own slim figure. The Album can devour all a man's essentials, currency, keys, credit cards, tickets in its many compartments, then slither into his pocket without divulging the slightest bulge of its presence. [illegible] the sleek Album wallet by its exclusive file card [illegible] case that provides credit cards with special colorful sections for easy reference. Album by Enger Kress comes [illegible] in many handsome leathers priced from $5.00 to $[illegible]

EK
ENGER KRESS
WEST BEND, WISCONSIN

IMPERIAL
HOSPITALITY
a Tokyo tradition
enjoyed by
distinguished
travelers
for 75 years

The time: before the turn of the century, during the twenty-third year of the reign of the Emperor Meiji. The occasion: the Imperial is established as the first hotel in Japan to cater to the Emperor's distinguished overseas guests.

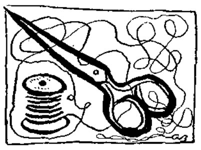
Today, the Imperial continues to offer international travelers every luxury and convenience of modern hotel comfort—plus *a 75-year tradition of hospitality unique among Tokyo hotels.*

Small wonder you recognize the Imperial touch as you dine, relax, and shop amidst the hotel's elegant facilities. For the passing years have refined Imperial hospitality to a gracious art . . . an art which will make your stay in Japan truly Imperial.

IMPERIAL
HOTEL, TOKYO
T. Inumaru, President and General Manager

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT



THOSE Greeks are still bearing gifts, especially to the Altman diversification known as Studio Three, and even in this day of mechanization they are made of hand-woven cotton into which this and the other pattern have been woven. The Greeks go in for peasants, and the peasants go in for dresses, and here they are—semifitted sheaths (as you can see, there has been a *certain* amount of adaptation) of off-white cotton with short sleeves and square necks, both of which are encircled by rows of blue and green designs that do look like parking meters (this is *real* adaptation). These are just $40, but an expenditure here of up to $130 is not at all impossible. More Byzantine by far is the golden embellishment on the white cotton that makes up into long, stately tubes with shallow round necks and, in back, slits at the hem, for anyone who wants a life more active than the career of being a Greek goddess. Embroidery—ropes of white beads in sailors' knots—is the embellishment of brief, bare-shouldered sheaths of red cotton, and jingle-jangle is produced by the jet pendants amidst the embroidery. For around-the-house moments, there are two-piece pajamas (big cutouts bare the knees) in practically Joseph's-coat cotton, with vertical stripes on the bell-bottomed trousers, and bias stripes on the wrap-around tops.

THE reluctant arrival of summer finds Bonwit Teller's Country Place ready and waiting, notably for followers of idea men like Courrèges and Gernreich. What Mr. G. has done is both way out and way up—the skirts of his little-boy suits end well above the knees—even if the fabrics he employs are demure; in the case of these suits, the stuff is willow-green batiste covered with small white daisies for the skirt and jacket, and white batiste for the shell overbodice. Above the knees, too, are the shirt dresses (or nightshirts, for that matter) of pale-pink batiste on which roses, daisies, and dogwood mingle. There *are* longer things, though—dresses with low square necks and short puffed sleeves (these are a very floral yellow batiste) and dresses that are strapless and sleeveless (a very flowery white batiste). Contrasting rope sashes are part of these deals. Cotton that is all roses, daisies, and leafage accounts for some Jean Varon frocks (their name is Spode) with great big décolletages both front and back and three tiers of ruffles at the hems. This last ornamentation, though, is apt to elicit ruffled grousing out of some of us. The range of prices is, by the way, as large as those décolletages.

IT'S the French and Italians who are bearing gifts, from their respective Rivieras, to the sports department on the third floor of Bloomingdale's, and terry cloth does most of the beach clothes—rampageously colored terry cloth, too. There are button-down-the-back shifts with round, collarless necks, and jump suits whose extremely full trousers reach the ankles, and so forth. They are matched in hue by deep turbans of Turkish towelling. The beach towels, pea green and raspberry combined, are actually six feet square, and some of the bathing suits actually have long sleeves, for fragile skins. Strawberry-and-turquoise stretch matte jersey in a flowery print makes the suits. Last of all come shift dresses of English lisle, in vivid horizontal stripes or in Paisley patterns. None of this is expensive.

PECK & PECK looks very summery, with all its tailored two-piece suits of natural muslin and things like that. These suits have straight skirts, and their double-breasted jackets make them amenable to travelling. Three-piece ones, of seersucker in a plaid of *café au lait* and coral, involve single-breasted jackets, narrow skirts, and collarless, short-sleeved overbodices with back belts. Two-piece dresses—overblouses with standaway roll collars and long sleeves, skirts that are fairly straight—show up in beige cotton hopsacking with huge Tattersall checks. Two-piece cotton bathing suits and one-piece play dresses combine red and white stripes and checks with eyelet-embroidered beading, and there are trenchcoats that are most un-Garbo in their red-and-white striped cotton. And, as you'd expect of Peck & Peck, there are tennis dresses.

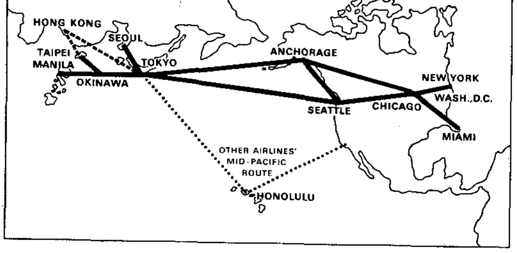
THE lingerie sector at Elizabeth Arden is aflutter with ruches and ruffles, and nobody can complain about ruffles in the home. There is ruching, as bushy as a boa, around the scoop necks of dusters in strawberry silk linen, and ruching that dangles to

The Great Buddha of Kamakura — just hours away on Northwest.

Most flights to the Orient start from the West Coast.

Northwest flights start from New York and Chicago.

(You fly one airline, one plane—straight through.)


Northwest routes to the Orient —shortest, fastest there are!
HONG KONG
SEOUL
TAIPEI
MANILA
TOKYO
OKINAWA
ANCHORAGE
NEW YORK
WASH., D.C.
SEATTLE
CHICAGO
MIAMI
OTHER AIRLINES' MID-PACIFIC ROUTE
HONOLULU

Take the easy way to the Orient. Fly Northwest Orient Airlines.

You step aboard in New York or Chicago—step out in Tokyo. You stay on the same Fan-Jet straight through.

You fly in a straight line, too.

Our Northwest route to the Orient is the shortest there is. We fly you to Seattle or Anchorage—then non-stop to Tokyo. Your trip is up to 2,000 miles shorter—and hours faster—than flying across the mid-Pacific.

Think about it. It makes good sense to fly to the Orient on Northwest.

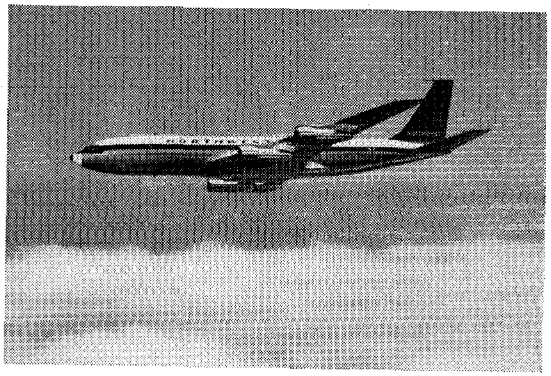
Choose from 12 Fan-Jets weekly to Tokyo from New York, Chicago and Seattle (including the only non-stop flights from Seattle, 9 weekly). Northwest also flies to the Philippines, Okinawa, Korea and Taiwan. Connections to Hong Kong, Thailand—all the Orient.

For reservations, call your travel agent or Northwest Orient Airlines.

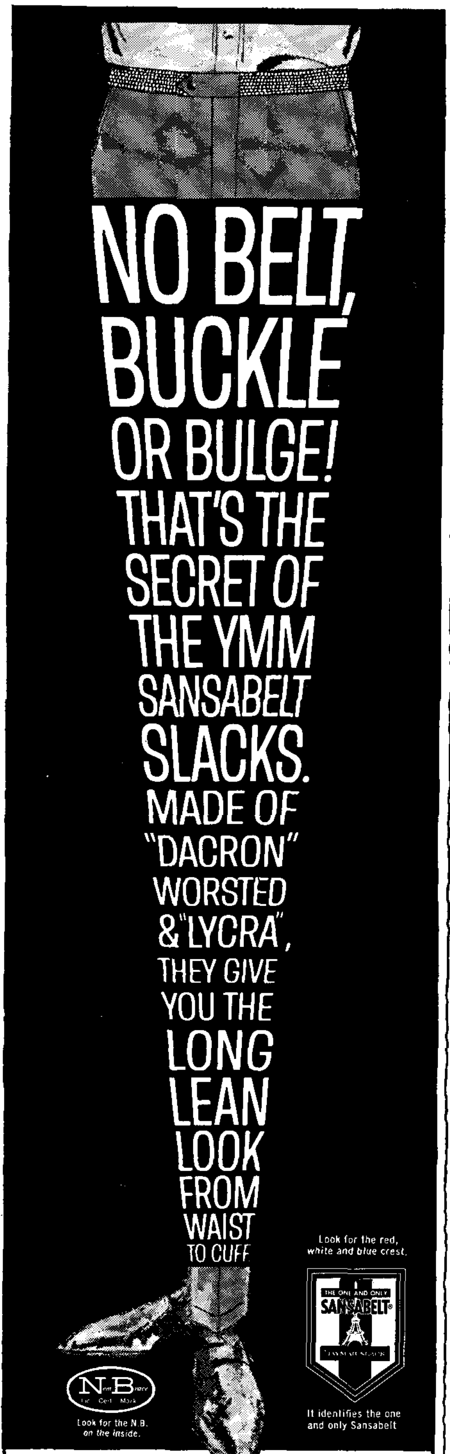
NORTHWEST ORIENT AIRLINES
THE FAN-JET AIRLINE

Drinks "à la cart"—new feature on Imperial Service. Your favorite cocktails and highballs—the best on Northwest. Also, imported wines and liqueurs.

Dinner "à la cart." Broiled lobster... New York strip sirloin... elegant china and silver. It's all part of Northwest's new Imperial Service to the Orient.



Your plane. You fly to the Orient on a Northwest 320 Fan-Jet—world's largest passenger plane. No other jet can fly as far—6,000 miles non-stop.


NO BELT, BUCKLE OR BULGE! THAT'S THE SECRET OF THE YMM SANSABELT SLACKS. MADE OF "DACRON" WORSTED & "LYCRA", THEY GIVE YOU THE LONG LEAN LOOK FROM WAIST TO CUFF
Look for the red, white and blue crest.
THE ONE AND ONLY SANSABELT®
It identifies the one and only Sansabelt
N.B.
Look for the N.B. on the inside.

Yes, there's stretch in the unique inner waistband designed in France...And now there's stretch in the Give & Take* fabric of 53% "Dacron"® polyester/43% Wool/4% "Lycra"** spandex. Discover real comfort in action. Ask for Sansabelt at your favorite store (to $30), or write YMM Sansabelt, Michigan City, Indiana.

YMM® young man's mood SANSABELT®

A JAYMAR® SLACK

A product of Jaymar-Ruby, Inc.

Sansabelt Slacks licensed by Y. LeCottier and A. G. Trentesaux of France under U.S. Pat. No. 2,757,381.

**® DuPont reg. T.M. *T.M. applied for

Sansabelt Slacks are available at: **MILTON'S OF QUINCY**, QUINCY, MASS. • **WAGNER & CO.**, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN • **JOE BRAND, INC.**, LAREDO, TEXAS and other fine stores from coast to coast.

the floor from V-necked peignoirs of the same fabric; there are small ruffles, edged with scallop embroidery, at the throats and along the openings of perky short robes of white acetate on which bachelor's buttons are printed. These last are just tremendous at the price—a mere $15. And I forgot the ruffles that outline the long and short togas of Wedgwood-blue nylon tricot. But ruching and ruffles aren't mandatory. There are ruffleless dusters of white cotton with a linen finish that are embroidered with yellow roses and have long neckties at the round, collarless necks, and—best of all—at-home gowns made up of one-piece sleeveless pajamas whose trousers are as full as skirts (pink crêpe with bouquets of roses) and peignoirs of chiffon with the same print. You can go up to $150 with this stuff.

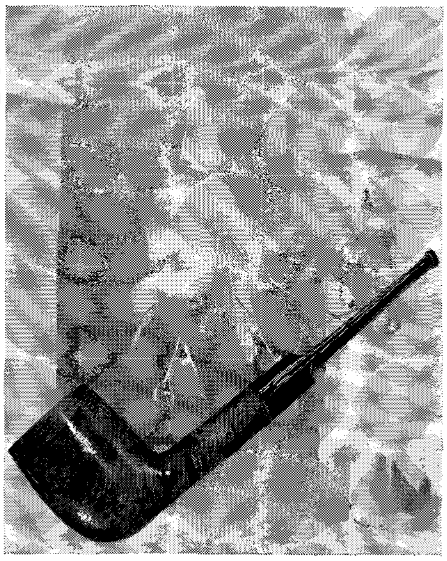
SLING-BACK sandals with closed toes are still around Delman's place of business. Crocus-minded kid (yellow, pink, green, or lilac) is worked into little-girl sandals with bows on the feet, and higher-heeled ones of surah in a rioting floral print (orange, turquoise, pink, purple, and chartreuse) wear double poufs at the bases of the vamps. The sandals of white kid are more sedate—floppy white bows with black pindots on the insteps. British T-strap sandals of black patent leather, beige kid, or white peau de soie, with strapping over the feet and with broad heels, are wonderfully comfortable.

JAX, at 7 West 57th Street, is celebrated as an inlet for advanced young women, but the ones it has in mind at the moment come in sizes 3 to 6X, and many of the clothes designed for this group are whittled-down versions of the things Jax provides for adults—trenchcoats (Baby Bond *has* to be the name) of beige cotton poplin, tucked shirtwaist dresses in pink-and-white or blue-and-white checked gingham with stripings of white eyelet embroidery over the chest, tent dresses (orange dots on white cotton) that come fitted out with cowl collars and long sleeves, and party dresses that are five split tiers of white organdie. Two weeks and from $11.95 to $35 are required. —M. M.

•

Two Hawaii National Guard helicopter pilots counted 29 of the big fish, but said there were many more, possibly as many as 30.—*Honolulu Advertiser.*

The new mathematics again!



Statesman $5.95

Ambassador of Enjoyment Made in England

A good, honest pipe to smoke while calmly contemplating world affairs. Carbonized bowls, comfort-thin mouthpieces. Fitted with an unusual golden filter tube. Handsome new distinctive finish. Wide variety of shapes.

If you are interested in how fine pipes are made, and how they should be smoked, send for the fully-illustrated, 56-page "Comoy's Catalog". Please enclose 50¢ in stamps or coin.

COMOY'S of London
Five Generations of Pipe Makers
Div. Cadogan Investments, Ltd.
221 Park Avenue South
New York, N. Y. 10003

Gin and Vodka's new rival...

GAVILAN TEQUILA!

Meet this spirited new challenger in the
Tequini
(Gavilan Martini)
Margharita
Tequila Collins

Send for free recipes:
Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.
Sole U.S.A Distributors

90 Proof

The key to a wonderful spring holiday is the Dennis in Atlantic City

NEW MOTEL • INDOOR POOL • FINE FOOD

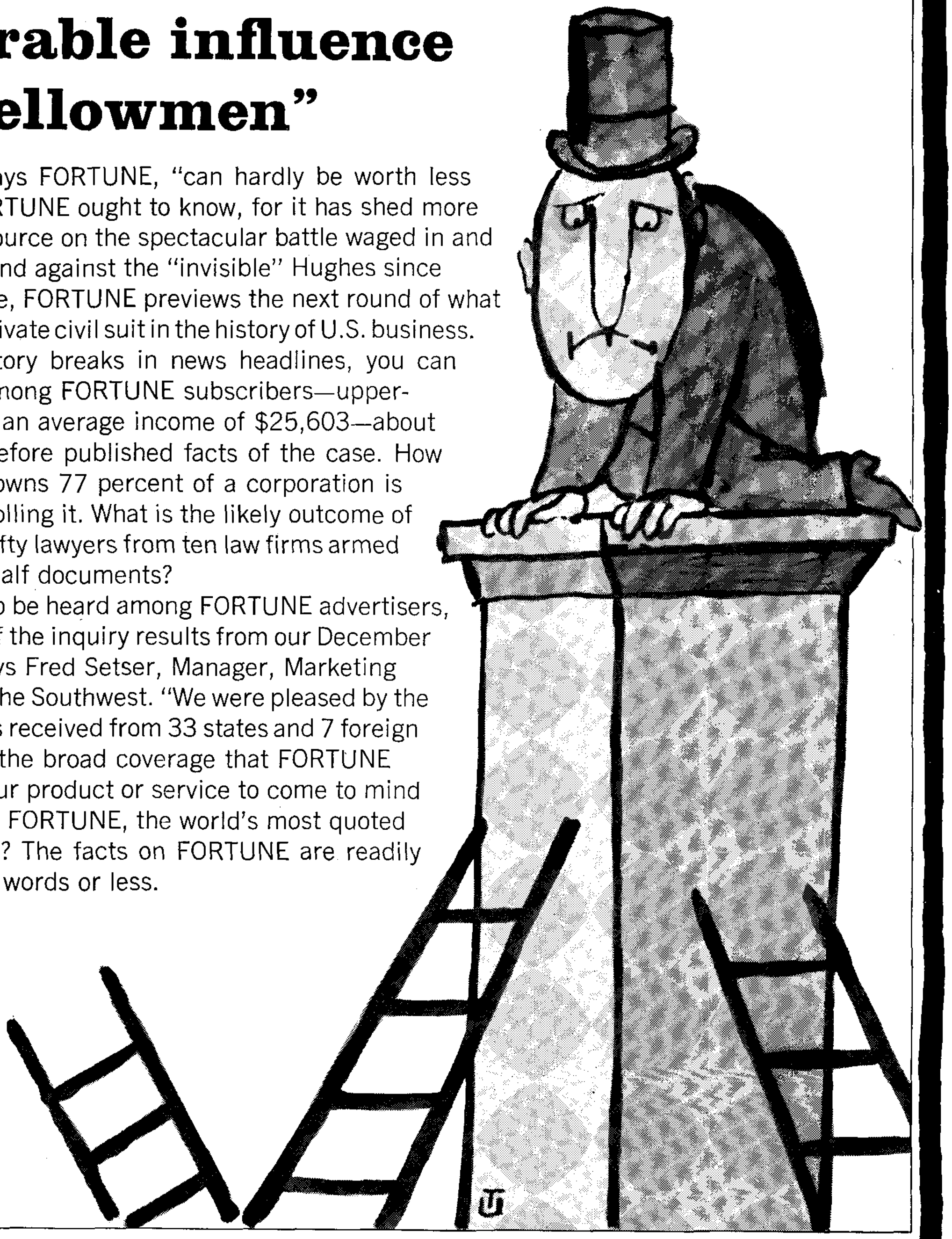
On the Boardwalk at Michigan Ave.

RESERVATIONS:
phone Atlantic City
609-344-8111

New York Tie Line
WAlker 5-3970

HOTEL/MOTEL
Dennis
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

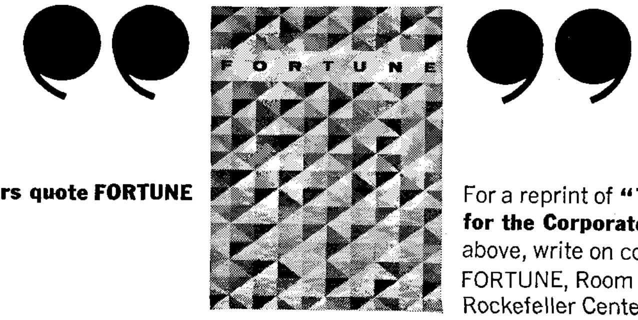
"An individual with a billion dollars is not alone; he has considerable influence on his fellowmen"



"Howard Hughes," says FORTUNE, "can hardly be worth less than one billion." FORTUNE ought to know, for it has shed more light than any other source on the spectacular battle waged in and out of the courts for and against the "invisible" Hughes since 1959. In the May issue, FORTUNE previews the next round of what looms as the largest private civil suit in the history of U.S. business.

Long before the story breaks in news headlines, you can expect to hear talk among FORTUNE subscribers—upper-bracket men all, with an average income of $25,603—about the startling, never before published facts of the case. How and why a man who owns 77 percent of a corporation is prevented from controlling it. What is the likely outcome of the pending clash of fifty lawyers from ten law firms armed with a million and a half documents?

There's lively talk to be heard among FORTUNE advertisers, too. "The evaluation of the inquiry results from our December ad was excellent," says Fred Setser, Manager, Marketing Department, Bank of the Southwest. "We were pleased by the quality of the inquiries received from 33 states and 7 foreign countries illustrating the broad coverage that FORTUNE commands." Want your product or service to come to mind when the talk turns to FORTUNE, the world's most quoted authority on business? The facts on FORTUNE are readily available—in a billion words or less.



Bankers quote FORTUNE

For a reprint of **"T.W.A.: The Struggle for the Corporate Cockpit,"** quoted, above, write on company letterhead to:
FORTUNE, Room 18-44, Time & Life Bldg.,
Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

De Busschere

Belgian Shoes

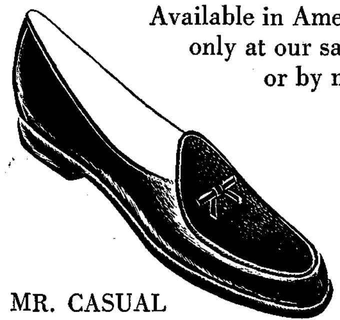
HAND MADE · HAND SEWN

MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President

Soft soled casuals
for men and women.
Known the world over.

Belgium-made barefoot freedom.

Available in America
only at our salons
or by mail.



MR. CASUAL
$25

☐ Black Calf
☐ Brown Calf
☐ Brown Calf, Trim Black
☐ White Buckskin
☐ Patent Leather

MIDINETTE
Calf $22.50
Twenty two
fashion-right colors

☐ Light Blue Trim Navy
☐ Navy Trim Red
☐ Red Trim Black
☐ Green Trim White
☐ Brown Trim Black
☐ Gray Trim White
☐ Yellow Trim Black
☐ Blue Trim White
☐ White Trim Brown
☐ Brown Trim White
☐ All Black
☐ All Navy
☐ All White
☐ All Yellow
☐ Light Blue Trim White
☐ Black Trim White
☐ Gray Trim Black
☐ Brown Trim Burgundy
☐ Burgundy Trim White
☐ Beige-White Trim-Black Soles
☐ Black Trim Red
☐ White Trim Black

My regular shoe size is________
Send_____pairs of Midinette @ $22.50
Send_____pairs of Mr. Casual @ $25
Add 55¢ per pair mailing charge
☐ Check enclosed
☐ Please charge my account
☐ Full color brochures on request.

Name__________
Address__________
City________State______

BELGIAN SHOES
60 EAST 56 ST., NEW YORK 10022
PLAZA 5-7372
IN CALIFORNIA: I. MAGNIN & CO.

THE FACE OF THE ENEMY

He sat cross-legged on the floor in front of me. His black hair was smooth, except for a rumple or two where the hair dressing he had applied in the morning had worn off, his eyes were the familiar almond shape, his nose was small and delicate, and his skin looked white, though it occasionally gave off yellow glints, as if reflecting the sun. On his bare feet he wore leather-thong sandals. Since dinner, we had been having, on and off, an "English lesson"—I'd been trying to help him with some of the "r" and "l" sounds that were confusing to him. Now he was smoking a cigarette and staring into a corner of the living room. I wondered what he was thinking about.

His name was Sato Watanabe. (I'll call him that, because he had remarked, when we were talking about Japanese names, that those were two very common ones.) He was twenty-five years old, though he looked younger, a Buddhist, a graduate of a university in Tokyo, and he was now in the United States for a few months to study English and political science. On a brief vacation from a college in New England, he had come as a guest to our house in the suburbs under a plan sponsored by an international student group. His English was spotty. For several days, when I was not at the office or he was not sightseeing in the city, either my wife or I or my son or daughter, both of whom are in high school, had talked with him as best we could about such things as how Tokyo compared with New York (Tokyo more hectic), what American food he liked best (steak) and least (pizza), what he thought of the high-school basketball game my son took him to (basketball much like Tokyo traffic) or the high-school play he attended with my daughter (good, but not exactly kabuki), what his main ambition was (to go into politics in Japan).

Now his visit was almost over, because he was leaving the next day. At the moment, my children were in another room, watching television. Sato had preferred not to join them, saying that the English of the voices was too hard to follow, but I think our TV programs had little appeal for him. As I sat there in an easy chair looking at him (he was comfortable sitting on the floor, and had told me that as a Buddhist he could sit cross-legged for hours at a time), I suppose it was inevitable

Jimmy Thompson's famous
THAI SILK STOLES.
Neck Scarf: 11"x39", $2.95.
Stole sizes: 20"x80", $7.95;
30"x96", $12.95; 40"x3½yds
(Enough for an evening gown),
$19.95. Predominant colors:
Turquoise, blue, gold, green,
pink or multi-colors. Specify
first and second choice.
Add 75¢ for air mail costs.

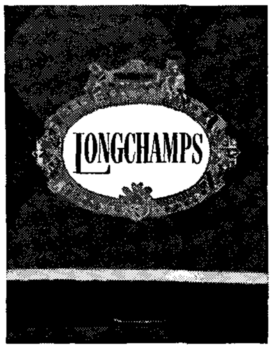
ON DISPLAY AT V.I. GOVT.
TOURIST OFFICE
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
16 WEST 49 ST., NEW YORK

$12.95

Cavanagh's
ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS, U.S.A.
SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED COLOR BROCHURE

EMILY SHAW'S
POUND RIDGE, N. Y. INN
Finest type of American Food and Cocktails
Merritt Parkway, exit 35, north on 137,
or Route 22 to Bedford Village.
John F. Shaw, Pres.
CLOSED MONDAYS • Pound Ridge 4-5779
VISIT OUR WALK IN WINE CELLAR

**Nine of New York's
great restaurants
are named**



that I decided, finally, to ask him about the war, which ended just twenty years ago this coming summer, when he was five years old. I would have liked to ask him what he had been told about who started the war, but I refrained because I felt it wouldn't be exactly polite to cross-examine a guest on such a topic, and anyway I could imagine the sort of thing his parents must have told him. There was something else that especially interested me, however, and I could with propriety ask him about it. I wanted to know where he had been and what he had been doing on that day—memorable to me—when I had flown over Japan at the end of the war. I had not gone on the flight as pilot, gunner, or bombardier, but as an observer—passenger, really. My plane was a Navy TBM-3, from the aircraft carrier on which I was serving. The day was August 30, 1945, the Japanese government had made an agreement to surrender, though there was doubt aboard our ship as to whether the people would actually abide by it, and my plane was part of a joint Army-Navy mission to drop parcels of food to American servicemen being held in Japanese prison camps.

First, I asked Sato where he had spent the war years. He said he had been at home. This was in a rural area near his father's cloth-manufacturing plant, which during the war had made uniforms. Then, apparently feeling he would anticipate my next question, he said, "I did not know *at*omic bomb. Hiroshima and Nagasaki not close." As he had already told me, his home was in a small town, south of Osaka. No, he continued, no bombs of any kind had fallen near his home, and no one in his family had been hurt.

"What is the thing you remember most clearly about the war?" I asked.

"During war, many B-29s." He raised one hand over his head. "We are running to . . . to hole." Pantomiming, he ducked his head and hunched his shoulders protectively.

"Hole?" I said. "You mean air-raid shelter."

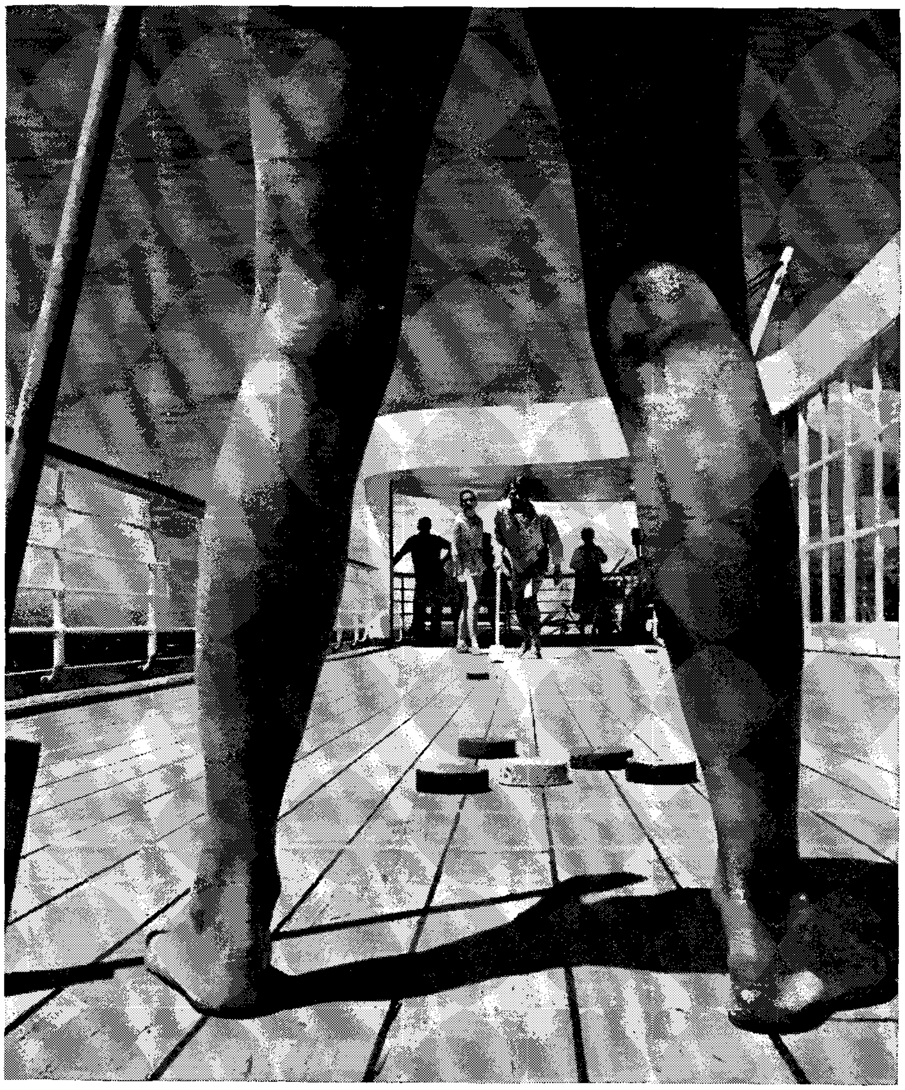
"Huh?" Frowning, he took out a pocket dictionary, turned several pages, studied one a few moments, then looked up at me and nodded. "Air-raid shelter," he said, smiling.

"I flew over the Osaka area at the end of the war," I said. "But the plane was a noncombatant."

"Huh?"

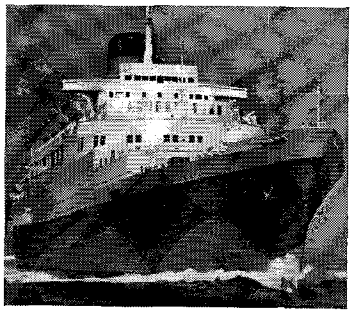
"We didn't drop any bombs—only food for prisoners."

He frowned again, then smiled as



Going to Africa? Take the easy way out. Go on a big, luxurious Union-Castle liner.

Trust the British to know the best way out to South Africa. They go by Union-Castle liner from Southampton. (They've been going it for more than 100 years.) What's good about Union-Castle? Great food. British service. More than usual spaciousness and on this trip it's always sunny and warm. And less than 12 days after you started you're there. In Cape Town. (What does it cost? As little as $47 a day First Class.) Now that you're there, how do you see the best of Africa? On a Union-Castle Seafari. A 39-day combined land and sea trip from Southampton costs you no more than $900 with Tourist Class sea travel or $1683 First Class (or even less by certain sailings). Like to know more? See your travel agent. And ask him about Union-Castle's other route, via the Mediterranean. Or contact Canadian Pacific, 581 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10017, our General Passenger Agents, or any office of Canadian Pacific throughout the United States and Canada.



UNION-CASTLE LINE

urban or
suburban...
swing along
with
Serbin

It's A Smarty! Serbin's Striped, Stitched Shift! Here's the fresh, lively look . . . and you'll love it. Slimming stripes with row-after-row of delicate stitching accenting the collar, fly-front and pockets. Self belt. The fabric? Carefree Whipped Cream . . . 100% Dacron® polyester. Blue, pink, yellow or black stripes on white. Sizes 8 to 18 .... $18

SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON WEST COAST

Serbin, Inc., 1280 S. W. First Street, Miami 35, Florida

though he understood. I wasn't sure he did.

PROMPTLY at 0800 that morning, I was in Ready Room No. 4, where the squadron commander was telling the pilots first to make dummy runs over the prison camps, fix their eyes on some object on the landscape to judge by, get as low as two hundred feet if such obstacles as smokestacks permitted, and then drop accurately. Listening to him, I was the most excited person in the room, I'm sure. Although I had been serving on a carrier for almost three years, I had never yet flown from the deck of one, and although we had been operating off the coast of Japan for several months, periodically bombing and strafing coastal and inland targets, I had yet to have a glimpse of the mainland. As the ship's assistant air-combat information officer, I had been allowed, by a benevolent executive officer, to make this flight, now that a truce had been declared. Shortly after the squadron commander finished his instructions, the voice box sounded with "Pilots, man your planes," and soon our TBM unfolded its wings, revved up its engine, and roared shudderingly along the flight deck. We were in the air. An aircraft carrier is a tremendously large ship, but looking at it from the air I thought how small, frail, and narrow it looked, as it turned out of the wind, leaving a white, crescent-shaped wake. I occupied the middle cockpit, directly behind the armor plate that shielded the pilot—a sandy-haired, red-faced young man—and I could see fine, through the plastic canopy, on either side and overhead. The sun was out, and for a moment, when all eight planes in our formation were abreast of each other, it flashed on the ball turret of each plane. Clouds drifted beneath us, making purple and black shadows on the calm ocean. We were only about a hundred miles south of Japan, and it was not long before the pilot rocked the plane's wings to get my attention. (I was not plugged in to the intercom.) I craned my neck around the armor plate and saw him pointing down. There was Japan.

Two small islands rose abruptly from the water. They were heavily wooded. Back of these two islands was the mainland itself, southern Honshu—green and ruggedly mountainous and looking uninhabited. We flew north to Wakayama and then turned northeast toward Osaka. Once, I looked down to see what must have been a

FRENCH BENCH

From our collection of interesting seats

Very French . . . very beautiful . . . our Directoire Bench done in pale French mahogany (acajou). A replica of the unique original, with a most comfortable saddle seat and handsome ormulu mounts on both sides. Can be used in so many places. Shown here in a breathtaking olive green Scalamandré crushed silk velvet. Also available in other colors and in black or gold woven linen. Available in antiqued fruitwood. 14"x19"x17" high. **$110**

F.O.B New York City. Add $8 crating charge beyond normal delivery area.

Lloyds has been called one of the most unusual shops in New York . . . and for good reason. This is one of those rare places where you can browse to your heart's content through a wonderful collection of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and estate pieces. Your own sense of good taste will be pleased . . . your sense of values will be delighted . . . and you'll find the things you want most to live with. Stop in soon.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00

LLOYDS

116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y., PL 9-7313

Your Car in Britain

When you rent from Victor Britain, you get the kind of service that's seldom seen today—thoughtful and courteous. Choose from the finest automobiles to drive yourself, or with uniformed chauffeur. We'll meet you at the airport, railway station, practically anywhere in Europe. And you get accurate road maps, courteous attendants, friendly drivers.

Why settle for less when the best costs no more!

**Instant information from B.O.A.C., Cunard, British Rail-International, your Travel Agent or Carey Transportation.*

DRIVE THRO' BRITAIN

VICTOR BRITAIN

"European Leaders in Car-Hire" Berkeley St., London, W.1.

PLAYGROUND OF NEW ENGLAND!

BERKSHIRE HILLS

Massachusetts

Everybody can do anything they want for their very own special vacation pleasure in the Berkshires. Just a short 2½ hour drive from New York City. Swimming, sailing, golf, theater, ballet and music. Excellent resorts, inns, motels and restaurants.

For Circle Tour Folder; Where to Stay Directory, write to:

BERKSHIRE HILLS CONFERENCE
100 North St., Pittsfield 35, Mass.

twenty-mile stretch of flatland—bright green and marked off into neat plots. At one corner of each plot was a small, peak-roofed, gray structure. It didn't look like a dwelling; it was more like a tool house or a place where the harvested crop might be processed or stored. I was thinking about this when the pilot again rocked the plane's wings and pointed down. Now I could see smokestacks and canals and roads and buildings and an electric railway and streetcar lines—the great industrial city of Osaka. In particular, the pilot was pointing to some pink-colored areas. At least half the city, it seemed to me, was a blank pink color. Then I realized, with a gasp, what this meant. These were the bombed-out, burned-over areas. As I looked, I saw part of a brick wall standing at one corner of a block all by itself. That was all. Everything else had been levelled. Block after block was empty and pink. I supposed the color was the color of the burned-over earth plus the color of the burned wood and plaster or crumpled brick. A ship was rusting, unfinished, in a drydock.

Four of the TBMs, including ours, broke off from the formation to locate the prisoner-of-war camp assigned us. We soon found it. The main unit was a long rectangular building with a flat roof. On the roof were the letters "PW"—big yellow letters against a black background. At one corner of the building, an American flag waved. In front of this building was a lumberyard, and in a road that ran through it was spelled out, in big white letters, "ALL OK." I wondered who was responsible for this message, because conditions in the camps had been called (by Admiral Nimitz) "intolerable." We made a couple of trial runs over the building, dipping low each time. There were prisoners on the rooftop. We got close enough to see them quite clearly. Some of them wore shirts, or T shirts, and pants, and some wore only shorts. They looked sun-tanned. Each time we flew over, the prisoners jumped up and down and cheered and waved. As I watched them, I was unprepared for the emotion that went through me: I felt humble, more humble than I had ever felt before. On the third run, the food bag was released, attached to a parachute—a cylindrical bag weighing a hundred and seventy-five pounds and containing tinned meats and fruits, candy, cigarettes, shaving equipment. I looked back in time to see the parachute open. The bag almost hit the edge of the roof. It landed on a fence

Cartier

FRENCH CAMEO
CIRCA 1880
FROM THE CARTIER
ANTIQUE JEWEL
& JADE ROOM

Magnificent brooch from a Cartier collection representing 18 centuries of the art of cameo and intaglio. Cameo of agate and carnelian, framed in cabochon garnets and diamonds. $2600.

Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Second Street, New York · PLaza 3-0111
Cartier, Inc., Palm Beach | Cartier, S.A., Paris | Cartier, Ltd., London

I who stands watch at the carlton tower? I

The Carlton Tower is a hotel in Knightsbridge, London. One general manager, seven assistants, an incredible concierge, innumerable desk clerks, captains, bellboys, doormen, valets, chambermaids, chefs, waiters and stewards all stand watch at this rather special, rather excellent hotel. They all watch (and care) for you. Every day of the year.

THE
CARLTON
TOWER

Cadogan Place, London, S.W. 1

New York: PLaza 2-9100 • Washington, D.C.: DIstrict 7-3000
Chicago: 782-1119 • Boston: KEnmore 6-2700
Hotel Corporation of America

driest thing since prohibition

IMPORTED
VERY DRY
SPECIAL WHITE
CORA
VERY
DRY
VERMOUTH
G. & L. FRATELLI CORA
TORINO ITALIA
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN ITALY
Thompson Cellars Company
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Cora makes the driest Martinis (or Gibsons) in the world. Manhattans? Cora Sweet is the ultimate in Manhattans. As an aperitif or on-the-rocks? Try Cora Bianco sweet white.

CORA VERMOUTH
Sole Importers: Thompson Cellars Co.
Louisville, Ky.

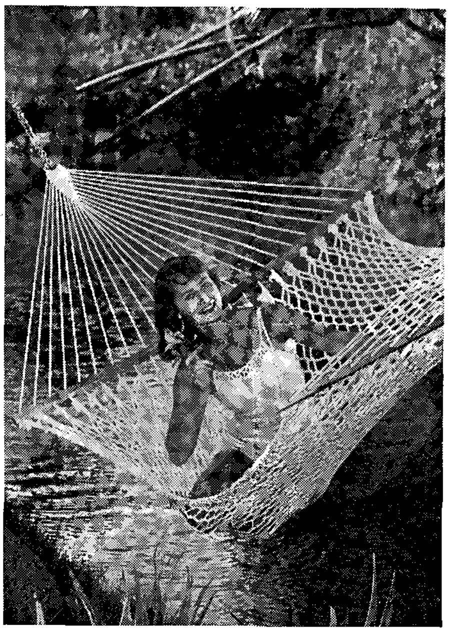
in a narrow court between the building and the lumberyard, so the prisoners must surely have got it. They were still jumping up and down and cheering when we disappeared.

Before we left Osaka, our pilot dropped low several times to let us get a closer look at the city. I saw a crowd of people at one street corner. For some foolish reason, I at first thought they had gathered there to see us. Then I realized they were waiting, in the classic tradition, for a streetcar. The large size of the crowd was understandable when I saw that many of the streetcar lines were not operating. The red cars, some of them burned and blackened, stood idle on the tracks in long rows. Once, as we swooped low, I saw, in a burned-over lot, an old man pushing a cart piled high with what obviously was all that remained of his possessions. Beside him trudged a woman in a peaked, broad-brimmed straw hat who carried in one hand a bundle caught up in a piece of cloth. At a corner of this lot stood a woman wearing dark slacks and holding a green parasol. As we passed overhead, she tilted her parasol and looked up. She was pretty; what surprised me was the look of indifference on her face. The other Japanese seemed oblivious of us. The sun was beating down harshly on the burned city, and I got the impression (even from the air you can get impressions) that the people were apathetic, as if, after so many long years of war, they didn't much care.

As we swung south over the land, on our way back to the ship, I noticed several modern-looking highways, with advertising billboards alongside them, as at home. This part of the country looked unharmed. Some of the houses had yards back of them, with borders of trees.

NOW, sitting at home, I thought that somewhere in that peaceful rural area Sato had been living. But I couldn't picture him. So I asked him what, during the war, he usually did all day. He thought about this a minute before he answered. Aided by his dictionary, he explained that he often played, with other little boys, a game of samurai, using toy swords. A game of samurai. I was thinking of asking him to tell me more about it, but just then my son and daughter came into the room. Sato smiled at them. I think he was glad of the interruption.

My son insisted that Sato play a game of ping-pong with him, and they went down to the cellar, where we

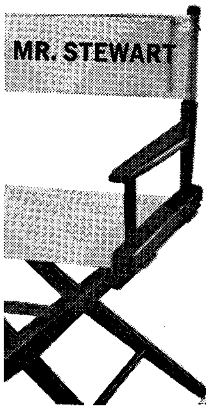


You never had it so cool, so good!

When you own one of these original Pawleys Island rope hammocks be forewarned. You're in for some of the laziest, easiest hours ever whiled away. These unusual hammocks have been handcrafted for generations by the coastal folk of Pawleys Islands, S.C. Hand woven from high grade cotton twill cordage, now treated with Ciba Arigal for *permanent protection against rot and mildew.* Supporting ropage, tie rings extra strong. Aged oak stretchers stabilize the generous width of the hammocks, which endure for years. Body size 54 in. x 82 in., 13 ft. overall length. Wide enough to lie in crosswise or lengthwise; big enough for a friend to join you! $30 each. Send check or money order for immediate shipment, express collect. Pure relaxation is soon to be yours—order today.

John Jarrell INC.
Dept. NY
Broad at Peachtree
Atlanta, Ga. 30303

900 NORTH MICHIGAN
Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT
CHICAGO
Dine in our beautiful
Year-around Garden or
Continental Dining Rooms.
Also facilities for private
parties. Parking at Delaware
entrance. For reservations: WH 4-4795
OPEN DAILY 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.



PERSONAL FOR POP

or make it unique. Names or titles or slogans—up to 18 letters—on quality Director's Chair. 15 decorator colors for canvas back and seat. Frame of selected hardwoods; galvanized steel fittings.

Greatest selection of Director Chairs available anywhere. Write for Catalog.

Natural Finish—$13.95
Black/White Finish—$14.50
Walnut Finish—$16.95
Available by Mail.

Jensen-Lewis Co., Inc.
156 7 Ave. at 19 St., N.Y. 10011

have a table. While they were gone, my wife came in from the kitchen and reminded my daughter that Sato was leaving early in the morning and asked her if she had bought the carton of Sato's favorite cigarettes that we planned to give him as a going-away present. My daughter said she had. When the players returned from the basement—Sato, to my son's slight embarrassment, had been the victor—my daughter gave him the cigarettes.

"Thank you," he said. "Excuse me, moment."

He went to his room and presently came back with a handsome fan, which he gave to my daughter, explaining that in Japan when such a fan was not being used it was sometimes placed open and upright on a table for decoration. She thanked him. He then gave my wife a square gray scarf adorned with pink blossoms.

"How pretty," my wife said. She tried it on her head.

"This way, too," Sato said, smiling. He took the scarf, put the fan and the carton of cigarettes in it, added a book from a nearby table, and twisted the corners of the scarf together. Then, puffing out his cheeks, he padded across the room with the bundle, in a bright imitation of a Japanese woman trudging home from market. They all laughed, and I suppose I smiled, but I thought that he also looked very much like a woman in a peaked straw hat trudging through a burned-over lot with a different bundle.

—MONTGOMERY NEWMAN

•

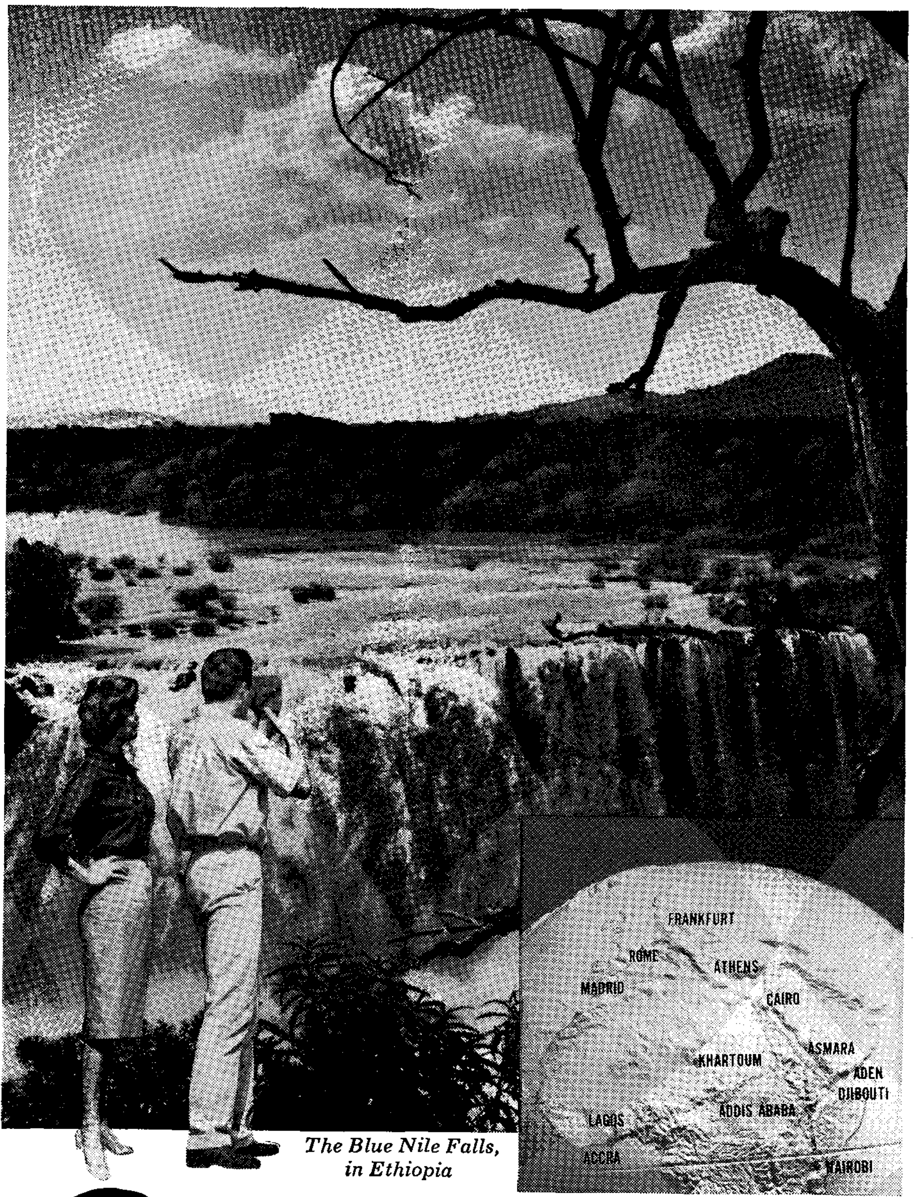
The air over Georgia is dotted with spirals of gliding vultures, their wings outstretched as they cruise with power and freedom. No matter what their personal habits may be, they are birds of grandeur when flying. Be one of these vultures for a moment, a large, free-wheeling bird that can float hundreds of feet in the air.—*"Portrait of an Island," by Mildred and John Teal.*

Look, it's hot, we're tired, we've had a hard day, and we just want to sit here and read.

•

Chairman Bowman next requested the members to indicate by a show of hands that [they] had or had not received a copy of the Council's "By-Laws." Very few members had or had not received a copy of the Council "By-Laws."—*Minutes of a meeting of the Terminal Operations Council of the Maryland Motor Truck Association.*

And on that eerie note the meeting adjourned.



The Blue Nile Falls, in Ethiopia

Shebaland IS ETHIOPIA

THE LAND OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

Far Away Places with Enchanting Names... are what Shebaland is made of. You'll thrill to the thundering magnificence of the Blue Nile Falls, and in cities like Addis Ababa, Asmara, Axum, Lalibella, and many others, you'll discover wonders of the ancient world in surprising contrast with modern worldliness. It's a travel adventure you'll never forget.

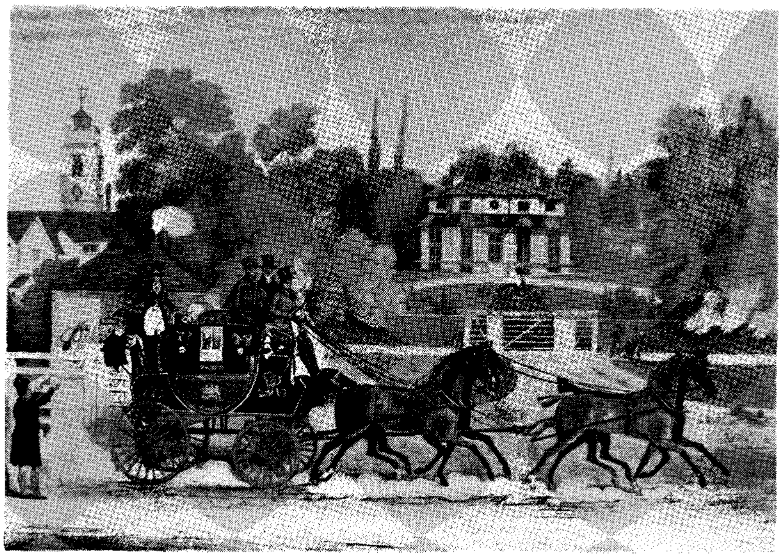
Ethiopian Airlines offers seven Fan Jet Gateways to African adventure... Madrid, Frankfurt, Rome, Athens, Cairo, Nairobi, and Accra. And, aboard a power-packed Ethiopian Airlines Boeing Fan Jet, you'll enjoy attentive service, gourmet meals, and reliable on-time performance. Ask your Travel Agent about Sightseeing Safaris in East Africa.

Visit the nearest TWA Office or Travel Agent.

ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES
EUROPE/MIDDLE EAST/AFRICA

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

A DRIVE UP THE OLD NORTH ROAD



IN 1947, when Neville Carr Selway, a well-to-do English investment banker and a bachelor in his early forties, moved into a new flat in London and started to decorate it, he had only the vaguest idea of the kind of pictures he wanted on the walls. At the back of his mind was a memory of seeing and greatly admiring a print of the Regency era that depicted a number of horse-drawn vehicles moving across Hyde Park Corner, and he thought he would try to find something on that order. It proved to be a surprisingly easy quest, for the first art dealer he went to was able to produce the very print that Selway had in mind—an aquatint reproduction of a painting by James Pollard (1792-1867). Selway paid twenty-five pounds for it, and set out to find a few other prints to go with it. He soon learned that there were Pollard prints available on a wide variety of sporting subjects, ranging from hunting, fishing, shooting, and hawking to racing, steeplechasing, and coursing, but that the artist's forte was coaching—that he was, in fact, considered the outstanding pictorial chronicler of the coaching era. Selway decided he would go in exclusively for Pollard's coaching scenes. By the time he had acquired eight prints, he had the collecting bug badly. He began searching through the old catalogues of Christie's, Sotheby's, and the other important West End art salesrooms in order to find out how many different Pollard coaching prints had been made, and concluded that the figure was sixty-six. In 1954, when he had rounded up fifty, he conceived the idea of doing a book about them, and thereupon quickened his pace. After a rather frantic year's hunting, which included a number of trips to the United States to track down some of the most recondite items, he completed his collection. In 1957, Faber & Faber published his book, titled "The Regency Road" and subtitled "The Coaching Prints of James Pollard," priced at four guineas and containing color reproductions of all sixty-six prints.

During those ten years, Selway not only became the world's leading authority on James Pollard but, necessarily, gained a fairly extensive knowledge of coaching. Having always enjoyed sharing his enthusiasms, he found that whenever he made automobile trips through the English countryside with friends, he was almost irresistibly tempted to point out old coaching inns along the way or to rattle off the timetable of the Birmingham Eclipse or the Brighton Age or whatever coach it was that had plied that particular route. My own conversations with Selway, whom I met in 1955, when he began a very successful four-year term as chairman of the Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, were at first confined to golfing matters, but as we came to know each other better he began talking more freely about his interest in coaching and about what he called his protracted case of Pollarditis, which by the late nineteen-fifties had entered such an acute stage that he sold his collection of prints to the New York art dealer Frank Partridge in order to have the wherewithal to collect Pollard's original oils. Not long ago, when I was planning a visit to England, I wrote to Selway asking if he might be able to find a couple of days in which to take me over the route of one of the famous old coaches—a project we had discussed at intervals over the years. Within a week, I had received a reply from Selway, written at his house, Up Hall, in the village of Hillington, near King's Lynn, Norfolk, suggesting a weekend—a Friday and Saturday—as the best time for him to undertake such an expedition. "I think we might do well to retrace the route of the Edinburgh Royal Mail up the Old North Road as far as Grantham," he went on. "That's roughly a hundred miles. We could knock it off in a day with no trouble, for there is not a great deal to see nowadays. I think we would probably enjoy ourselves more, however, if we did the trip in two days, breaking it up by spending the night at Hillington, where Mrs. Selway and I now live the year round." Ten days later, I received a second letter, in which Selway further defined our itinerary and added, in a diplomatic postscript, "By the way, I do not think it would do you any harm to prepare yourself a bit by reading Chapters XI and XII in the volume on 'Driving' in the 1887 edition of the Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes. Both are very nicely written."

UPON seeking out the Badminton book on "Driving" in the public library, I found Chapter XI to be a long, factual essay—though a nostalgic one—about the halcyon days of coaching, written by Lord Algernon St. Maur (1813-1915), a four-in-hand expert who had often taken over the reins of stagecoaches. Chapter XII was by the eighth Duke of Beaufort (1824-99), and it, too, was an extended reminiscence by an experienced whip—as I learned coach drivers were called. I went on to read several unassigned chapters in the Badminton book, and then turned to "The Regency Road" to study the Pollard prints, Selway's incisive comments on them, and a brilliant introduction supplied by James Laver, Keeper of the Departments of Engravings and of Paintings at the Victoria and Albert Museum. This mild research was anything but a chore, for, as I hardly need say, there is a wonderfully romantic aura about coaching, to which nearly all of us today respond no less surely than Dickens, Hazlitt, Irving, Macaulay, and their contemporaries did in a day when its charms could be experienced at first hand. (When Beaufort wrote, "What is more delightful than a good and picturesque road, a well-built and well-running carriage, a harness properly fitted, horses bitted and put-to so that they go with ease to themselves and do their fair share of the work?," I was tempted—even though my experience with coaching pretty much begins and ends with a couple of rides in Central Park—to pencil something on the order of "Hear, hear!" in the margin.) From my reading, I gathered that the coaching era in Great Britain is considered to have begun in earnest in 1784, when the first government mail coaches were commissioned. Up to that time, the mail had been carried by post-boys on horseback. (The term "post-boy" derived from the fact that the boys rode from one post, or stage, on the letter-carrying route to the next, where a fresh relay took over.) The wretched condition of the roads in Britain was the main reason the mail coach was so late in making its appearance. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when pilgrims, such as Chaucer's band, made long journeys on horseback, the roads were fairly well kept up by the great abbeys, but after their dissolution in 1539 the roads fell into such gross neglect that for most of the year they were little better than quagmires. As a result, no one left his home area except when it was absolutely necessary, and then usually by primitive wagon. Near the end of the sixteenth century, the broad-wheeled coach was introduced, but, being springless, it was almost as bone-bruising as a wagon, and dreadfully slow as well. In 1678, the most advanced coaches took three full days to negotiate the forty-four miles between Glasgow and Edinburgh, and as late as 1760 it took four days to go from London to Exeter—a distance of a hundred and seventy-five miles over comparatively gentle terrain. In the last quarter of the eighteenth century, however, the first stirrings of the Industrial Revolution occasioned a sudden improvement in the condition of British roads—an improvement so marked that they were soon up to the standard of the Roman roads of the first and second centuries A.D., the previous high point in the history of road building. Two Scots, Thomas Telford and John Loudon McAdam, were the men chiefly responsible for the change. Telford was a stonemason by training who first came to prominence as an engineer of aqueducts and canals and went on to build a thousand miles of roads in Scotland, develop new roads in the back country of Wales, and completely rebuild the important

he concentrates on architecture

"we concentrate on companies we feel will out-perform the market"

At McDonnell & Company, investment research is performed by a group of experienced professionals who screen thousands of companies each year to find those which we feel will out-perform the market. We concentrate our research on those companies, maintaining close and continuing contact with their managements. As a result, we can make available semi-annual industry reviews, individual company depth-studies, and intensive follow-ups on all recommended issues. Concentration by professional analysts on selected companies is our idea of Investment Research. It is the type of research on which, we believe, intelligent investment decisions can be based.

Interested in learning more about our "Concentrated Research" concept? Write to: Research Department, McDonnell & Company, 120 Broadway, N. Y., N. Y. 10005.

McDONNELL & Co.
INCORPORATED
Established 1905
Members New York Stock Exchange and other principal exchanges

New York Asbury Park Boston Chicago Denver Detroit Newark Los Angeles
Oakland Toms River San Francisco San Jose Washington, D.C. Honolulu Paris

When you hear this Figaro

bring blankets

The sun sets at 8:27 like you never saw sunsets before, and the curtain would be at 8:30 except that this theater has no curtain. Our operas take place outdoors. Our walls? The Rockies. Roof? The firmament. Air conditioning? God's own.

Santa Fe's perched so high (7045 feet) one martini does the job of three. The air is so clear you can spy on Los Alamos 40 miles away. In the sun, a comfortable 80°—rarely more. Come night you'll dine beside pinon log fires. Bring a blanket by all means. Wrap it round your shoulders at the opera. You'll use it in other ways, too:

Picnic on it at one of the pueblos. Sit on it at the Rodeo and Fiesta. Nap on it after you see the Cathedral and museums, shop Canyon Road, go climbing, riding, fishing. Wear it and pass for a native. We've got Apaches, Navajos, Pueblos, Utes, and more artists and writers than Bleecker Street.

In addition to *Figaro,* this year's program offers *Arabella, Barber of Seville, Butterfly, Lucia, Traviata,* and two American premieres: Henze's *Stag King* and Shostakovich's *The Nose*. If you're passing our way, come watch. For details use your scissors below.

Santa Fe Opera

Please draw a map. Tell us more. Send pictures.

NAME ________________

ADDRESS ________________

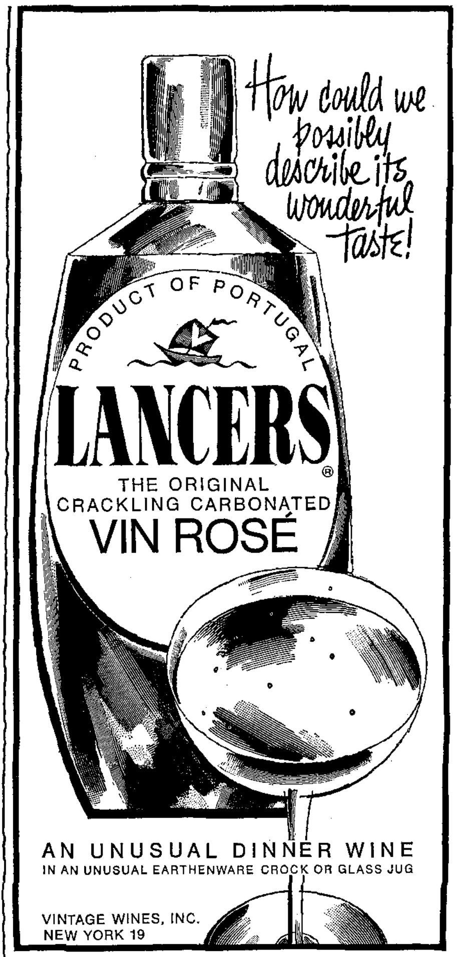
CITY ________________

ZIP CODE
OR ZONE ________ STATE ________

Air mail to Santa Fe Opera, Box 2408, Santa Fe, N. Mex. 87501

thoroughfare between Carlisle and Glasgow. McAdam left Scotland for America early in life and went to work for his uncle, one of New York's richest merchants. Having made his fortune while still a young man, he returned home triumphantly in 1783, bought an estate in Ayrshire, and prepared to settle down. He was so appalled by the state of the local roads, however, that he was soon making experiments with road building, at his own expense. He went on to become the official supervisor of roads in the Falmouth area of southern England and then in the Bristol area, and in 1827 he was appointed Surveyor-General of roads for all Britain. In the method of road construction developed by McAdam, which came to be known as macadamizing, a twelve-inch layer of small, jagged stones, from two to two and a half inches in diameter, was placed on top of a firm, carefully cambered dirt roadbed, and because passing traffic served to compact the stones, working them into a tight, hard mass, the roads became better with use. The advances in road building encouraged the manufacture of better-designed, more comfortable, and much lighter coaches, and almost overnight an era of fast, efficient travel began. For example, in 1798 the three-hundred-and-ninety-nine-mile journey between London and Edinburgh took three nights and two days, but the Edinburgh Mail kept improving on this time until, in 1825, it reduced it to forty-two hours and twenty-three minutes.

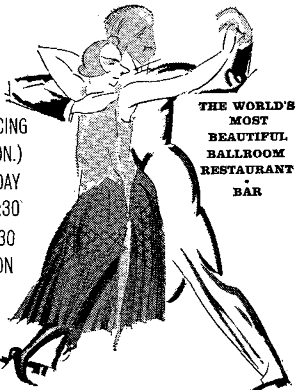
In the course of my reading, I also got straightened out on a point I had always been somewhat confused about—the difference between a mail coach and a stagecoach. In the literal sense, mail coaches were stagecoaches, inasmuch as they changed horses at a series of fixed stages, spaced an average of ten miles apart. In addition to the bags of letters and parcels, which were stored in their forward and rear boots, the mails carried some passengers. The maximum number, though, was generally seven, four of them sitting inside the carriage and three up front with the coachman, for it was against the law for anyone to ride in the back seat, where the guard, a red-coated post-office employee armed with a blunderbuss and a sword, was stationed. Stagecoaches, on the other hand, were in the transportation business pure and simple, so they loaded on as many passengers as they could, sometimes getting as many as thirteen aboard—four inside, four up front, and five in back. The luggage was piled on the roof. Although the fare



How could we possibly describe its wonderful taste!
PRODUCT OF PORTUGAL
LANCERS®
THE ORIGINAL CRACKLING CARBONATED
VIN ROSÉ

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE
IN AN UNUSUAL EARTHENWARE CROCK OR GLASS JUG

VINTAGE WINES, INC.
NEW YORK 19



CONTINUOUS DANCING
NIGHTLY (EXC. MON.)
MATINEES THURSDAY
AND SATURDAY 1:30
SUNDAY FROM 3:30
MODEST ADMISSION
CHARGE
NO EXTRAS!
NO TICKETS!
NO HOSTESSES!

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLROOM
RESTAURANT
BAR

ROSELAND DANCE CITY
52nd STREET WEST of BROADWAY

"HALF A SIXPENCE
A BONANZA! CHARMING, AMUSING, BEGUILING, DELIGHTFUL! THE DANCINGEST SHOW IN TOWN!"
—Chapman, News

BROADHURST THEATRE
44th St. West of B'way. Ci 6-6699

on a mail coach was higher than the fare on a commercial stagecoach, the mails were the favored means of transport during the first forty years of their existence. For one thing, they were safer; no highwayman ever defied the guard and the government to hold up a mail coach. For another, there was a definite cachet attached to riding in an immaculate, dependable government vehicle. And, for still another, the fast mails were the fastest things on wheels. In 1825, though, the mails lost their preëminence with the introduction of the long-distance day coach, which, departing at dawn, maintained such high speeds hour after hour that its passengers were able to complete quite long journeys within a single day and avoid the discomforts of sleepless travel by night. The first of the swift day coaches was the Shrewsbury Wonder, which covered the hundred and fifty miles between Shrewsbury and London in fifteen hours, including fourteen short stops en route for changing horses and two twenty-minute stops for meals. Most of the day coaches whipped along at well over ten miles an hour, and on one trip in 1830 the celebrated Birmingham Independent Tally-Ho averaged fourteen and a half miles an hour—an unheard-of speed—by making the hundred-and-nine-mile run from London in seven and a half hours. By the middle eighteen-thirties, the roads were bustling with activity. There were fifty-nine four-horse mails operating in England and Wales, sixteen in Scotland, and twenty-nine in Ireland; in addition, there were seventy two-horse mails handling shorter hauls. Counting the commercial systems as well, coaching amounted to big business, for it employed some thirty thousand men and a hundred and fifty thousand horses. In 1838, however, an Act of Parliament authorized the carrying of mail by a new means of transport, the railroads, and within a year (as quickly as that!) mail coaches were virtually a thing of the past, and stagecoaches, too. Steam was king. Whereas a coach had taken eleven hours to get from London to Bath, say—a hundred and ten miles—the journey took only two hours and a half by rail, and there was no competing with that. The Edinburgh Mail hung on a little longer than most, continuing to make its full run until 1842. Then the run between London and Newcastle-upon-Tyne was terminated, and five years later, when the railroad line between Newcastle and Edinburgh was completed, the rest of the old run was closed down. Hardly anyone noticed its passing, though, for

HEAR THE EXCITING MUSIC FROM

THE ROAR OF THE GREASEPAINT
-THE SMELL OF THE CROWD

DAVID MERRICK'S
NEW
MUSICAL

ANTHONY
NEWLEY

CYRIL
RITCHARD

THE ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST RECORDING
DAVID MERRICK
BERNARD DELFONT
ANTHONY NEWLEY
CYRIL RITCHARD
LESLIE BRICUSSE-ANTHONY NEWLEY
MUSICAL
THE ROAR OF THE GREASEPAINT
-THE SMELL OF THE CROWD

NOW PLAYING AT THE SHUBERT THEATER, N.Y.

RCA VICTOR
The most trusted name in sound

A
refreshing
anachronism:

The Stanhope, smartly modern right down to its air conditioning and television, still practices the almost-lost art of service without servility . . . exactly in the manner of Europe's grand hotels. You'll find a "boots" to collect your shoes each night for brushing; a butler to supervise that special dinner in your suite; a baggagemaster to shepherd you through customs or put you on a plane. Oh, happy self-indulgence!

Frank C. Bromber,
General Manager

THE STANHOPE HOTEL

Fifth Avenue at Eighty-First • Opposite the Metropolitan Museum of Art • Reservations: BU 8-5800

by that time people were beginning to regard coaching as part of a remote and altogether different age—as, indeed, it was.

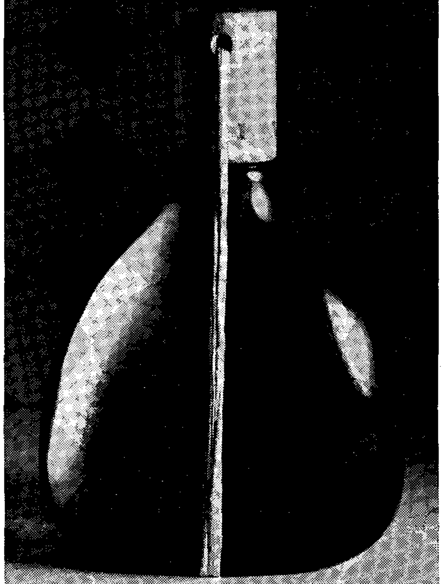
ON the appointed Friday morning, Selway called for me at my hotel in London at ten o'clock sharp. A precise, soft-spoken man with gray hair, he was accompanied by his wife, Bunny, a lively, relaxed, and pretty woman who in her youth was known as one of the outstanding foxhunters in England. I followed them to our coach, a gleaming olive-green Bentley, and we were off almost immediately—Selway at the wheel, Mrs. Selway in the back seat, hemmed in by a large attaché case and a neat pile of coats, and I beside Selway, holding in my lap two large books that he had handed me—his own "The Regency Road," and "Stage-Coach and Mail in Days of Yore," by Charles G. Harper. I had not seen Selway in over a year, and as we made our way through the London traffic we were busy swapping news of friends until, hearkening to the distant horn of my research and momentarily forgetting the thoroughness with which Selway approaches everything, I interrupted to ask him if we shouldn't be heading for whatever old inn it was at which the Edinburgh Mail regularly took on its passengers.

He spent an unusually long time clearing his throat, and then said, "Quite. Quite. We certainly intend to begin at the beginning and nowhere else." I thought I detected a note of mild impatience in his voice.

A moment later, Selway swung the car into a lane behind St. Paul's Cathedral and brought it to a halt on a relatively narrow street lined with sooty office buildings, and there I began to appreciate the dimensions of my *gaffe*. "The street we are now on is St. Martin's-le-Grand," he said, speaking in a somewhat different voice from any I had ever heard him use before—one that was edged with the solemnity and punctiliousness of a university lecturer. "Across the street to our right is where the old General Post Office used to stand. It moved here from Lombard Street in 1829. On our left is the *new* General Post Office, where, as that blue plaque affixed to the front of the building informs us, formerly stood the Bull and Mouth Inn. It was run by a man named Edward Sherman, one of the biggest proprietors of commercial stage-coaches. At the peak of the coaching era, he kept four hundred horses stabled underground at the Bull and Mouth. An innkeeper like Sherman would share

A cool breeze from the Costa Brava

AGUA LAVANDA de PUIG

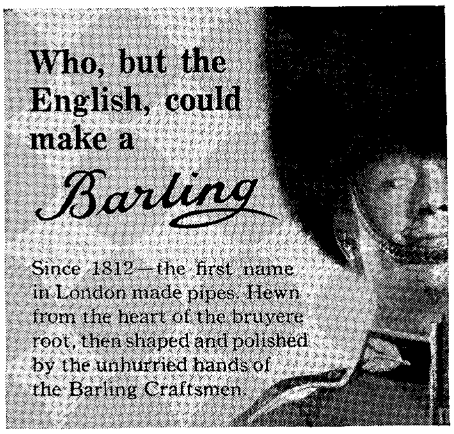


Used on the continent as a cologne, after shave or after bath bracer.
Cologne, blended and bottled in Barcelona ....3¼ oz. $3.50
6½ oz. $5.00
Soap, box of three cakes $2.50
Puig, 200 Park Avenue N. Y. 10017

A friendly welcome waits... "at the end of the road"

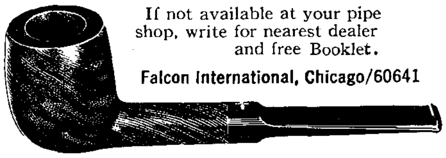
This is the secluded Basin Harbor Club on the lovely shores of Lake Champlain. Snug rooms in the Lodge, Homestead and 65 separate cottages. 18-hole golf course, tennis, water sports in lake and new pool with temperature control. Great lake fishing. Supervised children's programs. Private 3200-foot airstrip. Festivities begin in mid-June, with an always-hearty welcome from the Beach family, owners since 1909.
For reservations and information: New York Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza West, Telephone LT 1-6595.

BASIN HARBOR CLUB
ROBERT H. BEACH, MANAGER
VERGENNES • VERMONT



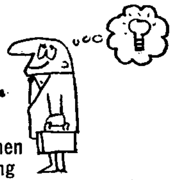
Who, but the English, could make a Barling

Since 1812—the first name in London made pipes. Hewn from the heart of the bruyere root, then shaped and polished by the unhurried hands of the Barling Craftsmen.



If not available at your pipe shop, write for nearest dealer and free Booklet.
Falcon International, Chicago/60641

Ad execs get bright ideas...



Wonderful things happen when people unwind in our relaxing atmosphere. Fabulous food, drinks and service.

HOTEL GRAMERCY PARK
DINING ROOM
& COCKTAIL LOUNGE
credit cards
21 ST. & LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.C. • GR 5-4320

the cost of the coach itself with some equally well-established innkeeper at the other end of the route, and both of them would horse the coach for a certain number of stages. They would arrange for the horses at the intermediate stages to be supplied by so-called middle-ground men—men in the horse-keeping business, some of them landlords of coaching inns along the route. Sherman and the other big innkeepers also horsed the various mail coaches. The contracts went to the lowest bidders." Selway paused for a moment and eyed me interrogatively, and I nodded to signify that I was with him. "Now, at the height of the coaching era, seventeen mail coaches, with their passengers already aboard, assembled each night at the General Post Office," he resumed. "This amounted to all the mails that operated out of London except for the nine West Country mails; *they* left directly from inns in Piccadilly and the West End, their mailbags being delivered to them there. Every night of the year, at the stroke of eight, the seventeen other mail coaches, the *corps d'élite*, rolled out of the G.P.O. and headed north up St. Martin's-le-Grand. It was one of the great sights of London, as you can imagine—the guards blowing their horns, the travellers standing and waving, people lined up and cheering for blocks. Here." He flipped "The Regency Road" open to a page marked by an envelope. "This Pollard print will show you exactly what it looked like."

When I had studied the print—an exceptionally animated one, depicting the departure of the mail coaches from the yard of the General Post Office, a massive, colonnaded structure, on a bright moonlight night—Selway started the car up again. Half a mile along St. Martin's-le-Grand, he turned off to the right, and a mile or so later he made a left turn that brought us onto Kingsland Road, a long, unregal two-lane street that is shut in for block after block by old warehouses, old tenements, and old stores as it cuts through the heart of Shoreditch, a crowded working-class district. "If we had followed on straight ahead from St. Martin's-le-Grand, that would have taken us onto the Great North Road," Selway said, speaking only a little less formally. "That's the road that the Glasgow Mail and most of the other North Country coaches travelled, heading for Islington, where they made their first stop at either the Angel or the Peacock—each a famous coaching inn. We're on the *Old* North Road. This

Rogers Peet Co

AIRY GOOD LOOKS
FROM FRANCE

Those eminently practical people knitted us this handsome open weave shirt of mercerized cotton lisle. The draw string is removable, should you wish. A most distinctive item for summer leisure. Colors: wine red, beige, off white, black.
$11.00

Sizes S. M. L. XL.

NEW YORK • HARTFORD • BOSTON • WASHINGTON

FEDERAL EXCISE TAX NOT INCLUDED

THE FAMOUS "COUPE DE MARIAGE" IN STERLING SILVER. DIAMETER 4½", $37.50.
ALSO AVAILABLE IN 24 KARAT VERMEIL. AT FINER SILVERWARE STORES.

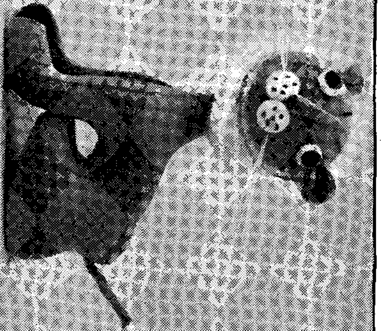
REED & BARTON
SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

is the road the Edinburgh Mail used to take, and it's one of the main reasons that I proposed we follow the route of that particular coach. Unfortunately, most of the old coaching roads—including the Great North Road—have either disappeared or been changed so drastically that they bear little resemblance to what they were a century and a half ago. The Old North Road is drab, even dreary, in spots, but at least it still has the dimensions, the feel, of a coaching road."

At Selway's suggestion, I opened the other volume on my lap—the Harper book—to a page marked by an envelope, and read aloud several paragraphs in which the author, a master of the burnished late-Victorian narrative style, described the start of a journey he had made up the Old North Road around 1900. I read the passage very badly, I'm afraid, for I was thinking not so much about the words in front of me as about the elaborateness of the preparations that Selway had obviously made for our trip. I had expected it to be well organized, of course, but nothing like this. As a matter of fact, I was considerably relieved when, after we had driven on as far as a section near Highbury, he spoke, for the first time since we reached St. Martin's-le-Grand, in his ordinary as opposed to his lecturer's voice. "This," he said with a light chuckle, "is the home of the renowned Arsenal soccer team, of which you have doubtless never heard. My wife is a fervent Arsenal supporter. I am a fervent Arsenal supporter." In a mock-dramatic tone, he went on, "Now you probably notice a sudden chill in the air. We are entering the Borough of Tottenham, the home of our hated enemy, Tottenham Hotspur. There was a terrible retreat from here a while back—Spurs 3, Arsenal 1. And we were lucky the score wasn't more one-sided. A disastrous defeat! If you're a soccer fan, I think you have to have some balancing passion, like coaching, or life may become too much for you."

Selway went on to announce that we were now halfway to Waltham Cross, some twelve miles from London, where the Edinburgh Mail and the other mail coaches that took the Old North Road finished the first stage of their journey at an inn called the Falcon. Between Tottenham and Waltham Cross, there was very little of interest to observe, for the road continued through the built-up, tawdry, Queenslike periphery of the metropolitan area, and Selway contented himself with calling attention to a few

If I were a king...



I'd want to reign over Montauk. The freedom of a majestic nature gives vent to all my inhibitions. To romp and frolic on the silken sanded shores, to pass the time of day under a halo of sun with nothing but a royal blue sky above. I may never return to the city. **And for my subjects...** Gurney's Inn... a palace on the brink o' the beach. Nine acres of breath taking seascape set among the wooded dunes where the foamy waves break on the shining beach. Your own ocean front cottage with private bath, telephone, fireplace, refrigerator, patio, and living room. Exceptional cuisine served in a regal manner overlooking a panoramic view of surf, sand and wide sky. The one thing about Gurney's Inn is that they make everyone feel like a king. Modified American Plan: May 1st through the end of October—Remainder of the year on the Continental Plan ... brochure and tariff schedule on request: write Dept. NY2

Gurney's Inn
"On the brink o' the beach"

Gurney's Inn ... Ocean front cottages & hostelry on the brink o' the beach at Montauk, L.I. • 516 MO 8-2345 • Ownership-management: Joyce & Nick Monte.

"HUSHBABY"
BIRD BATH

From the World's most extensive and distinguished collections of fountains, statuary and garden ornaments in lead, bronze and stone displayed at Florentine Craftsmen Showrooms.

"Hushbaby" Bird Bath, in lead, with bird on rim, 8" high, 15" shell, base 8½ x 9" round. $80.00 F.O.B. N.Y.C. (Express collect)

25¢ for catalogue 64-A in coin or postage.

The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc.
479-485 FIRST AVE. (28th St.) NEW YORK 16, N.Y.
Phone LExington 2-3926

If you're house hunting in the Chicago area, see

Farmington

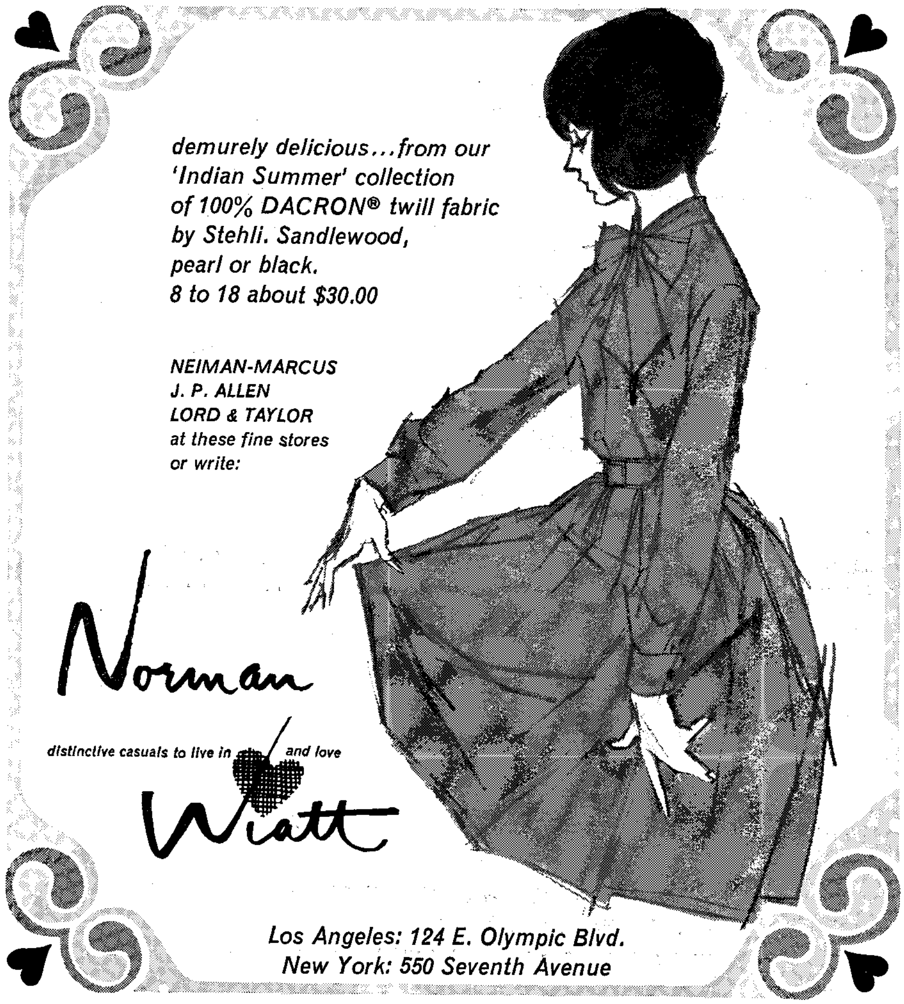
for a home in the hills ...in the woods

Century-old trees stand guard over the gently-rolling terrain. Spectacular views, winding roads, two gem-like lakes. Facilities for riding, golf and swimming. Shopping centers, churches, excellent schools. Only 35 minutes from Chicago's Loop. Custom homes. Homesites, minimum size one acre. From $9,000. Protective building requirements. Write for brochure.

Arthur T. McIntosh & Co.
Developing Chicagoland since 1907
105 West Madison Street • Chicago
Phone: FRanklin 2-2040

New England Conservatory Summer School
AT CASTLE HILL
June 29 — August 21
on the Crane Estate along the seacoast of Ipswich, Mass. College & Graduate courses in Music Theory, Education, History; Languages; Chamber Music; Opera Workshop; Academic Studies; and Private Instruction. For information, please write: New England Conservatory, 290 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass. 02115.

Georgian brick houses—long ago converted to business use—that had been built by rich merchants from the City in what was then flaring countryside. At Waltham Cross, however, where we pulled up across the road from an undistinguished suburban pub that now occupies the site of the Falcon, Selway whipped into action again. First, he pointed out a wooden crossbar, some twenty feet above the ground, that stretched across the road a little farther along. The crossbar was inscribed with the name "The Four Swans"—another long-defunct inn, now replaced by a pub—and from it was suspended a small wooden placard emblazoned with four swans. This, he explained, was a "gallows sign," a common means of advertising in the coaching age. Then he flipped "The Regency Road" open to a Pollard print showing the Hull Mail changing horses at the Falcon, an inelegant but not uncharming brick building. In the foreground, approaching the Falcon's gallows sign (long since taken down), a post chaise with a lady passenger moves neatly up the road. "The Falcon was both a coaching inn and a posting house, and the Four Swans exclusively a coaching inn," Selway explained, in his platform voice. "And what, you ask, was a posting house? Well, let me answer it this way. Let us say that the three of us were planning to travel from London to Grantham back in 1825 or thereabouts. There were three ways we could have gone. First, we could have taken a mail coach or one of the regular stages. Neither would have been bad, you understand, but if we were wealthy enough we would have preferred, I think, to travel in our own coach. The third way, a sort of intermediate way, was by post chaise. This was a small, smart two-horse job, which could be hired at any inn affiliated with a nationwide posting system that was every bit as highly developed as the coaching system. At each posting house on your route, you not only changed horses but also changed your postboy—the youngster who guided the chaise, riding one of the two horses. It cost about twice as much to travel by chaise as by coach, but it gave you privacy, of course, and, on top of that, everything was very gay and colorful. The postboys wore beaver top hats and yellow or blue jackets, and the chaises themselves were painted a cheerful lemon yellow. 'Yellow bounders,' they called them." Selway studied the sedate suburban scene in front of us for a moment or two. "This must have been a lively little place, Waltham


demurely delicious...from our
'Indian Summer' collection
of 100% DACRON® twill fabric
by Stehli. Sandlewood,
pearl or black.
8 to 18 about $30.00

NEIMAN-MARCUS
J. P. ALLEN
LORD & TAYLOR
at these fine stores
or write:

Norman
distinctive casuals to live in and love
Wyatt

Los Angeles: 124 E. Olympic Blvd.
New York: 550 Seventh Avenue

SECRET OF VENUS
...the divine perfume oil...grows more intense, more alluring, the longer you wear it.

never a drop will evaporate!

made and sealed in France by Parfums Weil

SECRET of VENUS

DUFF GORDON SPANISH SHERRY

IMPORTED
DUFF GORDON
Nº 28
SHERRY
GOLDEN, RICH - FULL BODIED

EST. 1768

If it isn't Spanish, it isn't true Sherry... if it isn't Duff Gordon, it isn't the best!

Imported, of course!

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U. S. A.:
MUNSON G. SHAW CO., NEW YORK

Cross," he said, with a faraway look in his eyes. "The Four Swans probably kept forty or fifty horses, and the Falcon must have kept close to two hundred. The terminus of the first stage out of London, before the coaches began to branch off on their separate routes, was always a busy spot. I daresay, though, that if we said to the pubkeeper across the street, 'Did you know that the Edinburgh Mail used to stop here every night?' he'd think we were out of our minds."

I have no idea what aspect of coaching Selway intended to discourse upon at Ware, where the second stage ended and the third began, for he never got a chance to deliver it. As we were entering the town, we became enmeshed in a traffic snarl that backed up the northbound automobiles for over a mile, and he was forced to improvise. He performed magnificently, I thought. To begin with, he asked Mrs. Selway to take from the attaché case another book by Charles G. Harper, "The Road to Cambridge, Ely, and King's Lynn," and from it he read us excerpts from the section about Ware—how the town got its name, from a weir or dam that the invading Danes had built across the River Lea in the days of King Alfred, and how the Great Bed of Ware, the town's one other claim to fame, was a fourposter of black oak some twelve feet square that had been presented to Edward IV when the King stopped in Ware overnight, and so on. Then, growing restless after five minutes in which the line of cars had not moved an inch, he slapped the book shut and walked up the street to reconnoitre. On his return, he asked Mrs. Selway to get him still another book from the attaché case—"Bartholomew's Road Maps of England." On the map of Hertfordshire, he worked out a flanking route around Ware, and after backing adroitly out of the line and into a side street he proceeded to execute the detour by swinging west to the town of Hertford and cutting back to rejoin the Old North Road some three miles north of Ware. "Let us simply say that at Ware we put on four tough chestnuts to get us over the hilly stage ahead," he remarked.

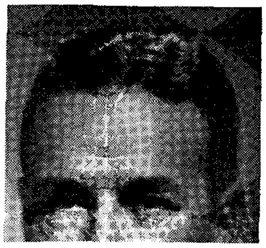
After the Old North Road leaves Ware behind, it is a delight to travel. There is little or no traffic to speak of, and the countryside, glimpsed as skimpy and spotty at first, gradually becomes expansive. We were fortunate enough to have a sunny day for our trip, and as we covered the next three stages—Ware to Buntingford, Bunt-

The Anne Fogarty
shown on page 115
is available at these fine stores.
Anne Fogarty Inc., 550 Seventh Ave., N.Y. 18

LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK
JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA
JULIUS GARFINCKEL, WASHINGTON
RICH'S, ATLANTA
J. L. HUDSON, DETROIT
CHAS. A. STEVENS, CHICAGO
STIX, BAER, & FULLER, ST. LOUIS
WM. H. BLOCK, INDIANAPOLIS
NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS
FROST BROS., SAN ANTONIO
BULLOCKS WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES

Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Birmingham, Ala.	Loveman's
Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh Co.
Buffalo, New York	L. L. Berger
Chicago, Ill.	Chas. A. Stevens
Cincinnati, Ohio	Shillito's
Columbus, Ohio	F. & R. Lazarus
Dayton, Ohio	Rike-Kumler
Denver, Colorado	May D & F
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co.
Kansas City, Mo.	Harzfeld's
Louisville, Ky.	Stewart's
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's
Minneapolis, Minn.	Jackson Graves
New Haven, Conn.	Esthers
New Orleans, La.	Maison Blanche
Phoenix, Arizona	Goldwater's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne
Portland, Oregon	Lipman Wolfe
Richmond, Va.	Thalheimers
Rochester, New York	B. Forman & Co.
St. Petersburg, Florida	Maas Bros.
Salt Lake City, Utah	Z.C.M.I.
Seattle, Wash.	Best's Apparel
Toledo, Ohio	Lamsons
Tulsa, Okla.	Vandevers

Bob's Been Around



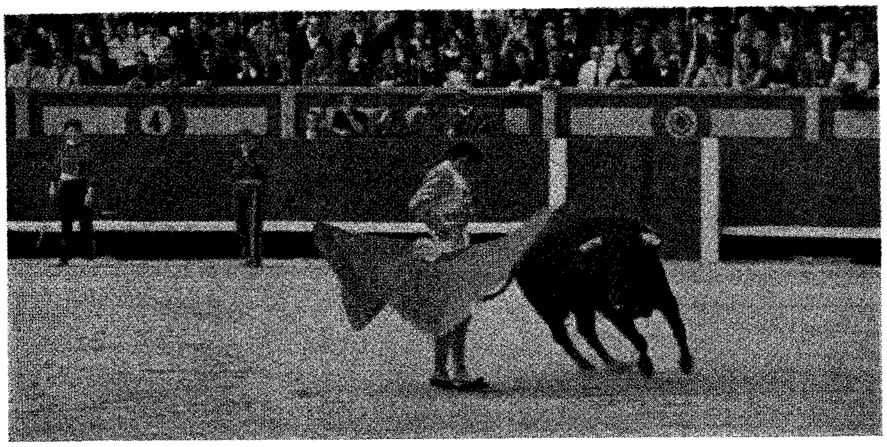
You can take Bob Warner's word for it, Hotel Hershey is one of the Distinguished Hotels of the World! Distinguished by its splendid accommodations (completely air-conditioned); old-world charm; and fun-facilities. Distinguished, yes. In fact, INCOMPARABLE! Reservations? Let Bob* do it!

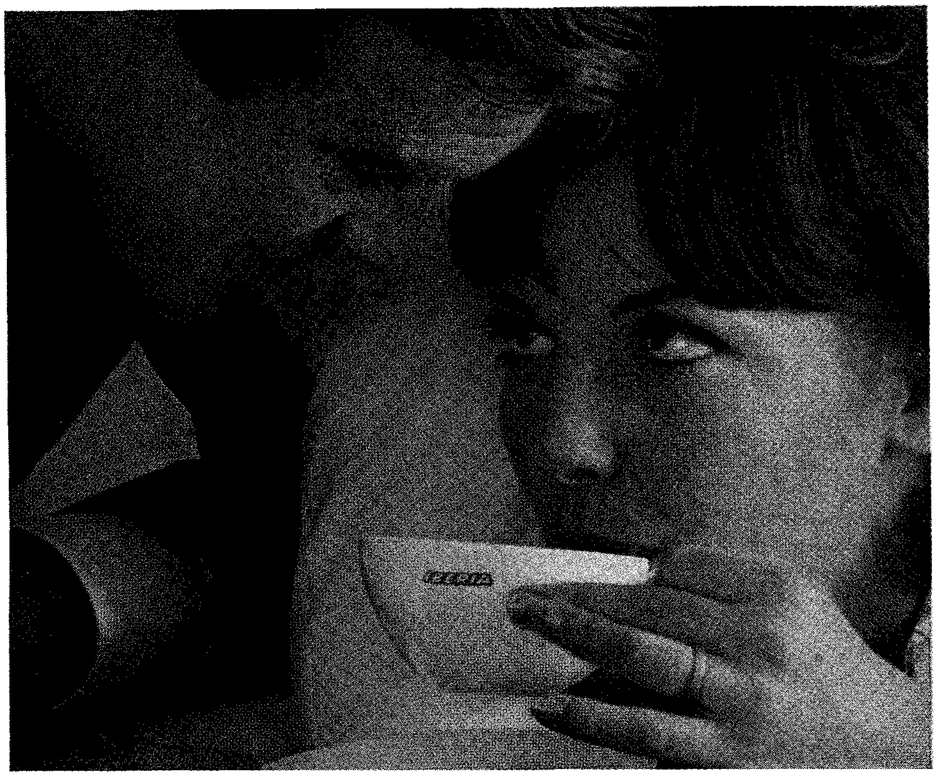
Hotel Hershey
Hershey, Pennsylvania
Member of the Distinguished Hotels of the World
For reservations: *ROBT. F. WARNER Inc.
New York: JU 6-4500 • Wash., D.C.: RE 7-2642
Chicago, Ill.: RA 6-0624 • Boston, Mass.: LA 3-4497

The WOODSTOCK INN
Woodstock • Vermont
Historic INN on Village Green
Pool • Shuffleboard • Tennis
Golf at Woodstock Country Club
Riding Country • Antiquing
Bountiful 'New England' Meals

Write David Beach, Prop. *or Phone*
WOODSTOCK, VERMONT *802/457-1100*

How do you get to Spain?





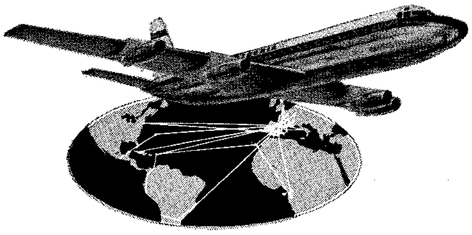
Relaxed ...on Iberia, where only the plane gets more attention than you.

There's an old Spanish tradition called contentment. You get your first inkling of it the moment you board an Iberia jet. Things function smoothly, and with happy dignity.

In fact, on Iberia, only the plane gets more attention than you. Our DC-8 Fan Jets (the *extra power* jets) are serviced by highly skilled technicians, and flown by skilled veterans.

Only Iberia flies daily to Madrid with Fan Jets on every flight. For information or reservations, see your Travel Agent or call Iberia. Ticket offices are now in Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Toronto, Washington, D.C.

IBERIA AIR LINES OF SPAIN
Dept. N-5, 518 Fifth Avenue
New York 36, New York
Dear Sirs: Please send me the free colorful brochures on Europe's most beautiful travel bargains.
Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________State______



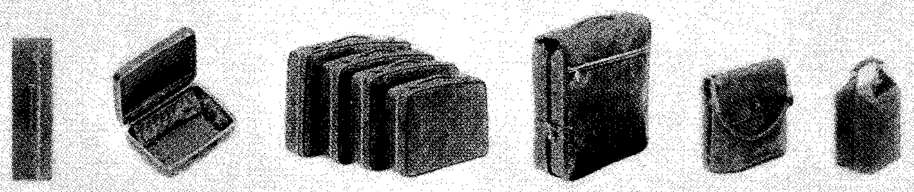
IBERIA
AIR LINES OF SPAIN

© 1965 SEWARD LUGGAGE MFG., INC.

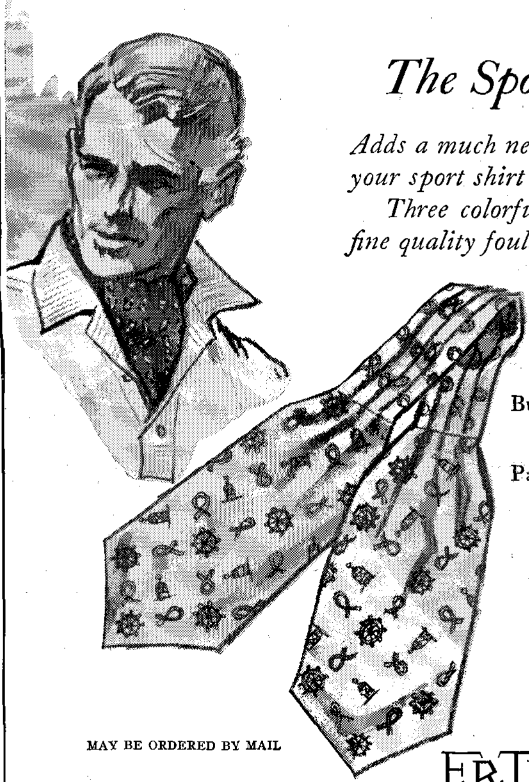
Just arrived!

Fashion Class Luggage by Seward

This is luggage you wear, not just carry. That's because Seward puts as much fashion outside as you pack inside. Starting with locks. Forget those old horrors that used to whack your fingers. These locks are sculptured, gold-toned clasps that turn to open. And linings. Seward quilts and color-keys them in fabrics that rustle with luxury. For all its chic, Fashion Class is slightweight luggage you can handle without care. If it isn't Fashion Class, it's just another old bag. Shown here: "Hocus-Bogus Reptile" in Hayride. Other styles: "Quilting Party" and "Plutocrush". About $22 to $60. Available at fine stores everywhere. For the store nearest you, write to Seward Luggage, Dept. NY, Petersburg, Va.



ingford to Arrington via Royston, and Arrington to Huntingdon—I found myself leaning back in a comatose state and contentedly soaking in the sunshine and the scenery. It has never been exactly fashionable to sing the charms of East Anglia, but in clear weather that countryside can be extremely beautiful, and it certainly was on this day, its rolling vistas stretching for miles under a vast Constablesque sky unbroken by a single smokestack. To be truthful, I do not recall whether Selway maintained the tempo of his earlier commentary as we sped on to Huntingdon, where we were planning to stop for lunch, for only a few fragmentary remarks of his come to mind. I remember being surprised to hear him admit that he would have preferred to ride inside a coach rather than outside. "It may have looked very jolly and sporting to be sitting up front next to the coachman," he said, "but it was painfully cold most of the time, and the wind cut through even the warmest coats. And let's not forget that it rained no less frequently in England then than it does now." I remember a brief but fascinating digression of his into the origin of the word "turnpike": "In the old days, in order to collect the money they needed to maintain a major road, a town would close off the road with a barrier of pikes mounted on a gate. After a vehicle had paid its toll, the pikes were turned and the way opened. Somehow the term survived after the pikes were replaced by conventional tollgates." I also remember a disquisition he gave on the mania for speed that the coaching age brought about: "When the mails first began to average ten miles an hour, there was widespread fear that travelling at this velocity was bound to be injurious to a person's health. Stories were circulated about people arriving in London suffering from strange brain diseases as a result of a long coach journey—things like that. But it was this new, incredible speed that made coaching so exciting. Imagine how thrilling it must have been to be able to travel from Edinburgh to London, say, in less than two days when in your grandfather's time it had taken a fortnight! On the main routes out of London—to Brighton, Manchester, Oxford, Exeter, Bristol, Liverpool, and York, among others—there was tremendous competition between the different entrepreneurs to see who could put the fastest stagecoach on the road. If the opposition coach made the run five minutes faster than your coach, it got all the customers. As a matter of fact, things reached the



The Sporting Ascot

Adds a much needed finishing touch to your sport shirt or sweater

Three colorful sporting designs on fine quality foulard silk

FOX HEADS
Burgundy, Pacific Blue, Black

NAUTICAL
Pacific Blue, Yellow, Burgundy

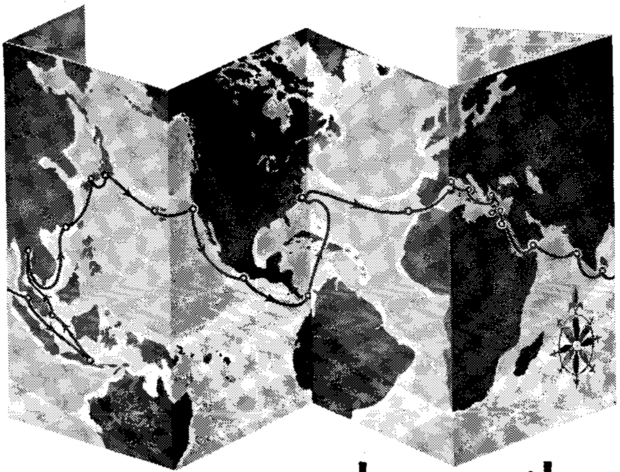
GOLFING
(not illustrated)
Yellow, Olive, Pacific Blue

$7.50

MAY BE ORDERED BY MAIL

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET · NEW YORK

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

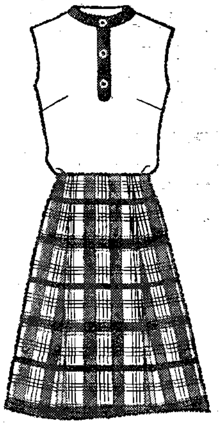


S.S. ROTTERDAM SAILS
JANUARY 24, 1966
FROM NEW YORK CITY

You'll visit the Madeira Islands, Villefranche, Naples, Athens, Alexandria, Port Said, Suez, Aden, Bombay, Ceylon, Penang, Bali, Singapore, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Kobe, Yokohama, Honolulu, San Francisco, Acapulco, Balboa. And you'll enjoy the superb service, marvelous cuisine, professional entertainment, the absolute luxury of sailing on this 6th Annual World Cruise of the s.s. Rotterdam. Rates from $2800. See your travel agent or write to us for literature.

SAIL A HAPPY SHIP Holland-America Line
Pier 40—North River—New York, N.Y. 10014

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



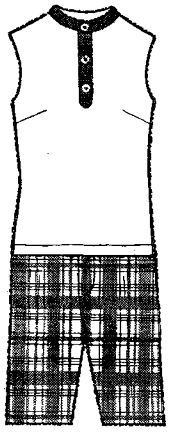
the magic of

Here, the madras skirt. Fully lined, A-shaped, and possessed of that marvelous easiness that makes the observer aware, not of the skirt itself, but of the rightness of you. 7 to 15. The cotton knit pullover is White edged with Navy, or vice versa. S, M, L. Write for your nearest LADYBUG® shopkeeper. Skirt, About $13. Pullover, About $6.

Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York

© 1965, LADYBUG JUNIORS CO.



a little madras

And here, Bermuda shorts. Madras gives them that sort of off-hand earthiness that shorts should have . . . like leaning on a dry-stone wall and chewing on a straw. Fully lined; belt loops; fly front. Two pockets, one for each hand. 7 to 15. At nicer stores. Shorts, About $12. Pullover, About $6.

Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York

point where on some lines they kept cutting down the time it took to change horses at the various stages until they were doing it in forty-five seconds. It was a big thing, too, to give your coach a name that connoted speed. There were the Brighton Comet and the Devonport Quicksilver Mail, and there were countless Lightnings, Rockets, Highflyers, Rapids, Spitfires, Darts, Antelopes, Stags, and Vixens. The most popular name of all was the Telegraph, and you can see why. In those days, telegraphy—semaphore-signalling, that is—was the fastest means of communication known to man."

It took us just under three hours, all stops and detours included, to cover the sixty-odd miles from London to Huntingdon, and I was impressed to learn that the Edinburgh Mail regularly did it in only six and a half hours.

HUNTINGDON, the county seat of Huntingdonshire, is a compact old town fifteen miles northwest of Cambridge. One of its most important buildings is the George, an inn that dates back to the time of Henry VIII. Oliver Cromwell's grandfather once owned it, and Cromwell himself was born just two minutes' walk from it. The George, which was a great inn during the coaching era, is one of the few such hostelries that remain very much alive. On our morning drive, we had passed only one other vintage inn—an ivied posting house near Arrington called the Hardwicke Arms—that both resembles its old self and is still open for business. As for the George, it looks precisely the way a coaching inn should. It is built around a courtyard, which one enters through two imposing archways, lofty enough to have let a coach loaded with passengers and piled high with luggage pass under with room to spare, and one of its older wings (Mrs. Selway dated it as early sixteenth century) features a handsome open gallery. On the day of our visit, we found the George teeming with country businessmen and local gentry, and, rather than wait for a spot in the crowded dining room, we settled for some ham sandwiches and a drink at a table in a high-ceilinged bar that had served in the old days as a sitting room for coach passengers. It did not seem the right place to order a Martini, so I went along with the Selways and had a sherry.

Perked up by his drink, Selway outlined our schedule for the afternoon. We would not try to go all the way to Grantham, he said. That would be

don't read this

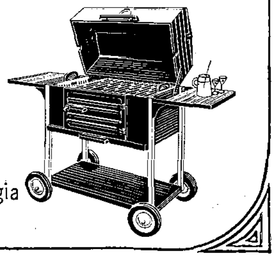
UNLESS

you like to

EAT

If you appreciate such delicacies as steaks, roasts, shish-ka-bobs, barbeque and the like, read on. The CHAR-BROIL® portable pit is the key to epicurean delights. Char-Broils are all CAST IRON, oak, and steel—an unbeatable combination of quality materials. Turn ordinary foods into unbelievable culinary treats. For the name of your nearest dealer and a free CHAR-BROIL cook book write:

Columbus
Iron Works
Company
Dept. NY-2,
P.O. Box 1240,
Columbus, Georgia



C'est la moutarde des hommes!

Etes-vous la femme assez féminine pour l'acheter?

Mister Mustard. Exceedingly Continental. Hearty! Gusty! You'll *love* it! Even if you do *not* understand French. The flavor of this magnificent Dijon mustard speaks a language your taste will immediately comprehend (and applaud).

Look for it in the open refrigerator section of your food store, or on the condiment shelf. It says: "Keep me cold and I'll stay hot!"

mister mustard

It's a man's mustard.

Are you woman enough to buy it?

THE FRANK TEA & SPICE CO., CINTI., OHIO 45202

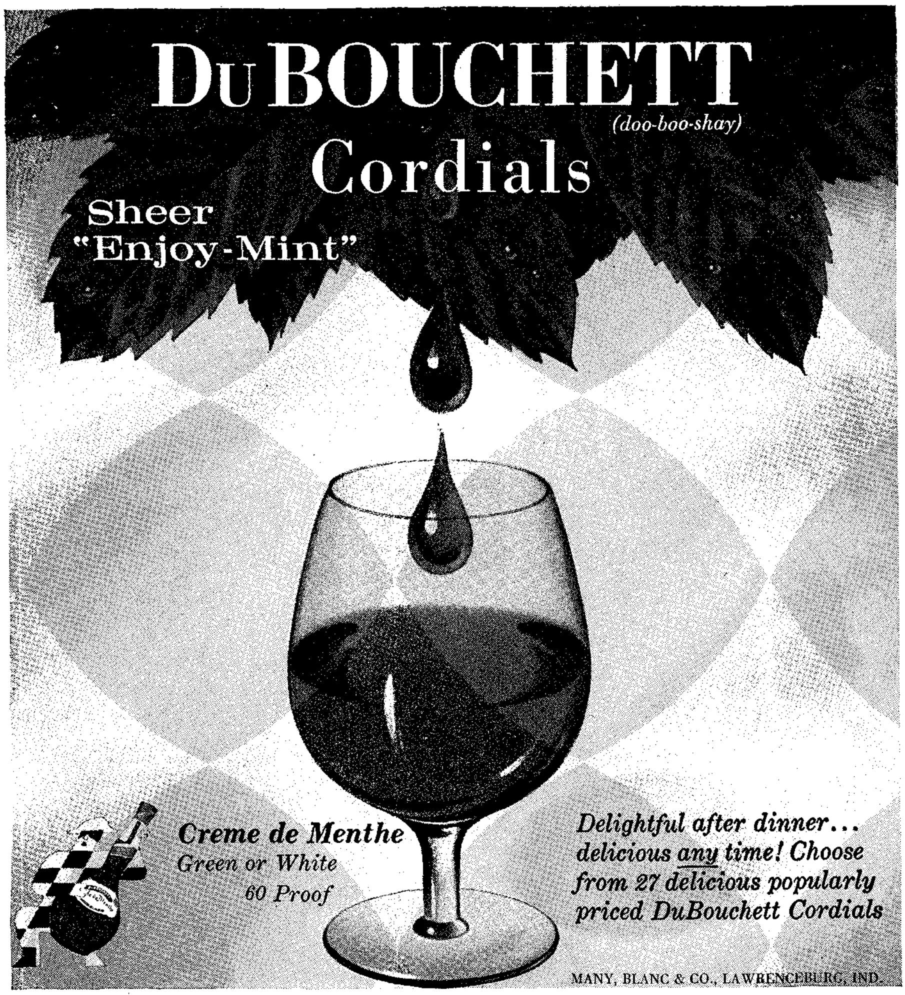
Shelburne Museum

Shelburne 12, Vermont
Route 7
Near Burlington

Three centuries of American Life in New England. 35 buildings, 45 acres. Furnished houses, side-wheeler TICONDEROGA, Webb Gallery of American Art, Country Store, Stage Coach Inn, Meeting House, School, Blacksmith Shop, Railway Car. Vast collections of Americana. WRITE for illustr. Folder. **Open 9-5. May 25-Oct. 20. Admission charged.**

pushing it. We would go only as far as Wansford, and save the final thirty miles for the next day. "We've done the most interesting part of the trip anyhow," he continued. "Five miles north of here, at Alconbury Hill, the Old North Road joins the Great North Road, and that has recently been enlarged into a multi-lane highway with an island down the center—what we call a dual carriageway. It's known as the A1. They've done a really fine job of it, and we did need a big modern road to the North, but for our immediate purposes it's no good whatever. You can't even begin to picture the Edinburgh Mail or any other coach travelling along a highway of that size. Besides, as you might expect, the new road bypasses all the towns on the old coaching route."

Having broken off momentarily to look at the back of an envelope, on which, I deduced, he had outlined the points he intended to discuss, stage by stage, Selway launched into what was unquestionably his most impressive set piece of the day. "I've never driven a four-in-hand myself," he said. "I wish I had, and more than once I've thought seriously of having a shot at it. An old friend of mine, Sandy Watney—a member of the brewing family—is president of the Coaching Club, and he offered to give me some instructions, but I regret to say it meant getting up too early. The Watney people used to have a big brewery, complete with stables and horses, down by Victoria Station, and every morning before going to work Sandy would take out a two-horse break and go for a drive in Hyde Park. That brewery has been demolished, so Sandy now does his driving in Richmond Park, close to where he lives. It isn't as easy as you'd think to drive two horses well, and to drive four is very, very exacting. It's one of those things a fellow has to start doing when he's a boy in order to be really good at them. As you probably know, in a four-in-hand you have your two leaders in front and your two wheelers behind them, and at times you must control each of the four individually. As a general thing, you have no side reins or checkreins to help you manage them—just the standard reins. You hold them in your left hand, in front of your heart, and you hold the whip in your right hand. The theoretical side of driving is more common sense than anything else. You know that on corners, say, you must rein the leaders in so they won't pull. And you know that, climbing a hill, you want to trot all four horses as long as possible,

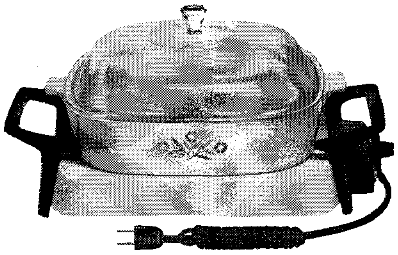

DuBOUCHETT
(doo-boo-shay)
Cordials
Sheer "Enjoy-Mint"
Creme de Menthe
Green or White
60 Proof
Delightful after dinner... delicious any time! Choose from 27 delicious popularly priced DuBouchett Cordials
MANY, BLANC & CO., LAWRENCEBURG, IND.

Go find yourself an island.

Barbados. Guadaloupe. St. Croix.
Each with its own personality. Its own foreign origin.
Its own unique natural splendor. Three islands under three flags.
Each set, gem-like, in the delicious Caribbean.
Which is the island of your dreams? Visit them all and find out.
Our Island Discovery Plan makes it fantastically easy.
Where will you stay? Read on, to your delight.
Grapetree Bay in St. Croix.
Fort Royal in Guadaloupe.
Sandy Lane in Barbados.
Come and go as you please. Stay where you like as long as you like.
Hop from one island to another whenever you like.
Your accommodations are waiting for you;
the same special low rate at all three hotels.
A rate that includes everything: rooms, breakfast and dinner.
A rate that brings you *extraordinary savings.*
Why stay in the same old rut this summer? Go find yourself an island.
See your Travel Agent or contact:
Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y. JU 6-4500
P. S. Summer is perfect in the Caribbean. Trade winds provide air-conditioning outdoors. Your hotel room provides it indoors.

(*Advertisement*)

Like having an extra burner–only better



It does everything a burner can do, and more (fries, stews, simmers evenly and automatically and looks pretty). It does everything any electric skillet can do, and more (the skillet dish is separate, can go into your broiler for top browning; the base is a warmer). The CORNING WARE® Electromatic Skillet all but waits on table!

Matter of fact, it does a most gracious serving job. No other electric skillet has this dazzling beauty. No other cleans so easily. No other has such an appetizing affinity for food. All because it's made of PYROCERAM® brand space-age ceramic—completely nonporous, heatproof, coldproof. Somebody's anniversary or wedding is soon . . . $29.95

Famous Electromatic Percolator, $29.95. New Electromatic Immersible Platter . . . $19.95

CORNING WARE® ELECTROMATICS

A PRODUCT OF CORNING

GUARANTEE: Corning Glass Works, Corning, N.Y., unconditionally guarantees that any CORNING WARE dealer is authorized to replace any CORNING WARE product that ever breaks from temperature extremes upon receipt of all broken pieces. Furthermore, any CORNING WARE dealer is authorized to replace any mechanical or electrical part within one year from date of purchase if not mechanically or electrically perfect. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

since four horses never walk well together. Or you know that at the top of a hill you must start to draw the leaders back. However, it takes considerable skill and practice to make four horses—even four of your own horses—actually behave the way you want them to. When you remember that the professional coachmen were constantly having to handle strange horses, and handle them under all kinds of difficult conditions—driving at night and driving in rain and snow, not to mention driving at top speed for long distances—you can understand the exalted position they were accorded. They were the great athletic heroes of their day, the Arnold Palmers and Sterling Mosses and Stanley Matthewses of the early nineteenth century. Most of them averaged about sixty miles of driving a day—three stages out and three stages back—but some of the ruggeder characters were absolutely indefatigable. For example, they would drive the fifty-odd miles to Oxford or Cambridge from London, take an hour off for a meal and a pint, and then drive back to London. Hellfire Dick Vaughan, who drove the Cambridge Telegraph, used to do that regularly. Charlie Ward, another outstanding driver, once sat on the box of the Quicksilver for twenty-one straight hours, and averaged over ten miles an hour. You can see how these masterly drivers captured the imagination of the country. Everyone was mad keen to drive, to emulate the great coaching heroes. This was particularly true of the young bloods. They formed coaching clubs, naturally, but after a while this wasn't enough for them. They wanted to drive a public vehicle, like a commercial stagecoach, and to be seen driving it. That was very important. That's why the gentlemen whips flocked to the Brighton Road—there was more fashionable traffic on it than on any other road in England, and someone you knew almost always saw you tearing along looking like old Hellfire Dick himself."

I interrupted Selway's flow to ask if gentlemen drivers were allowed to take over the reins of the government mails.

"They weren't supposed to, but apparently they did, at night on secondary roads," he replied. "You gave the coachman a couple of quid, just as you did on a stagecoach, and he was glad to let you relieve him for a spell. He'd sit there giving you a few tips on technique, sort of like a successful professional golfer telling a rich young

AFTER the PLAY

Come Here For Supper.

Sup here in Old World splendour! Our unique late-hour menu is just what you had in mind for after-theatre supper—from open-face hot roast beef and sirloin steak sandwiches to steak & eggs and steak thumbits! Dine in the plush intimacy of a candlelit Victorian alcove, or whoop it up with the gang around the piano in The Saloon. Entrees from $1.65 to $3.75. Nightly, after 11.

LARRY ELLMAN, PROP.
THE CATTLEMAN
THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT
5 E. 45th ST. NEW YORK 17 · MO 1-1200

Golf widows:

Take your husband to Del Monte Lodge. He'll enjoy our famous Pebble Beach Links. And you'll *both* enjoy a luxury vacation. Close at hand: four more golf courses, riding, tennis, swimming and glorious scenery. Within easy reach: Carmel, Big Sur and San Simeon. Ask your Travel Agent for our American Plan rates or write:

Del Monte Lodge
PEBBLE BEACH, CALIFORNIA

THE RESTAURANT ON THE MOUNTAIN

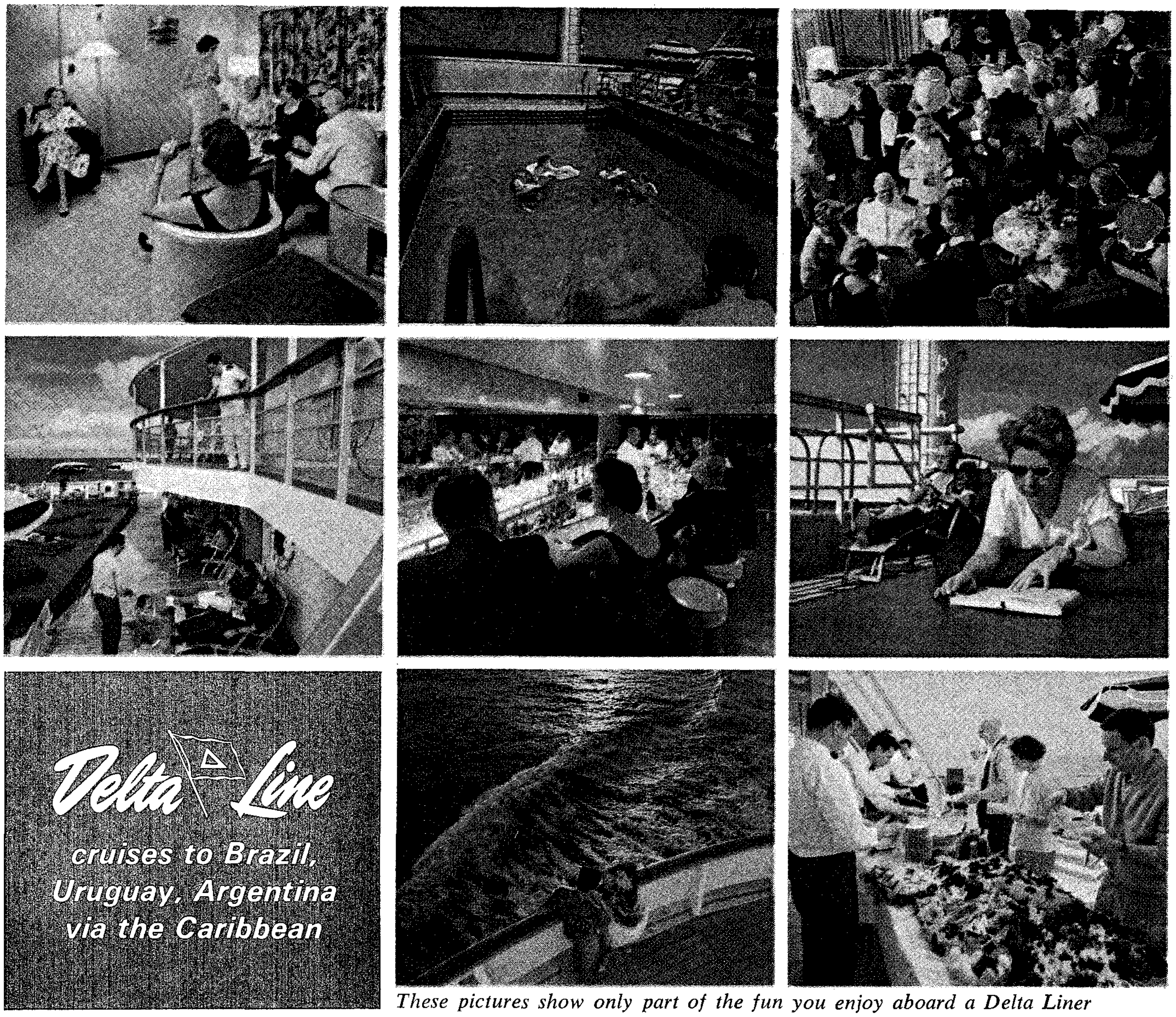
A mountain retreat just a pleasant ride away. Superb food. Modest price. Japanese decor. Dick Handle at the piano nightly. **The Restaurant on the Mountain.** Suffern, N.Y. Exit 15 N.Y. Thruway. Call 914 EL 7-1500.

OLD TAYLOR
86

Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor 86

except the people who drink it

Naturally. Today's really modern people know that "new" is not always "best." They know Old Taylor 86 has the smooth, old-fashioned flavor that's too good to be new. Flavor that sets whiskey taste back 78 years. Flavor that's mellow and rich and rewarding. What more modern reasons could you have for drinking it? *Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Company. Frankfort & Louisville, Kentucky.*


Delta Line
cruises to Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina via the Caribbean

These pictures show only part of the fun you enjoy aboard a Delta Liner

Now Delta Line Offers 2 Cruises in 1 -the Caribbean and South America!

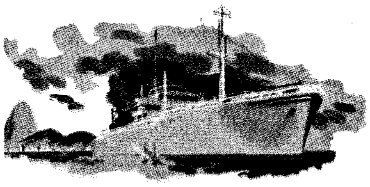
This is the really *different* cruise—the cruise that adds 4 Caribbean stops to your 47-day South American holiday.

Each port-of-call is totally, completely different from all the others. In the Caribbean, San Juan is cultured, Spanish. Barbados is a gay calypso-land. LaGuaira is the gateway to Caracas, the most modern city in the Western Hemisphere. Curaçao is quaintly Dutch.

In South America, Rio de Janeiro combines spectacular beauty and Brazilian enchantment. Santos is a busy, colorful coffee port. Montevideo is a sport-loving, fun-loving capital in the *gaucho* tradition. Cosmopolitan Buenos Aires is the Paris of the Americas.

Couple this with the air-conditioned comfort of the *Del Sud, Del Mar,* or *Del Norte,* with such on-board highlights as the Mardi Gras Costume Ball, King Neptune's Party, International Dinner nights—plus the impeccable attention of Delta Line's experienced crews—and you'll understand why we say this cruise is truly *different.*

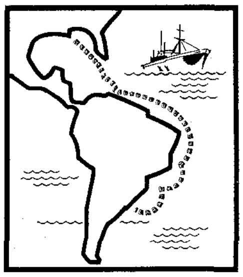
Your travel agent has all the exciting details.



47 glorious days
from $810 in the
Thrift Season
Months of April,
May, September
and October

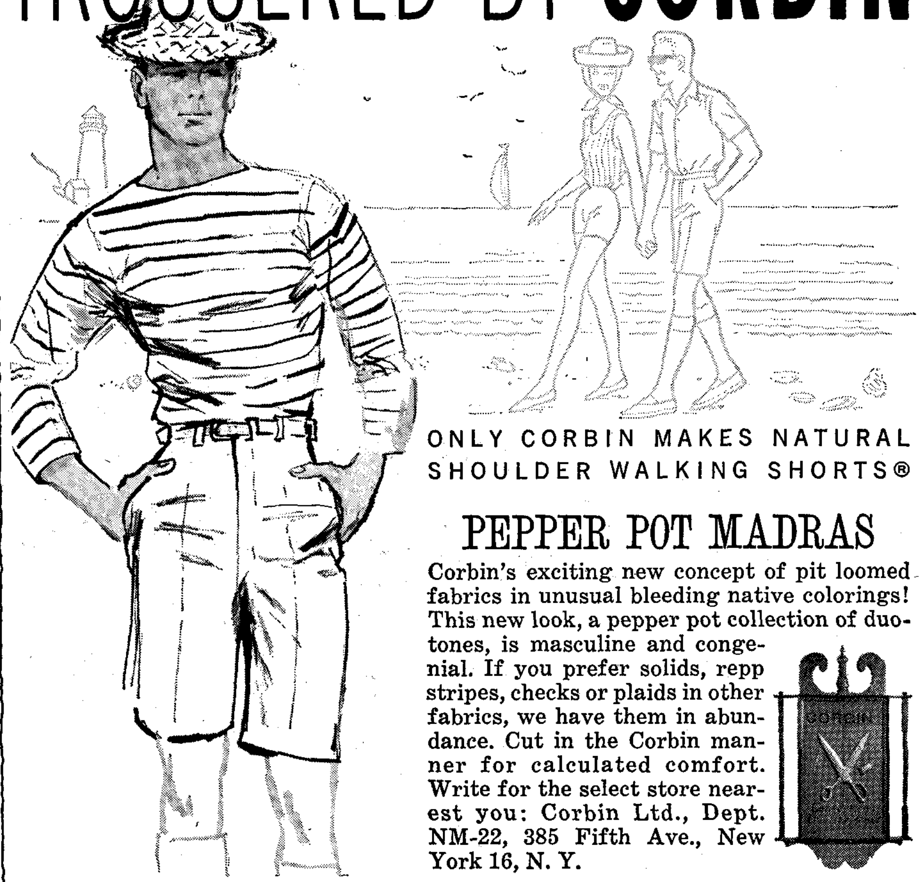
Delta Line

DELTA STEAMSHIP LINES, INC.
P. O. Box 50250, New Orleans, La.
17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y.



Offices: CHICAGO • WASHINGTON • HOUSTON • LOS ANGELES amateur how to improve his shots. After a while, you know, some of the young bloods became so infatuated with coaching that they turned pro themselves, so to speak. The Duke of Beaufort and Lord Chesterfield, for example, ran their own coach service on the Brighton Road, and four other young fellows got together and operated a coach between London and Windsor—the famous Taglioni coach, named in honor of the ballerina, who was then the rage of London. I grant you there's always been a tendency to romanticize the coaching age, but when you consider not only the fun that could be had from it but the dramatic and exciting things that were happening—the news of world events circulating quickly from town to town for the first time ever, everybody moving on wheels and getting around fast—you can't deny that it must have been marvellous to be alive when the long sleep of the roads was finally broken."

When we resumed our journey after lunch, Selway, possibly as a result of his own eloquence, seemed to be still lingering in the past. On Alconbury Hill, just before we turned onto the revised version of the Great North Road, he stopped the car and whispered, "If we listen carefully, we should hear the clip-clop of the Glasgow Mail coming up the hill." Once we were rolling along the American-size highway, though, he lapsed into comparative silence, and it seemed to me that he had lost interest in our project. When we made our last two stops of the day, at Stilton and Wansford, he didn't deliver his customary lecture but limited himself to a few matter-of-fact statements. At Stilton, his lack of enthusiasm was entirely understandable. Before the advent of the railroads, this village—the place where Stilton cheese was first sold (it was actually made near Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire)—was a thriving transportation center; the Old North Road bisected it, and its two inns, the Angel and the Bell, which stood facing each other across the road, were known the length and breadth of England. The railroads bypassed Stilton, however, so it slowly withered, and by the turn of the century it was a sad, neglected, dying place. Now Stilton has been bypassed again, this time by the new highway, and it is dead. We stopped near the center of the village, where the Angel and the Bell still stand staring at each other. The Angel, built in Queen Anne's day, has been shut down for decades now and is in a terribly dilapidated state. While the Selways stayed in the car, I took a look



TROUSERED BY **CORBIN**

ONLY CORBIN MAKES NATURAL SHOULDER WALKING SHORTS®

PEPPER POT MADRAS

Corbin's exciting new concept of pit loomed fabrics in unusual bleeding native colorings! This new look, a pepper pot collection of duo-tones, is masculine and congenial. If you prefer solids, repp stripes, checks or plaids in other fabrics, we have them in abundance. Cut in the Corbin manner for calculated comfort. Write for the select store nearest you: Corbin Ltd., Dept. NM-22, 385 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

BERMUDA SPYCE
Royall Lyme
ROYALL LYME

Royall Lyme imports—from the islands

Articles of good grooming and impeccable taste. Invigorating Royall Lyme toilet lotion, from the sweet oils of hand-pressed plump, fresh West Indian limes, blended to a secret formula. And—Bermuda Spyce, a manly essence made with oils of the PIMENTA CITRIODORA and other Island spices. Both lotions for use as cologne or after-shave. And—Royall Lyme soap, hard-milled in England to our formula, carries both the fragrance and refreshment of the Islands. Sold in selected department stores and men's specialty shops.

Prices from $3 to $12 plus tax.

ROYALL LYME LTD. 232 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 16

Make no mistake about plant location.

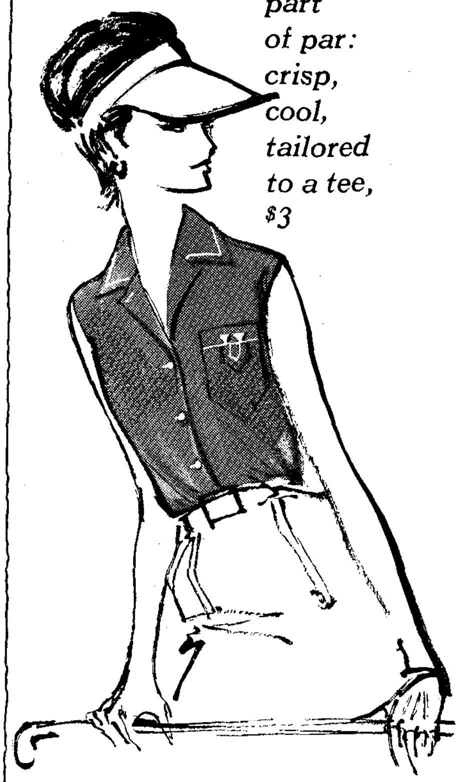
Many states offer ideal plant site locations. A few offer more. This is where Arkansas comes in. Why not consider locating where you can keep up the good work . . . for less? Find out why ind stry is at home in Arkansas. Make no mistake about it. Write the Arkansas Industrial Development Commission, State Capitol, Little Rock.

ARKANSAS

into its courtyard and found it to be a cemetery for broken-down automobiles. I then crossed the road to inspect the Bell. The inn, which was built of solid yellow stone half a century before the Angel went up, appeared to be in fairly good condition, and I thought that it might possibly be open. The front door was locked, though, and upon looking around I spotted a notice in one of the windows giving an address in Sussex where the former proprietor could be reached. How long ago had he shut up shop? There was no way of knowing. During the five minutes we stayed in Stilton, only one automobile came down the street, and I can't remember seeing or hearing any other sign of life.

Wansford, which lies about ten miles farther north, has also been bypassed by the new highway, but it appears to be in much better shape. At least, *its* old coaching inn, the Haycock, is still open for business. The Haycock, which is built of gray Cotswold stone and has the aspect of a private home, is the focal point of a strange colony of small modern-Gothic houses, also built of Cotswold stone, that is separated from Wansford proper by the River Nene. Technically, neither the inn nor the houses are in Wansford at all but in Stibbington. According to Mrs. Selway, the inn continues to be a favorite with sportsmen, the country of the Fitzwilliam Hunt being close at hand. On the afternoon of our visit, however, the road through the colony was empty of life, and although we found a fire burning in one of the Haycock's sitting rooms, there were only two guests to be seen. It was all very cheerless, and I felt that Selway's suggestion that we head for his house and have tea there was an excellent one.

It took us an hour or so to drive to Up Hall, about fifty miles from Wansford. It was an extremely pleasant drive, taking us through Peterborough, with its spectacular Norman-Early-English cathedral, and across the northern fenland of the Isle of Ely, which, as it happened, Telford the road builder had helped drain. Selway, a native Londoner, has known this part of England well since he was a boy. His father, who was superintendent of the line of the old Great Northern Railway, was particularly interested in the railway's expansion in East Anglia, and always took his family to Norfolk in the summer. Selway bought Up Hall, a small Georgian manor house in the village of Hillington, just east of King's Lynn, two years ago, when he and his wife decided they would like to live in the country permanently. I spent the



the beauty part of par: crisp, cool, tailored to a tee, $3

Ship'n Shore®

You can learn to write in the Italic hand, if you have an Osmiroid pen, an Italic nib and our free introductory manual. Only $2.50 at Art Materials' and Pen Shops or send check or money order to Artone Color, 561 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, New York 11238. Add 50 cents to cover handling. State whether right or left-handed. Be a penman, own an Osmiroid.

OSMIROID
ITALIC
MEDIUM
STRAIGHT
ENGLAND

THIS ADVERTISEMENT WAS PREPARED WITH AN OSMIROID PEN AND AN ITALIC NIBBY ARTONE COLOR, 561 GRAND AVE., B'KLYN, N.Y.

OLD·DROVERS·INN
DOVER·PLAINS·N.Y.

LUXURY COUNTRY DINING
Overnight Accommodations
Res.: (914) Temple 2-3811 • CLOSED WED.

greater part of our evening there walking around the drawing room and the study and scrutinizing the superb paintings by Pollard on the walls. Of twelve Pollards in the study, seven were relatively large ones, averaging around two feet by three—"The Arrival of the Mail by Post Chaise at York Post Office," "The Mail Coach in a Drift of Snow," "The Mail Coach in a Flood," "The Bath and Bristol Coach by Moonlight," "The Birmingham Tally-Ho Coaches Passing the Crown at Holloway," "The Elephant and Castle on the Brighton Road," and "Royal Mail Coach, the Exeter Mail." The five others—"Downhill in Winter," "A Stage Coach Passing Balby, Yorkshire," another version of "The Mail Coach in a Drift of Snow," another version of "The Mail Coach in a Flood," and "Taglioni Windsor Coach"—were about fourteen inches by seventeen. In the drawing room, there were six Pollards, all of them of the smaller size—"The Liverpool Umpire," "Highgate Tunnel," "The Royal Mails Starting from the General Post Office, London," "The Royal Mails' Departure from the General Post Office," "The Yarmouth Mail at the Three Cups, Colchester," and "The Louth Mail: Last Run, 19th December, 1845." In 1963, or eight years after he had started collecting original Pollards, Selway owned thirty-two of them, and his collection is now the largest in the world. It does not include, however, Pollard's masterpiece, "North-Country Mails at the Peacock, Islington," a sizable canvas, sixty inches by forty-three, that depicts no fewer than six coaches pulling up in front of the celebrated inn. In 1960, when this painting went on auction at Sotheby's, Selway was outbid by Paul Mellon, the art collector, who offered nineteen thousand pounds for it. Selway is quite philosophical about that loss. His own two prizes—the larger versions of "The Mail Coach in a Drift of Snow" and "The Mail Coach in a Flood," which were designed by Pollard as a complementary pair—were acquired last year from a São Paulo collector, and Selway points out that, not being a Mellon, he could never have afforded to buy them if he had managed to carry the day against his rival at Sotheby's.

The first things that struck me about the paintings at Up Hall were the vivacity of their colors and the sharpness of their line. Pollard liked bright colors and Flemish detail, and in the Regency coaches, with what De Quincey called their "brilliant cleanliness," he had the perfect subject. (The

This Spring
all the action in
Bermuda centers around

The Princess
Hotel & Cottage Colony
Golf & Beach Club
PEMBROKE, BERMUDA

Bermuda's best location! Right on the water and right in the middle of everything that's fun. Pool and terrace overlook the Harbour. Lunch here; watch the sailboat races. Enjoy the water sports — right from the terrace at your front door. On the South Shore — the new Princess Golf & Beach Club (complimentary transportation). 18 holes, 3000 yards with one of Bermuda's most beautiful private beaches across from the first tee. New Princess Night Club with great entertainment.

New Princess Golf & Beach Club

Where the Night Life Is!

Bodo G. Von Alvensleben, General Manager Richard Plant, Resident Manager

For Information/Brochure/Reservations See Your Travel Agent. Represented by **Hetland & Stevens, Inc.**
New York: 211 East 43rd Street, TN 7-1450 • Boston: CO 6-1370 • Chicago: FR 2-4383

The Resorter 113 (71 sq. in. screen) **$99.90**

Magnavox now costs so little, why settle for less?

This beautiful compact TV costs only $99.90...an incredibly low price for Magnavox quality. You get sharp, stable pictures even from distant stations; famous Magnavox sound; the reliability of exclusive Magnavox Bonded Circuitry plus many other advanced features. See the wide variety of TV models...sold direct through Magnavox franchised dealers (listed in Yellow Pages), saving you middleman costs.

the magnificent Magnavox
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

CANADIAN PACIFIC AIRLINES SERVES 5 CONTINENTS

• TORONTO/HAMILTON • CALGARY • WINDSOR/DETROIT • MONTREAL • SANTA MARIA • AMSTERDAM • LISBON • MADRID • ROME • LIMA •

CUT OUT AND JET AWAY WITH CANADIAN PACIFIC AIRLINES

Jet tour Round the Orient

21-day escorted tour, only $424.50, plus air fare. Visit Japan, Hong Kong, Taipei, and Hawaii. Local carriers arranged from your home town to Vancouver where you'll fly away non-stop to Tokyo via the short "great circle" route—daylight all the way. Tour includes English-speaking guides, sightseeing, all hotels and local transportation abroad.

☐ Return via Hawaii. IT/HLL/65

Jet tour 7 Wonders of South America

Fully escorted 21-day tour. Join Canadian Pacific Airlines in Mexico City. You'll visit Lima, Santiago, Buenos Aires, São Paulo, Rio de Janeiro—with English-speaking guides, sightseeing trips, local transportation, first class hotels provided throughout, for only $379, plus air fare. Return via any

☐ U.S. Gateway city. IT/ITP/CP/2165

Mail to:
Canadian Pacific Airlines
581 Fifth Avenue
New York 17, N.Y.

Please send free descriptive folder on Canadian Pacific Airlines Jet tours I have checked.

NAME ____
ADDRESS ____
CITY ____
STATE ____ ZIP # ____
MY TRAVEL AGENT IS: ____

NY.-2

FLY Canadian Pacific

• VANCOUVER • HAWAII • FIJI • AUCKLAND • SYDNEY • BUENOS AIRES • MEXICO CITY • WINNIPEG • EDMONTON • HONG KONG • TOKYO •

CANADIAN PACIFIC AIRLINES SERVES 5 CONTINENTS

government mail coaches, it might be noted, adhered to a single color scheme: the lower part of the body was maroon, the upper part, along with the fore and hind boots, was black, and the undercarriage and wheels were a scarlet that came to be known as "post-office red." In addition, the mails were decorated, in gilt, with the royal arms on the maroon panels, the royal cipher on the foreboot, the number of the coach on the hind boot, the names of the terminal cities on the doors, and the stars of the four great orders of knighthood on the upper panels. The commercial stagecoaches strove for individuality in appearance. Generally, the upper part of the body was black and the wheels were red, but the lower part of the body was painted whatever color took the fancy of the proprietors. Most of the tallyho coaches, for example, went in for a vivid yellow, while the Windsor Taglioni was a deep blue with a small figure of the ballerina in white on the door panels.) Or, to put it the other way around, which is at least as valid, Pollard was the perfect artist to record the coaching era. He was enough of a journalist to try to portray his coachmen and passengers as recognizable types and to render the inns and other landmarks with engaging fidelity. He was enough of an innovator to become bored with delineating teams of horses trotting in faultless synchronization under a genial sky, and therefore kept experimenting with scenes in which the horses were shown struggling through fog, thunderstorms, snow, and the other rigors of the road. Above all, he was enough of a coaching fan to get the details of the carriages and their paraphernalia correct down to the last gilt cipher, and—much more important—to transmit the spirit of gaiety and adventure that made travel by coach more than just a means of transportation.

In chatting with Selway that evening, I learned a bit more about the artist. His father was Robert Pollard, a landscape and marine painter from Newcastle-upon-Tyne who moved to London when he was a young man and studied engraving there. In time, Robert Pollard became a successful publisher of prints—sporting prints in particular. For the most part, English prints were then aquatint engravings. In this process, a copper plate was etched with aqua fortis (a dilute form of nitric acid), which gave the print something of the texture of a watercolor, and the finishing touches were added by hand colorists. Priced at seven shillings and sixpence or thereabouts, these aquatints of sporting

THE OLD SALT

. . . with a merry twinkle in his eye, casts a saucy glance at the sea nymph who forms the handle of this hand-painted authentic English character jug from the Royal Doulton collection. 7½" high, $12.50; 4¼", $6.00.

ROYAL DOULTON

Send 25¢ for collectors book #8 of famous Royal Doulton figurines and jugs in color. Write Doulton & Co., Inc., Dept. 30N, 11 E. 26th St., New York 10, N. Y.

ONLY FOUR SECLUDED HOUSES THIS SEASON. GOOD FINANCING

PULLING MILL HILL

MARTHA'S VINEYARD

MODERN WOOD HOUSES IN CHILMARK DESIGNED BY WILLIAM SMULL A.I.A. FOR A LIFETIME OF CAREFREE VACATIONING. OCEAN VIEWS. PRIVACY. SALE ONLY.

VINEYARD ASSOCIATES
212 PLAZA 2-6767
575 MADISON AVE, N.Y. 22
VINEYARD HAVEN
P.O. BOX 775

DAVID FLANDERS
MENEMSHA, MASS.
617-MI 5-2632
617-MI 5-2251

RESTAURANT PASSY
Cuisine Classique
28 East 63rd St. • TEmpleton 8-0094
Closed Saturdays ● Open Sundays

scenes fell well within the average man's reach, and in the first quarter of the nineteenth century they enjoyed a tremendous vogue. Robert Pollard was fortunate in his son James, a triple threat who could not only engrave but paint in both watercolors and oils. Moreover, he had had an abiding passion for outdoor sports since boyhood, fishing having apparently been his first love and the River Lea near Waltham Cross his favorite stream. At an early age, James began to provide the firm—which eventually came to be called R. Pollard & Sons—with just the kind of work it needed to capture a fair share of the sporting-print market. His first coaching prints were published in 1815, and five years later came the pivotal incident in his career. James Pollard was commissioned by the King's Printseller to paint a mail coach and horses for the signboard of a coaching inn, and the painting ("Royal Mail Coach, the Exeter Mail") was put on display in the window of the King's Printseller's Shop, on Bond Street. The Austrian Ambassador saw it there and was so taken by it that, on learning it was not for sale, he requested the artist to execute a duplicate for him. Shortly afterward, three other admirers of the painting ordered copies. Emboldened by this response, Pollard sent the most ambitious coaching scene he had done, "North-Country Mails at the Peacock, Islington," to the Royal Academy. It was accepted for exhibition, and his reputation was made. He was a prolific producer over the next twenty years—the same years in which coaching reached its peak—but in 1840 his wife and a daughter died, and something seems to have gone out of him, for he stopped painting almost completely. Until his death, thirty-five years later, he lived chiefly on the royalties from reissues of his coaching and sporting prints. No one—not even Selway—ranks Pollard as an artist with George Stubbs and Ben Marshall, the outstanding eighteenth-century painters of sporting subjects, but Selway and quite a few other critics believe that as an illustrator Pollard has few peers. I certainly thought so myself as I studied Selway's prize pair of Pollards. In "The Mail Coach in a Flood," the scene is the Thames Valley, and a coach carrying two passengers outside and two inside is shown fighting its way through water that rises well above the hubs. The horses, however, are proceeding surely, the coachman is all poise and attention, and through the open door of the carriage we can see that a female passenger, her legs and

FABLES FOR THE VERY RICH
(and those who would like to be)

THE PIG AND THE PENITENT

A Pig whose wallet had been lifted
some months back received this note:
"Sir, I stole your money. Now remorse
is gnawing me so I send some back.
If it gnaws again, I'll send more."

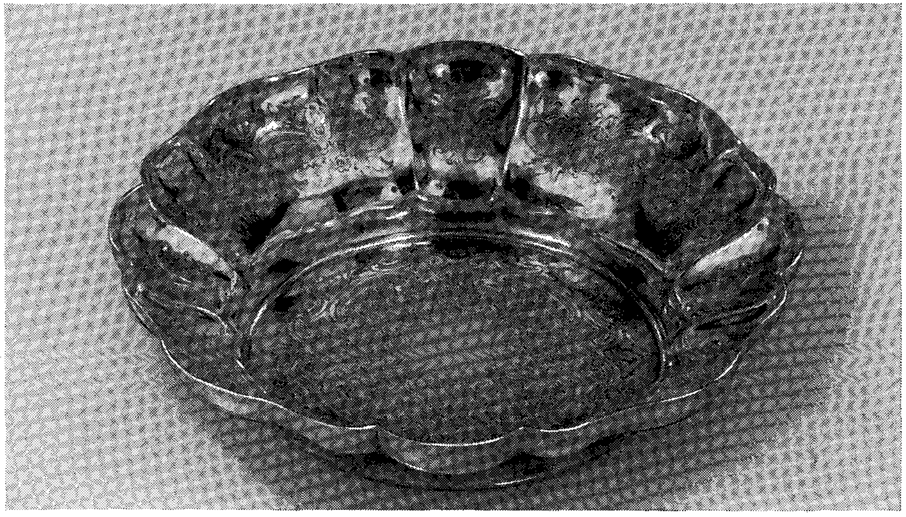
MORAL: remorse rarely pays in full . . .

Which is one reason we've published a pithy, wisdom-packed little booklet "10 COMMON MISTAKES IN INVESTING." And, just to think positively, added another section: "10 COMMON SENSE RULES FOR SUCCESSFUL INVESTING."

Beginners and seasoned investors alike will find both sections well worth reading. Both are filled with sensible, helpful advice . . . clear, concise what-and-what-not-to-dos before making any investment.

A copy is yours at our nearest office. Or write:

FRANCIS I. duPONT & CO.
DEPARTMENT C, ONE WALL STREET, NEW YORK 10005 · DI 4-2000
MEMBERS NEW YORK AND PACIFIC COAST STOCK EXCHANGES AND OTHER PRINCIPAL SECURITY AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES · OVER 100 OFFICES NATIONWIDE AND ABROAD.



Bon Bon / Good Good

Bon Bon Dish. Very functional adjunct to good living. Good taste dictates: the right dish at the right time. This one's a beauty, petal edged; embossed on the inside, keeps it scratch-free. In luscious E-B heavy silverplate. Here are some good ideas: 9½" dish for berries, fruit or ice cream. 6"—match 2 dishes for nuts and candy. 4¼"—match this too for mints, or use as ashtray or coaster. Bon bon appetit. 9½" $24.50*; 6" $13.00*; 4¼" $8.50*. *plus tax*

Ellis-Barker
SILVER COMPANIES
LEGENDARY ENGLISH SILVERSMITHS

Visit our showrooms or write for illustrated folder.

1107 Broadway, New York, New York 10010

Distinguished Gifts, New Orleans, La. / Mary Gill Shop, Knoxville, Tenn. / Gump's, San Francisco, Calif. / Jack Patla, Charleston, S. Car. / Plummer's, Pasadena, Calif. / Pound & Moore, Charlotte, N. Car. / C. F. Reuschlein, Huntington, W. Va. / Stedman House, Roanoke, Va. / Fred H. Straub, Abington, Pa. / White House, Beaumont, Texas / Wishing Well, Plainfield, N. J. / Workman's Gift Store, Marion, N. Car. / Zell Bros., Portland, Oregon.

Take the youngsters to Puerto Rico's Dorado Beach this summer.

Off-Season Family Rates

$87.50 per week* INCLUDING BREAKFAST & DINNER

One of the world's great resorts, Dorado Beach is perfect for the entire family, so give the children a special treat this season and bring them along. It's cooler than your own back yard (average temperature 79°), and low excursion air fares will help fit a luxury vacation into any budget.

FAMILY RATES INCLUDE:
- Free day camp June, July and August
- Spacious air-conditioned beachfront room
- Breakfast and full-course dinner daily
- 50% off water sports equipment
- Arrival-departure airport transfer

And so many other things to enjoy:
- Cool trade winds, shady forests
- Two miles of golden beaches, 1500 acres of landscaped beauty
- Swimming pools, tennis, golf, playgrounds
- Free-port shopping in nearby Virgin Islands
- Sightseeing in historic San Juan

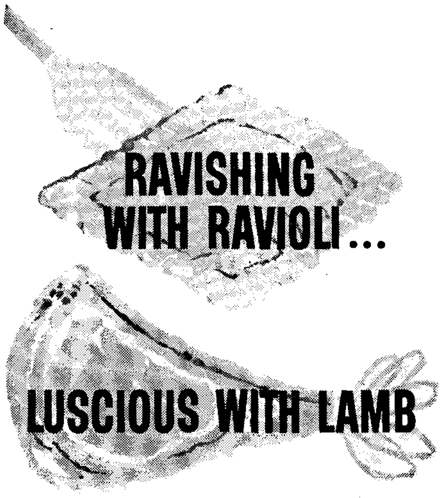
See travel agent or Reservation Offices for Family Vacation brochure N-2; *New York,* 30 Rockefeller Plaza West, JUdson 6-1141; *Chicago,* 922-4139; *Boston,* 423-4888; *Dallas,* RI 7-0932; *Washington,* 347-4951.

DORADO BEACH HOTEL PUERTO RICO

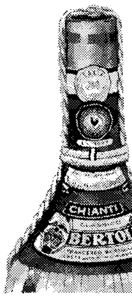
*8 days, 7 nights—$87.50 each for parents and 2 children under 18 (4 persons) — to Oct. 20.

skirts hoisted above the floor to keep them dry, is rather enjoying the experience. "The Mail Coach in a Drift of Snow" is nicely composed and, if anything, is even more dramatic. The coach of the Edinburgh Mail and three of its horses are shown stuck in a deep snowdrift that has made the road impassable and quick extrication unlikely. In the foreground, the coachman, assisted by two passengers, is trying to back the carriage out of the drift, and in the background the guard, mounted on the fourth horse and with the mail sack slung over his shoulder, is galloping across a snowy field on his way to the nearest post office. While Pollard is certainly no Hiroshige, for me his best things, such as these two paintings, have something of both the instant appeal and the enduring interest of the Japanese master's classic series depicting the fifty-three stages of the Tokaido road, between Tokyo and Kyoto.

THE Saturday that was to conclude our expedition dawned clear and brisk. We left Hillington in midmorning and, after making our way back to the Great North Road, polished off the last thirty miles—or last three stages—of our trip rather quickly, arriving at our terminal point, the George in Grantham, in ample time for lunch. En route, we briefly revisited the Haycock and also spent fifteen minutes or so at the George in Stamford, seven miles farther north. Once again, nothing was stirring on the street in front of the Haycock; Mrs. Selway remarked that the little isolated community of stone houses looked like nothing so much as a deserted set for an old Greer Garson picture, and I thoroughly agreed. In a slightly different way, the town of Stamford also has a movie-set quality about it, for its basic physiognomy has changed hardly at all since the middle of the last century. At that time, when the railroads were reaching out in all directions, the Marquis of Exeter, whose family seat, Burghley House, lies on the rim of Stamford, would not permit the rail line to follow the Great North Road through the town. Accordingly, the railroad went through Peterborough instead, and while Peterborough developed, Stamford stayed stuck in time. Now that Stamford has also been bypassed by the new highway, it is likely to remain an anachronism—a state of affairs that, of course, sometimes has its advantages. The George is an elegant, well-preserved inn that dates from around 1600, and that summons up the aura



BERTOLLI CHIANTI CLASSICO



IMPORTED FROM ITALY

Costs a little more but well worth it —because it's the softest, mellowest Chianti you can buy!

Sole Distributor U.S.A. Munson G. Shaw Co., N.Y.

Trend setter—the **button-down nightshirt**

Friends who enjoyed our long-sleeve button-down nightshirt have asked us what to do in summer. Here's our answer... the half-sleeve version. Same bold, masculine styling and generous cut with back box pleat and hanger loop. Ideal for Father's Day (June 20). An amazing number of girls adore them. In yarn-dye oxford blue, sizes A, B, C, D. Tell us your height, weight and sex; we'll send the right size. $9 postpaid. His-and-hers pairs, $17.50. Block-letter Navy monogram, add 50¢ each letter. Allow 2 wks. Sorry, no COD's.

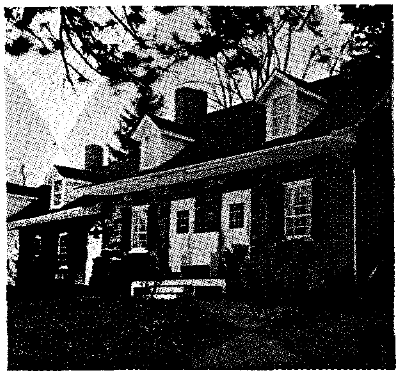
Whigg's of Chappaqua
24 N. Greeley Ave.,
Chappaqua, New York 10514
also: Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

NOON TO 2:30 · 6:30 TO 11:00

The Leopard RESTAURANT

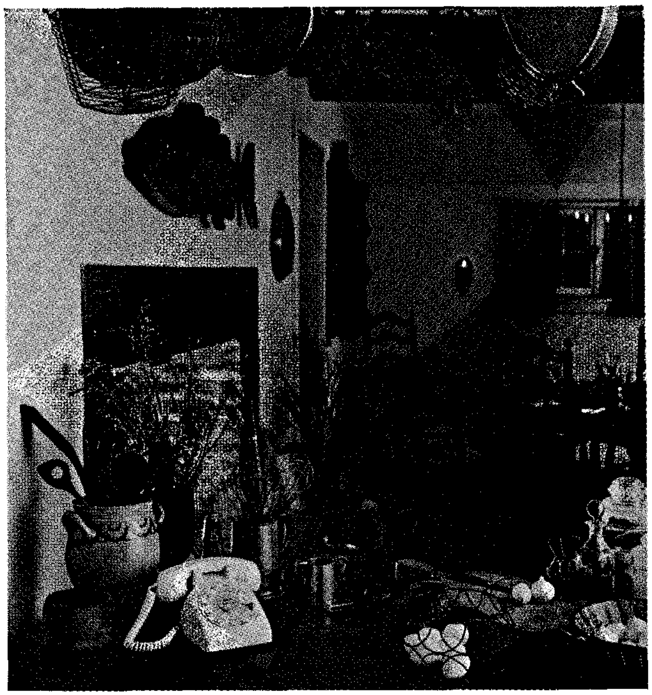
RESERVATIONS ONLY
253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735

Where customers ask us to put their extension phones—and why



(in a restored Revolutionary farmhouse)

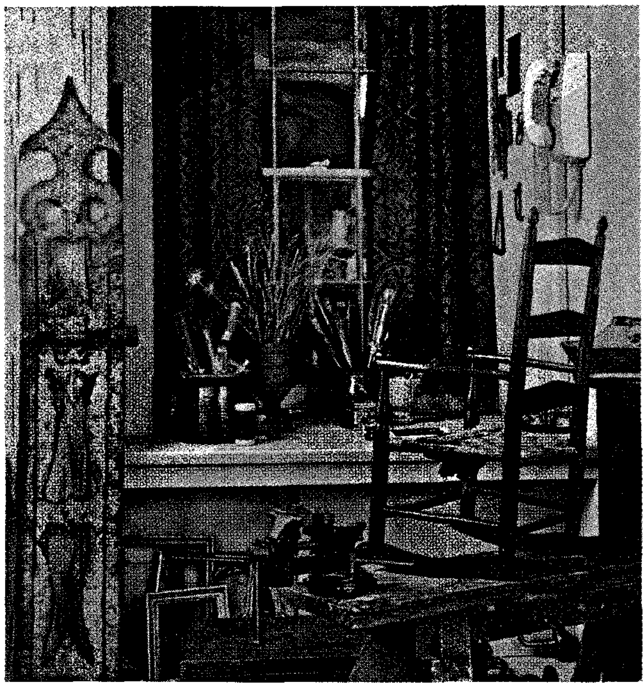
A



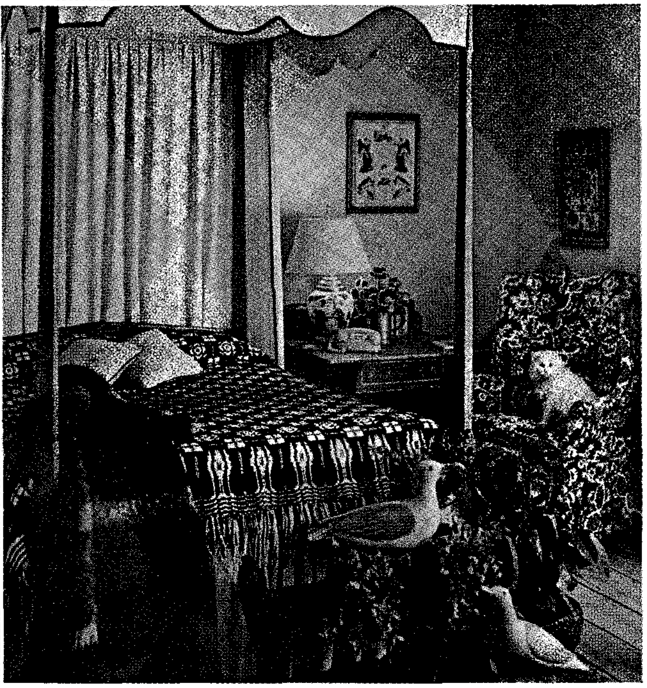
A The kitchen shares more than piping-hot meals with the nearby dining alcove. There's also a step-saving, time-saving extension phone to serve the family in both places.

B A handsome idea for the man who's handy—a phone on his workshop wall. It's a wonderfully low-cost way to help modernize a grand old house.

C The master bedroom gains new privacy and comfort with a bedside extension. The lovely little Princess® phone goes beautifully with two centuries of charm.



B



C

Of course, you have your own ideas about where extension phones can work best in *your* home. They belong in all the places where they'll help make calling easier for everyone. To order, just call your Business Office or ask your telephone man.

Bell System
American Telephone and Telegraph Co.
and Associated Companies

Come home with us to Europe

Spring has come to Europe—why don't you? The coming and going has never been more convenient. Or more economical.

Luxurious Air France "Paris-in-the-Sky" jets leave New York, Boston (starting May 17), Washington D.C., Chicago, Los Angeles, and Montreal regularly for Paris, Europe's most glamorous gateway.

Smooth Air France Caravelle jets operate out of Paris around the clock on the most convenient timetable of any airline in Europe: over 275 flights weekly to Spain, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Greece, and England.

You won't find any lower jet fares. The 14/21 day roundtrip Economy Excursion fare between New York and Paris, for example: $341.80 (a $96.50 savings over regular economy fares).

With our Travelair Credit Plan you pay only 10% down, the balance over 12 or 24 months. And by taking advantage of stopover privileges, you can travel to many cities in Europe at no extra fare.

Wherever and whenever you go, you'll find Air France—the world's largest airline—ready to help you get more out of your trip. Ready to make you feel at home in Europe.

Nobody knows Europe like Air France. And nobody knows Air France like your Travel Agent. Before you plan your trip, talk it over with him.

You may not believe Venice when you first see it. To cross the street, you use a gondola.

AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE
à Votre Service

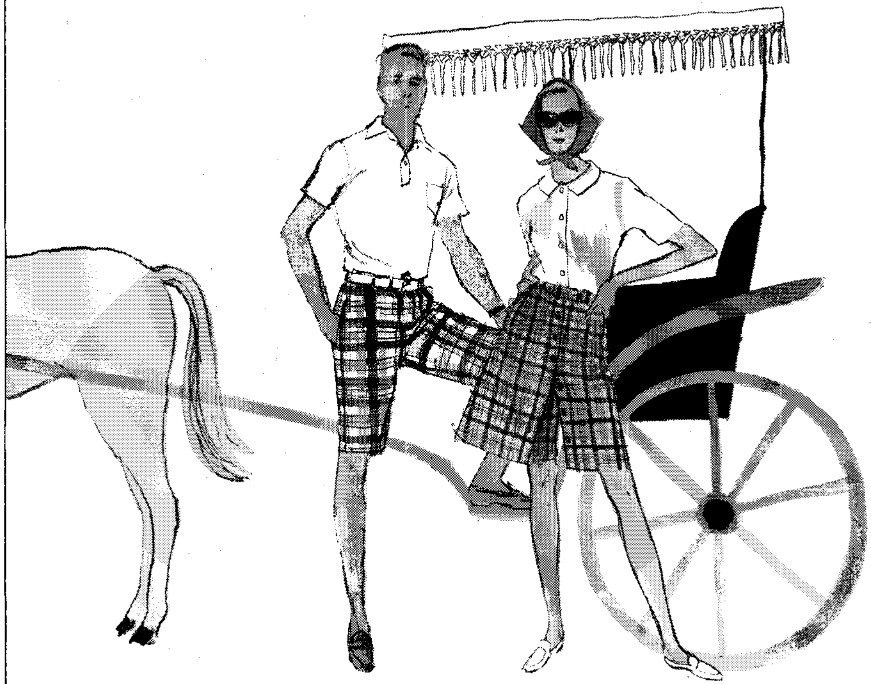
of the days of coach travel much more vividly than the George in Huntingdon. This comes about chiefly through the continuing existence of two splendid, high-ceilinged rooms, panelled in dark-stained wood, that flank the main lobby. The one on the right, called the York Room, was where the passengers bound for York assembled for refreshments while they were waiting for new horses to be harnessed, and the room on the left, called the London Room, fulfilled the same function for passengers headed for the capital. Nowadays, the York Room serves as the inn's bar and the London Room as a writing room, and after looking around them I found I was in a proper mood to appreciate a framed notice hanging in the lobby:

> YORK FOUR-DAYS STAGE-COACH
>
> Begins on Friday the 12th of April 1706. ALL that are desirous to pass from LONDON to York, or from York to LONDON or any other Place on that Road, Let them Repair to the Black Swan in Holbourn in London and to the Black Swan in Coney Street in York.
>
> At both which Places they may be received in a Stage Coach every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday which performs the whole Journey in Four Days (if God permits). And sets forth at Five in the Morning.

As for the George in Grantham—an ugly red brick town on the old Great North Road which has also been by-passed by the new highway—it has neither the charm nor the evocativeness of its namesake in Stamford. It is a blocky, graceless building that was erected in the middle of the eighteenth century; its façade has blackened, and its interior reminded me of the Victorian fustiness of the superannuated hotels in our small Midwestern cities. During a quick turn through town before lunch, we inspected the Angel, a fifteenth-century inn that has been restored with unusual care and taste, and I was at a loss to understand why Selway had selected the George for our meal until he explained that it was the stopping place of the Edinburgh Mail. In the lobby of the George, he pointed out an oval photograph of Dickens and, next to it, a framed blowup of a brief excerpt from "Nicholas Nickleby": "Two of the front outside Passengers, wisely availing themselves of their arrival at one of the best inns in England, turned in, for the night, at the George in Grantham." As it developed, the lunch at the George—an unfancy sequence of thick broth, roast beef, and fruit compote—proved to be one of the most satisfying meals I have ever eaten in England.

We started back to Hillington after

Ah men / Ah women



Fully-lined, imported India bleeding Madras. For him, classic belt-loop walk shorts (sized 29-42) or water shorts (28-40) at about $12.00. Both in patch Madras at about $14.00 For her, the culotte with buttoned up skirt (sized 6-18) at about $16.00. At select shops everywhere or write Austin Hill Ltd., 318 North Front Street, Baltimore, Maryland, or 1407 Broadway, New York, New York. Ah!

You can't possibly see why Hartmann International costs $7⁵⁰ more. So we're going to tell you.

Most of the reasons Hartmann luggage is worth more are invisible.

Hartmann International locks, for instance, are hidden away under two contour-shaped flaps.

(A precaution against damage, accidental opening or pilferage.)

The supported vinyl exterior of the Hartmann International has a completely flexible base.

Crush it and it springs back into shape. Stuff it and it "gives" to make room for an extra suit.

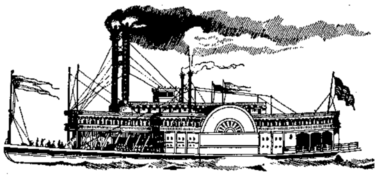
Inside, the cloth lining has an invisible layer of ZePel®. A stain resistant material that's impervious to the ravages of lipstick, perfume, hair oil, ink, or whatever. They roll or blot right off.

Those are some of the invisible reasons why we charge $7.50 more for Hartmann International.

There's one more reason that is clearly visible: you're looking at it.

Hartmann Luggage Co. Lebanon, Tennessee

All the flavor of New Orleans



in a cup...

French Market
COFFEE & CHICORY

Now available Coast-to-Coast. Gracious coffees, selected from choice imports, are carefully blended and roasted to ultimate flavor. Then we add the vital stimulus of chicory. Serve it "half and half" (cafe au lait)—or demitasse, black as sin. For name of nearest supplier and "Conversation Coffee Recipes", write us.

Blended, roasted and packed since 1890 by American Coffee Company, Inc, Box 52018, New Orleans, La.

PETIT RHUM BA BA

Little butter cakes bathed in Jamaica rum. Packed in jars of 12 and 24 servings. No refrigeration. Keep indefinitely after opened. Delicious plain, with ice cream or whipped cream.

FERRARA PANETTONE ITALIAN COFFEE CAKE

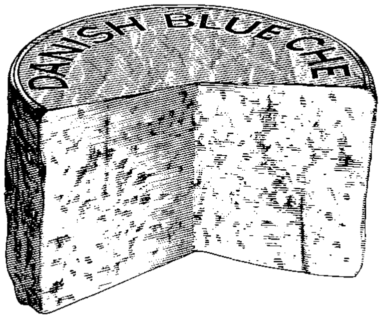
Fresh egg yolks and pure butter, imported Italian candied fruits, Sultana raisins from Greece.

WRITE FOR OUR COMPLETE CATALOG.

Ferrara ESTABLISHED 1892
PASTRY AND COFFEE SHOP
195 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK 13, N Y.

lunch, but first Selway led us, on foot, to an unobtrusive intersection up the street, where he stopped and gazed, with a solemnity I am sure he was unaware of, at the old Great North Road, narrow and somewhat dreary and totally unimpressive, continuing on its way. "For me," he said softly, "this spot has always signified the gate to the North. It isn't that the country ahead—Newark, Doncaster, York, and the rest—is so different. One just doesn't get to go up there so often—that's it, really. Then, when you do, you're usually headed all the way to Scotland." He drew an envelope out of an inside breast pocket and, when he resumed talking, referred from time to time to notes and figures jotted on the back of it. "Well, let's wrap things up," he said. "Let's say we left the G.P.O. in St. Martin's-le-Grand aboard the Edinburgh Mail at eight o'clock last night—right? All other things being equal, we would have arrived here in Grantham, after changing horses nine times, at twenty-three minutes past seven this morning—a little under twelve hours. A forty-minute stop here for breakfast. Then nine stages to York and a forty-minute stop there for dinner; ten more stages to Belford, fifty miles beyond Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and another forty-minute stop there; and, finally, the last five stages to Edinburgh. Estimated time of arrival at the Edinburgh Post Office: twenty-three minutes past two tomorrow afternoon. All told, thirty-four stages and over forty-two hours of almost continuous travel to cover four hundred miles. Quite a trip!" I mention this declamation of Selway's not only because it seemed to signal the official conclusion of our own trip but also because it was the one time on the second day that he cut loose with anything resembling the addresses that had punctuated our progress from London to Huntingdon. Though he was in a fairly sanguine mood on this second day, the sight of the two wide black ribbons of the modern dual carriageway, replacing the cozy, familiar route to the North he had travelled all his life, apparently had the effect of taking him far away from the world of coaching. He was quite talkative, however, when we left the road to poke around the old inns. The English country inn, I learned from remarks he made at Wansford, Stamford, and Grantham, had had its heyday in the eighteenth century, when the slow, heavy coaches lumbered over rough roads and the battered travellers were only too happy to find a spot along the

Is the other man in your life the grocer?



He can bring love into your home. Labeled "Danish Blue Cheese." Dad will love you for it. In salads, sauces, gravies, snacks. Exciting? You said it. Keeps the neighbors jealous, too.

IMPORTED DANISH BLUE CHEESE
...a cut above the commonplace.

ROYAL Tuscan ENGLAND'S MOST FASHIONABLE BONE CHINA

SILVER GLADE—5 piece place setting, about $19
Send 25¢ for complete Tuscan pattern color brochure to:
EBELING & REUSS CO.
Dept. NY, 23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103

HAPPY HOLLANDAISE
No tears. No fuss. No curdle.
SIX PACK of 6-oz. jars, $5.95
Send your order to, BUTTERNUT FARM, Cannondale, Conn.

route where they could break their journey by dining and drinking in lavish style and then catching a good night's sleep in a stationary bed. When the improvement in the roads and, subsequently, in coach construction ushered in an age of travel in which speed was the paramount consideration, less and less time was spent at inns. The passengers slept as best they could on the moving coach and gobbled down quick meals during brief stops. As a result, a good many inns were forced to close down, and the standard of those that remained in business dropped appreciably. Some unscrupulous innkeepers sought to make up for their losses in revenue by charging exorbitant prices for breakfast and snacks of bread, cheese, and beer. A few even went so far as to serve their hot food burning hot, so that the passengers would be called to continue their journey before the dishes had cooled off enough to be eatable; in this way the food could be reheated and served over and over again. In 1839, when coaching went out almost overnight, practically all the rest of the wayside inns closed and were forgotten for forty years. Then in the eighteen-eighties they were rediscovered, along with the roads, by pioneering cyclists and, shortly afterward, by another new sporting breed, the motorists. Now, with the inception of a new system of superhighways, the situation is changing once again. For some old coaching inns, which were bypassed by the railroads and now, a century and a quarter later, find themselves off the course of the new highways, this second loss of transient trade is bound to prove fatal. On the other hand, as Selway pointed out, the first-class country inn set in an appealing town probably has a long life ahead of it still, because the highways will siphon the traffic away from the town and allow it to escape some of the more debatable blessings of modern life. The Georges in Grantham and Stamford have this pleasant fate in store for them, Selway thinks.

On the drive back to Hillington, another side of Selway's antiquarianism asserted itself as, for ten miles or so of travel through the flat farmland of southern Lincolnshire, we followed the roadbed of an abandoned railway—a minor spur of the Great Northern that once had been under his father's supervision. I did not find this a very cheering diversion, having had my fill of moribundity in Stilton, but to Selway it recalled boyhood summers in the area. Halfway home, abandoning the railway line, he turned on the car radio

What do they do at El Convento in the off-season?

Same thing they do in the on-season. They have a ball (only at bargain prices).
How can they help it? Hotel El Convento is located smack in the heart of Old San Juan, the oldest and the swingingest part of town. All the little shops are there. All the great night spots are there, and except for the sleepy mornings, the action doesn't stop. However, if you happen to be lazy as sin, you can enjoy the best dinner in San Juan, a terrific show and dancing into the wee hours without even leaving the hotel.
For openers, try our 3-day special. It includes a welcome Daiquiri, 2 rum drinks at The Owl or Ocho Puertas, 1 lunch at La Zaragozana, transportation to and from beach, 10% discount at St. Amour Boutique, Martha Sleeper Creates and The Cha-Cha Shop, 3 breakfasts, 3 dinners, 3 days and nights accommodations for as little as $52 per person (double). Add $8 per extra night, modified American plan. These low off-season rates in effect Apr. 29 to Dec. 15. See your travel agent or write Hetland & Stevens, 211 E. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. Phone: TN 7-1450.

HOTEL EL CONVENTO, OLD SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO

Martin's spent 8 years getting ready for tonight.

Relax and enjoy it.

MARTINS
V.V.O.
8
MARTIN'S
ORIGINAL
V.V.O.
BRAND
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
ALL EXTRA QUALITY
YEARS 8 OLD
SCOTLAND

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. © McK&R, 1965

BUSH JACKET

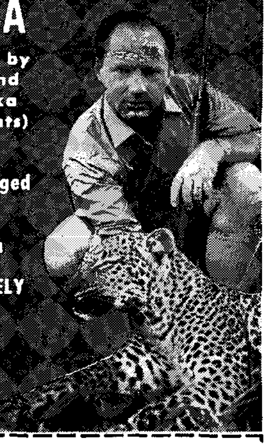
Summer bush jacket, authentic styling with half sleeves and cinch buckle in 100% lightweight cotton khaki, desert tan or blue and white seersucker stripes. $11.50

Mail Orders: Parcel Post Charge—50¢

Travel Exhibits in Major Cities. Dates on Request.
Chicago—LaSalle—May 24, 25, 26
Pittsburgh—Penn Sheraton—June 7 & 8
Cleveland—Statler—June 9 & 10

NEW HAVEN'S FINEST CUSTOM LABEL SINCE 1898
THE Arthur M. Rosenberg CO.
TAILORS—FURNISHERS
Shop in the comfort of exclusive club atmosphere.
IN NEW YORK: 16 EAST 52ND ST.; 3RD FLOOR
IN NEW HAVEN: 268 YORK STREET

SAFARI BOOKINGS
NOW BEING ACCEPTED from $3,000
Custom Safaris to
EAST AFRICA
(Sponsored by Uganda and Tanganyika Governments)



• ALL Details Arranged
• Includes JET Transportation
• SEND IMMEDIATELY for Brochures containing all information

JONAS BROS. OF SEATTLE
"PERFECTION IS OUR BUSINESS"
Dept. NY, 1507 12th Avenue
Seattle, Wash. 98102 • EA 9-1600
Please send brochures with full information on custom Safaris in select game areas. Also include additional details on photographic expeditions and custom Shikars.
Name__________
Firm__________
Address__________
City______ State______ Zip Code______

and tuned in the weekly Saturday-afternoon soccer broadcast. In order to keep attendance up, the English Football League does not announce which game it will broadcast each week, and when this Saturday's match turned out to be the one between Arsenal and Sheffield United, Selway was much pleased. It was early in the second half, with Arsenal trailing, 1–0. A few minutes later, Sheffield United scored again. Selway began to brood and, coincidentally, to drive much faster; we were fairly flying after Sheffield United had come on to score twice more and wrap up the game. Back at Up Hall, Bunny Selway saw to it that tea was served immediately. Her husband rapidly downed two cups, and by the time he had completed his therapy with a little session of studying his Pollards in the drawing room, he was as good as new.

ON Sunday morning, Selway drove me to King's Lynn, where I caught a train back to London. On our way to the station, I asked him a question that had been on my mind throughout our expedition: Why didn't the people in coaching realize from the moment, in 1825, when passengers first travelled behind one of George Stephenson's steam locomotives, that their days were numbered?

"I know, I know," Selway said, nodding. "It *is* puzzling. I suppose the answer lies in the fact that the steam engine was such a revolutionary concept that no one could grasp its significance right away. Stephenson himself didn't. He thought that railroads would be used primarily for transporting freight, not passengers. The idea that people would give up travelling behind our wonderful blood stock in order to be hauled by a blowing teakettle—that was pretty hard for anybody to get through his head. Wouldn't you have resisted it?"

"Perhaps so," I said.

"Well, I'm sure I would have," he continued. "Particularly if I had been rich and young and a good enough driver to take over the reins on a mail coach now and then. By the way, your train leaves King's Lynn at 11:25 A.M., changes horses at Ely, Cambridge, and Bishop's Stortford, and arrives at Liverpool Street Station at 1:58 P.M."

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

FATHER PLAYS IMPORTANT
PART IN PARENTHOOD
—*Headline in the Boston Record American.*

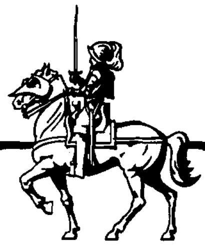
That little will-o'-the-wisp?

The Westbury is a way of life!

For overnight visits or an extended stay in New York, seasoned travelers return to The Westbury. Here, your every whim or need is anticipated and catered to—luxurious rooms, suites, superb cuisine, flawless service. Company Suites, magnificently furnished, from 1 to 6 rooms, also available on lease or monthly rental.

Home of the famous POLO BAR and new MAYFAIR DINING ROOM
reservations or information: Mr. C. L. O'Connor, Mgr.

KNOTT HOTELS
THE Westbury
Madison Ave. at 69th St. N. Y. C.
LE 5-2000 • Teletype: NY 1-138



MAGNIFICO!

High above the Caribbean on Puerto Rico's spectacular east coast. Luxurious guest rooms and villas, gay wining and dining rooms, fresh-water pool, sandy beach reached by the only aerial tramway in Puerto Rico. All water sports. All everything.

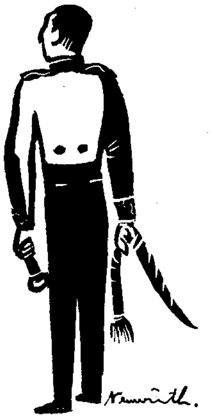
¡Ole! Call today — your travel agent or write Box 422 N, Fajardo, Puerto Rico.

EL CONQUISTADOR
Las Croabas,
Fajardo, Puerto Rico

AIRBOAT® $159 Complete
Rugged, Rubber INFLATABLE! See the AIRBOAT and many other small boats at our showroom . . . or Phone or Write for FREE Folder
AMERIMEX . . . a good source for Foldboats
124 West 30th St., N. Y. 1 • PE 6-8446

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Failed Phantom



"THE YELLOW ROLLS-ROYCE" is a marvellous name for a movie. From the moment I first saw the title in print, I looked forward to the picture, not merely because of my weakness for the more conspicuous trappings of wealth but because the picture was announced as having the luxury of a screenplay by Terence Rattigan, who is one of the cleverest artificers of comedy alive, and a cast that would include Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman, Shirley MacLaine, George C. Scott, Alain Delon, Art Carney, and Omar Sharif. It seemed obvious that the producer, Anatole de Grunwald, was sparing no expense to prepare a feast for the eye and ear and perhaps also—worthy extravagance—for some portion of our minds, and I awaited with impatience the glorious day of the picture's début. Now that day has come and gone, and has proved anything but glorious, for the picture is, in a single harsh word, terrible. It would be a form of kindness to pretend that the reasons for its failure baffle me, but the truth is that they're every bit as plain as the Rolls of the title is yellow. Mr. Rattigan took care to cobble up a sufficiently ingenious, if conventional, plot—the gleaming Rolls Phantom is, in effect, the hero of three altogether separate episodes, involving different sorts of people in different countries at different times—but when it came to providing dialogue for his characters, his famously light and witty touch deserted him, and we are subjected to innumerable exchanges on the order of "This looks like any other place." "It does?" Even Mr. Harrison, who is able to bestow on quite ordinary statements the burnish and bite of epigrams, is left to flounder over many a mindless "What shall we do?" and at one point I *think* I heard him tearfully offer a horse in the paddock at Ascot the unexpected salute "Poor boy! Poor boy!" To Mr. Rattigan's failure as a writer must be added Anthony Asquith's failure as a director. I have a feeling that, having found Miss Moreau hopelessly miscast as the wife of an

Wanted: Love for In Sun

CHUNG IN SUN, KOREAN, AGE 6. Father dead. New baby born in hole in ground after father's recent death. "Home" is a rocky hedge. Earthen floor. Roof straw mat. Cold, windy, rainy. No blankets for infant. Mother unable to work yet. Sells cabbage leaves when she can. Earns about 20¢ a day. Children hungry, cold, ragged. Situation desperate. Mother looks with despair on children she cannot feed and care for. Help to Chung In Sun means help to entire family.

You or your group can become a Foster Parent of a needy child. You will be sent the case history and photo of your "adopted" child and letters from the child himself. Correspondence is translated by PLAN. The child knows who you are. At once he is touched by love and a sense of belonging. Your pledge provides new clothing, blankets, education and medical care, as well as a cash grant of $8.00 every month. Each child receives full measure of material aid from your contribution. Distribution of goods is supervised by PLAN staff and is insured against loss in every country where PLAN operates. **Help in the responsible way. "Adopt" a child through Foster Parents' Plan. Let some child love you.**

PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Agency for International Development of the United States Government and filed with the National Information Bureau in New York City. **Check your charity—we eagerly offer our financial statement on request because we are so proud of the handling of our funds.** PLAN helps children in Italy, Greece, South Korea, Viet Nam, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Colombia and Ecuador.

© Foster Parents' Plan, Inc. 1964

Foster Parents' Plan, Inc.

352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10010 - Founded 1937

PARTIAL LIST OF SPONSORS AND FOSTER PARENTS

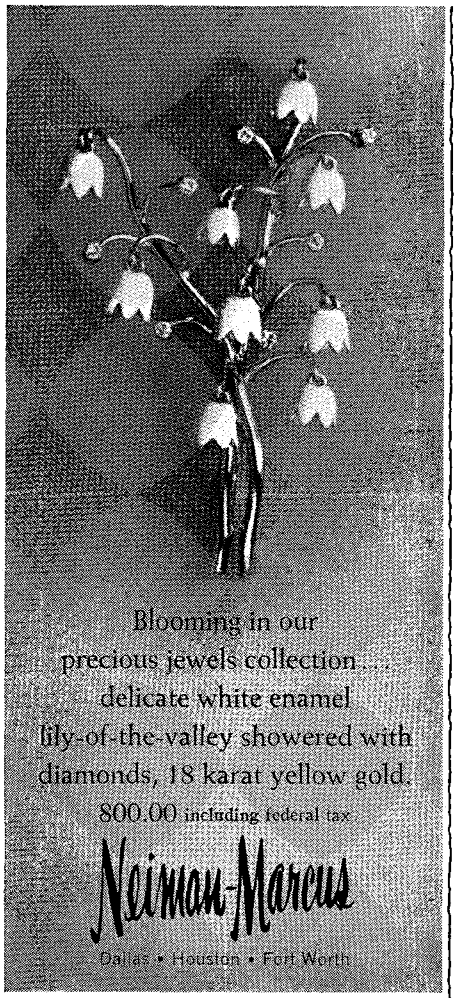
Steve Allen
Sen. Paul H. Douglas
Helen Hayes
Conrad N. Hilton
Sen. Jacob K. Javits
Art Linkletter
Amb. & Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge
Garry Moore
Dr. Howard A. Rusk
Mr. & Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff
Gov. & Mrs. William W. Scranton
Sen. John G. Tower
Loretta Young

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN, INC. NY-5-65
352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010
In Canada: P.O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Que.

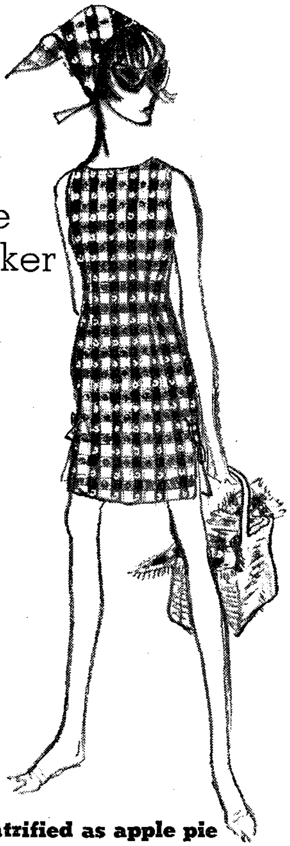
A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year or more. If possible, sex.............., age.............., nationality..............
I will pay $15 a month for one year or more ($180 per year).
Payment will be monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), semi-annually ( ), annually ( ).
I enclose herewith my first payment $..............

B. I cannot "adopt" a child but I would like to help a child by contributing $..............

Name..............
Address..............
City..............Zone..............State..............
Date.............. *Contributions are Income Tax deductible.*



Blooming in our
precious jewels collection . . .
delicate white enamel
lily-of-the-valley showered with
diamonds, 18 karat yellow gold.
800.00 including federal tax
Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth



The
Picnicker

As countrified as apple pie
damask cotton with scarf!
Rooster Red, Blue Grass, Corn
Yellow, S, M, L 25.00
Please add 45¢ for mailing.
TWEEDS FROM THE FARM
Hillandale, Pomfret Center, Conn.

English lord in the opening segment of the picture, he gave up any attempt to direct her, concentrating instead on Mr. Harrison and the pretty sets. (Some of the outdoor scenes were shot at Cliveden, which is no mean house.) In the second segment, which features Mr. Scott, Miss MacLaine, Mr. Delon, and Mr. Carney, Mr. Asquith's abdication is almost complete; Mr. Scott gives way to shameless hamming, Miss MacLaine and Mr. Delon are continuously and embarrassingly in need of instructions that never come, and Mr. Carney appears to be so angry with himself for having accepted his role that he scarcely bothers to play it. In the third segment of the picture, Mr. Asquith draws a good performance from Miss Bergman as a hard-bitten and very rich American matron, but Mr. Sharif has little to do except bug his big eyes, sometimes to indicate love of country and at other times to indicate love for the hard-bitten lady.

AN entertaining specimen of the Bond genre of mock thriller is a British import called "Masquerade," which enjoyed a perversely truncated first run here some weeks ago; it has just come back for a few days and will doubtless be bobbing up again from time to time, and therefore deserves to be mentioned. Written with manic ingenuousness by Michael Relph and William Goldman, and directed in a brazenly perils-of-Pauline fashion by Basil Dearden, the picture stars Cliff Robertson and Jack Hawkins as a pair of urbane, ineffectual scoundrels who, confident of their common untrustworthiness, manage to remain at once allies and adversaries. The convolutions of the plot of "Masquerade" are so radical and unreasonable that one rarely knows who is being outwitted by whom, and on several occasions I got the impression that the actors themselves were as much in the dark about their supposed situation as I was; they would then resourcefully assume a safe, all-purpose expression—brows raised, eyes narrowed, a half smile on their lips—capable of conveying with equal effectiveness duplicity, fidelity, controlled terror, or sang-froid. Fortunately for the picture, Mr. Dearden and his cameramen are much less confused by the hurly-burly than the actors and we in the audience are, and the shots of desperate near escapes from death on crumbling battlements and fraying rope bridges over gorges are pleasingly reminiscent of Harold Lloyd in "Safety Last." Those were the days, and these are the days, too.

—BRENDAN GILL

Sample the serene delights of the Japan Pavilion at the World's Fair, and sample the refreshingly different taste of the **classic** whisky from Japan.

SUNTORY

86.8 proof. A blend of rare selected whiskies
distilled and bottled near Kyoto in Japan.
Suntory Importers, Ltd., Philadelphia, Pa.

Keep it clean
with
ELLANAR
DELUXE
JEWELRY
CLEANER
with unbreakable
dip tray and brush.
Dip • Dry • Admire
$1 at fine
jewelers and
department
stores,
or write
L & R, Kearny, N.J.

Sail To The Islands of Maine
On the Gloucester Schooner
"Adventure"
An Unusual Informal Fun Filled Vacation
$125 per week all inclusive
For Brochure write
YANKEE SCHOONER CRUISE
Box 696 Camden 6, Maine
Tel. 207-236-4449

SINCE
1880
ALL THAT IS
NEW ORLEANS!
Commander's Palace
FRENCH
AND
CREOLE
CUISINE
Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Bows for the Ladies

THOSE who stayed away from last Friday night's concert by the B.B.C. Symphony in Carnegie Hall—and there were obviously a good many, for the hall was far from full—missed one of the most exciting events of the season. The orchestra, this time, had a program that included a great deal of substantial music, and it showed itself to be a virtually flawless organization, capable of playing this music with uncanny lucidity and precision. Its prevailing tone is bright, by comparison with the more sombre tone of orchestras like the Vienna Philharmonic—a characteristic arising primarily from the brilliance with which its brass instruments are played. Its horns seem incapable of striking a false note; its woodwind players are apparently all virtuosos; its string players (who include an unusually large number of women) are capable of refinement, forcefulness, sensuous tone, and whatever else may be desired, besides being wonderfully clear in attack and in rapid passages. There is a diamond finish to everything this orchestra does, and its responses to the conductor are extremely sensitive. We do a lot of talking about our great American orchestras—and, it is true, a large number of them deserve it—but this British one is exceptional even by our standards.

Its program the other night contained Gunther Schuller's Dramatic Overture and Mahler's Fourth Symphony, but I shall pass these over for the moment in order to consider the evening's real smasher—the first New York appearance of a willowy blond twenty-year-old British cellist named Jacqueline du Pré, who played the solo part in Elgar's Cello Concerto. In order to get at the crux of Miss du Pré's artistry, one has to go beyond the usual comments about the powerful bow arm, the hammerlike left-hand technique, the assurance and purity of intonation at the difficult end of the fingerboard, and so on, that one makes about most good cellists. Miss du Pré has all this. What is remarkable about her—in fact, almost unbelievable in a twenty-year-old—is the grand manner, the air of absolute authority, and the musicianship, both cultivated and in-

OUR SEVENTY-FIFTH YEAR

THE NEW PORTFOLIO OF 500 BAKER DESIGNS, $2.00

Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS
305 MILLING ROAD. HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423
DISPLAYS MAY BE SEEN IN: NEW YORK • CHICAGO • PITTSBURGH • LOS ANGELES
DALLAS • PHILADELPHIA • SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

Exhilarating living . . . hospitality at this informal, luxurious resort, where the St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers meet.

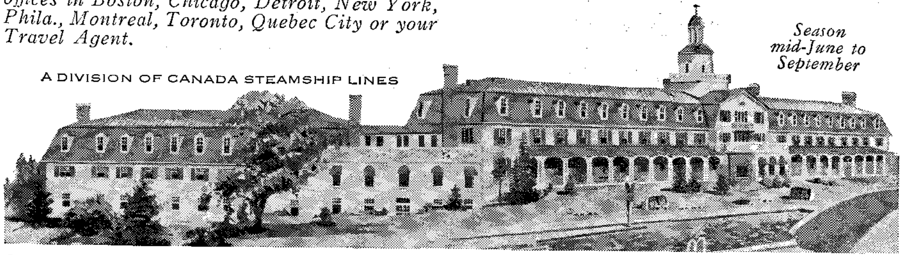
Heated swimming pool, golf, tennis, dancing. 9 well-stocked fishing lakes. Pollen-free air. From $14.50 a day per person, American Plan. (Less Canadian exchange discount of 7%.) Reached by steamer or highway from Montreal.

Apply F. L. Abel, Mgr., Dept. A, Box 100, Montreal 3, Que., or Canada Steamship Lines, offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, New York, Phila., Montreal, Toronto, Quebec City or your Travel Agent.

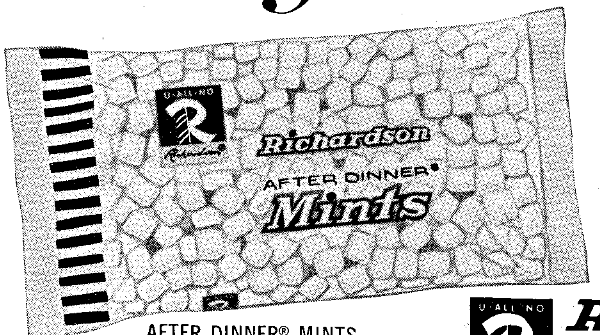
HOTEL
TADOUSSAC
and FISHING LAKES
TADOUSSAC, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, CANADA

Season mid-June to September

A DIVISION OF CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES



Refreshing



. . . year-'round Springtime in a package!

AFTER DINNER® MINTS
Party Patties
Pastel Mints
Party Jellies
Butter Mints

U-ALL-NO
Richardson
AFTER DINNER® Mints
Thos. D. Richardson Co., Atlantic & "I" Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. 19134

HOW'S YOUR HOTEL I.Q.?

What hotel is the only one in the world with color TV in every room?
ANSWER:____________

What hotel is the only one in the world with an Adjustable Bed in every room?
ANSWER:____________

What hotel is the only one in the world with a BarcaLounger Chair in every room?
ANSWER:____________

IN ADDITION TO LUXURIOUS SERVICE, WHAT HOTEL HAS THE FOLLOWING IN EVERY ROOM:

Telefunken Radio? ______
Bathroom extension phone? ______
Butler's Pantry with Refrigerator? ______
Electric Shoe Polisher? ______
Air-Conditioning? ______
Irish Linen Towels? ______
Silent Valet? ______
"Catnap Throw"? ______

ANSWER:

THE
Tuscany
"New York's Biggest Little Hotel"
39th Street just East of Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016
Bertram Weal, General Manager
(212) MU 6-1600, Teletype 212-867-6585
MAY WE SEND YOU A BOOKLET?

Leave it to the Italians to put romance in coffee!

Romance your taste with EXPRESSO COFFEE LIQUEUR! So smooth, so enticingly rich in flavor. Serve it tonight and often!

EXPRESSO
COFFEE LIQUEUR
Stily

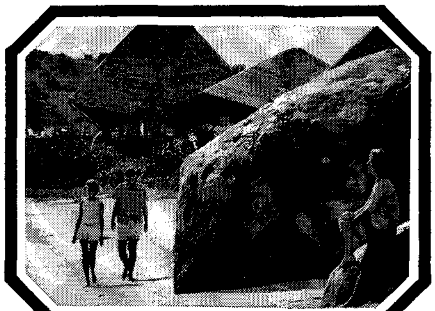
EXPRESSO
COFFEE LIQUEUR
Bottled in Italy

Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N. Y. 20, N. Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 60 proof.

stinctive, with which she plays. Her accentuations, her sense of phrasing, and her feeling for musical rhetoric that this rather Brahmsian concerto requires were absolutely masterly. And her tone, always beautiful, ranges from the most imposing fortes to the most exquisite pianissimos. It is a long time since I have heard the cello played like this. I wonder where Miss du Pré goes from here. She cannot be described as "promising." She is already a great artist.

As for the rest of the program, Mr. Schuller's overture was characteristically lively. He is a composer with a limited technique, which he has invented for himself, and the technique is based on the twelve-tone serial system. He has such a good ear for orchestral sound that whatever he writes comes through with maximum effectiveness, in spite of the small scope of his materials. For short periods, he can be interesting. But in a work of any length—and this overture is fairly long—his style is apt to appear rambling and to be a bit tiresome. The Mahler symphony is, of course, a masterpiece, and the orchestra did it almost more than justice, by which I mean that its performance was so crystal clear that some of the Gothic mystery of typically Germanic performances was lacking. Part of this may have been the fault of the conductor, Antal Dorati, who is a superb musician technically but who hasn't the touch of Romanticism that this work needs. At any rate, his interpretation of the symphony, though scrupulous, did not have the revelatory character that conductors like Bruno Walter used to give it. The soprano Heather Harper sang the verses in the last movement with great charm.

THURSDAY night's Philharmonic concert, under William Steinberg, in Philharmonic Hall, was the occasion of another appearance by a young and unfamiliar woman virtuoso—this time the German violinist Edith Peinemann. Miss Peinemann had a less effective assignment than Miss du Pré, and it was not as easy to assess her virtues accurately. She played the solo part of Bartók's Second Violin Concerto, a complicated, difficult, sometimes melodious, sometimes aggressively noisy work. Her approach to it was appropriately gypsified, with the lavish use of slides and intense vibrato that music of Hungarian national flavor demands. Because of this, it was not possible to gauge exactly how she would play more conventional music. But several things were evident: a lovely tone, accurate intonation, a left-hand



Summer Isle

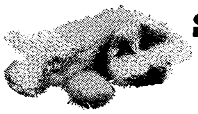
This new resort on a British Virgin Isle is perfect for a summer vacation. Swimming from great beaches, snorkeling, sport fishing, exploring. Cool trade winds. Summer rates, May 1-Oct. 20, from $15 (per person dbl., all meals). All-inclusive honeymoon and family vacation plans. See travel agent or:
New York CI 5-8055
Chicago 922-4139
Boston 423-4888
Dallas RI 7-0932
Washington 347-4951

LITTLE DIX BAY
VIRGIN GORDA
BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

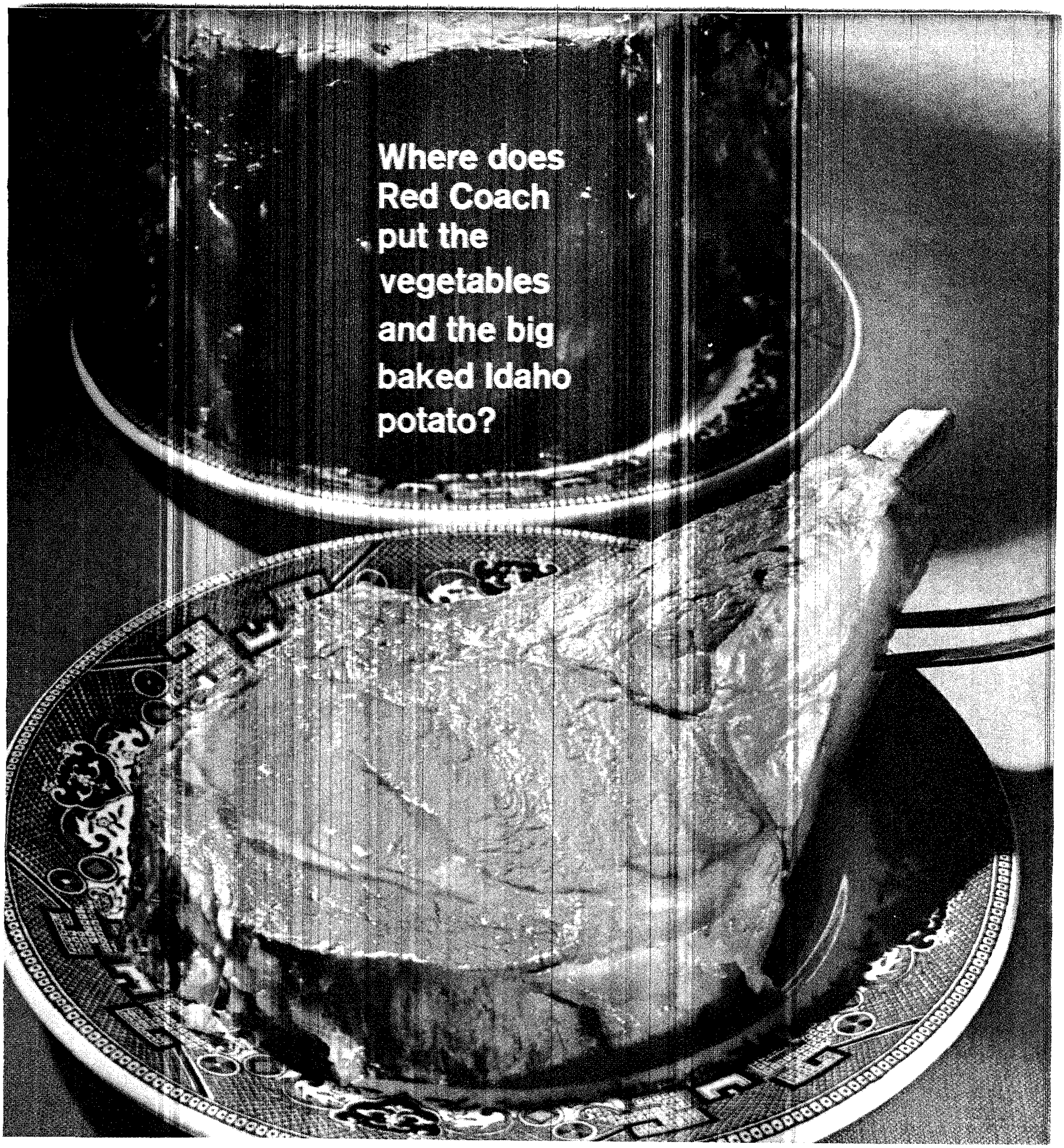
CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE...SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER...ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

RESTAURANT FRANÇAIS
FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY
14 EAST 52nd
RES 421-7588
le mistral



Sad Sam
$4.95
Floppy and lovable, a child's cuddly companion. One of many soft toys. Top quality. Reasonably priced. Send for free catalog.
Size 17"
Guaranteed
No C.O.D.
Toy Parade BOX 297
Sandy Springs, Ga.


Where does Red Coach put the vegetables and the big baked Idaho potato?

When you're served roast beef at Red Coach you never have room for everything on the same plate. Bountiful portions are a tradition with us. Come see for yourself. Enjoy roast prime rib of beef, prime steer steak broiled over a charcoal fire, or any of the other fine selections on the Big Red Menu. Start off with a cocktail in the Tally-Ho Lounge. You'll discover why particular people come back to the Red Coach . . . often.

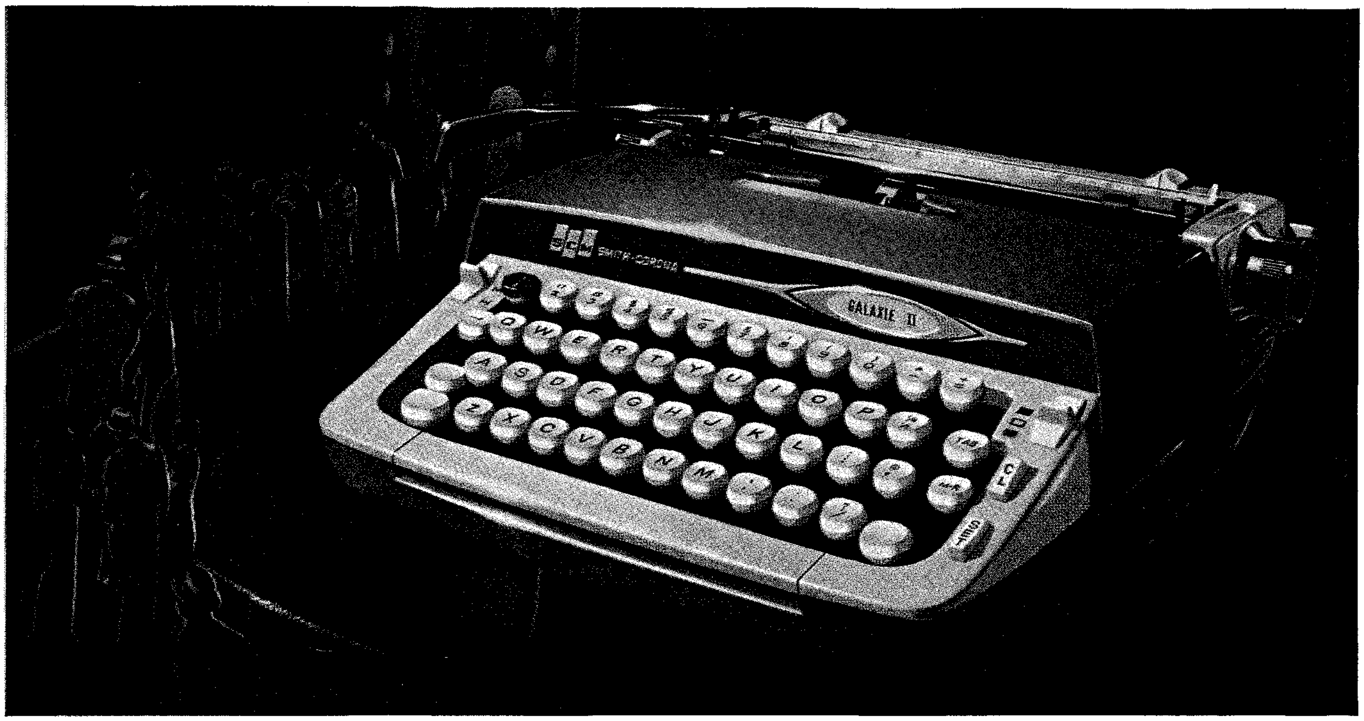
Red Coach Grill

There are now 15 Red Coach Grills in New England, New York, Chicago, and Florida.

RED COACH GRILLS
a division of Howard Johnson Company

Think ahead-

Get Smith-Corona,
the only portable
with a jeweled
main bearing today!



Exclusive! A jeweled main bearing right in the heart of your typewriter. Only Smith-Corona portables have it and so many other exclusive features. Smith-Corona builds the only electric portables. Only Smith-Corona builds portables with optional snap-on Changeable Type.™ Fact is, Smith-Corona has a habit of being first with innovations that others follow years later . . . first with an all-steel frame, first with an all-steel carrying case, first with a full five-year guarantee. No wonder more people buy Smith-Corona portables than any other brand. Get Smith-Corona now — the only portables with a future built in!

Think ahead—think SCM

GUARANTEE: ANY SMITH-CORONA BRANCH OFFICE WILL REPLACE WITHOUT CHARGE (EXCEPT FOR LABOR AND SHIPPING) ANY PART THAT PROVES DEFECTIVE WITHIN 5 YEARS OF PURCHASE DATE. NO LABOR CHARGE WITHIN 90 DAYS OF PURCHASE. WARRANTY COVERS ALL PARTS EXCEPT MOTOR, RUBBER PARTS, ENERGY CELL OR CHARGER AFTER 90 DAYS. DOES NOT COVER DAMAGE FROM ACCIDENT OR MISUSE AND EXTENDS ONLY TO ORIGINAL OWNER.

SMITH-CORONA®
PORTABLES

™

SCM®

SCM CORPORATION, 410 PARK AVENUE,
NEW YORK, 10022. IN CANADA: SCM LTD.,
29 GERVAIS DRIVE, DON MILLS, ONTARIO

technique capable of handling fingered octaves (that is to say, enormously agile and wide-stretching), and a fine dash of temperament. Miss Peinemann will bear watching. The remainder of the program consisted of the overture to Berlioz's "Béatrice and Bénédict" and Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, the first conducted with agreeable steadiness, and the last given a noble, sombre, and technically conscientious reading.

THE Royal Ballet has by now finished its New York season, and during it there was a good deal of bickering about Mr. Nureyev; even I have received abusive letters because of my praise of him. Well, Mr. Nureyev is a great dancer in the classical tradition (which may strike some people as old-fashioned) and a great stage personality. The Royal Ballet is lucky to have him, since it has always been weak in the male contingent. On Tuesday and Wednesday nights of last week, he danced in his own versions of Marius Petipa's "La Bayadère" and in the more recent Vakhtang Chabukiani's "Laurentia" Pas de Six. The latter work was slightly impeded by a terrible score. But in both Mr. Nureyev performed wonders of athleticism, including soaring leaps and turns of almost incredible grace and complexity. In "La Bayadère," he had Margot Fonteyn as a partner, and she was magnificent. Also remarkable in this item was the dancing of Merle Park, Vyvyan Lorrayne, and Deanne Bergsma. In "Laurentia," Mr. Nureyev was backed up by a similarly ravishing troupe of females—Svetlana Beriosova, Miss Park again, and Antoinette Sibley—and his fellow-males, Brian Shaw and Graham Usher, were admirable. During the week, I also saw Frederick Ashton's "A Wedding Bouquet," a wholly delightful spoof with spoken words by Gertrude Stein and a pleasing score by Lord Berners, and "Daphnis and Chloë," to Ravel's music, which I found a bore.—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Joe Newton, Auburn's All-SEC basketball center, has his big day Saturday. The home folks at Fayette have proclaimed it "Joe Nelson Day."—*Birmingham (Ala.) Post-Herald.*

That gets it off the ground.

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

TRAVELERS HEALTH ASSOCIATION
OMAHA, NEBRASKA

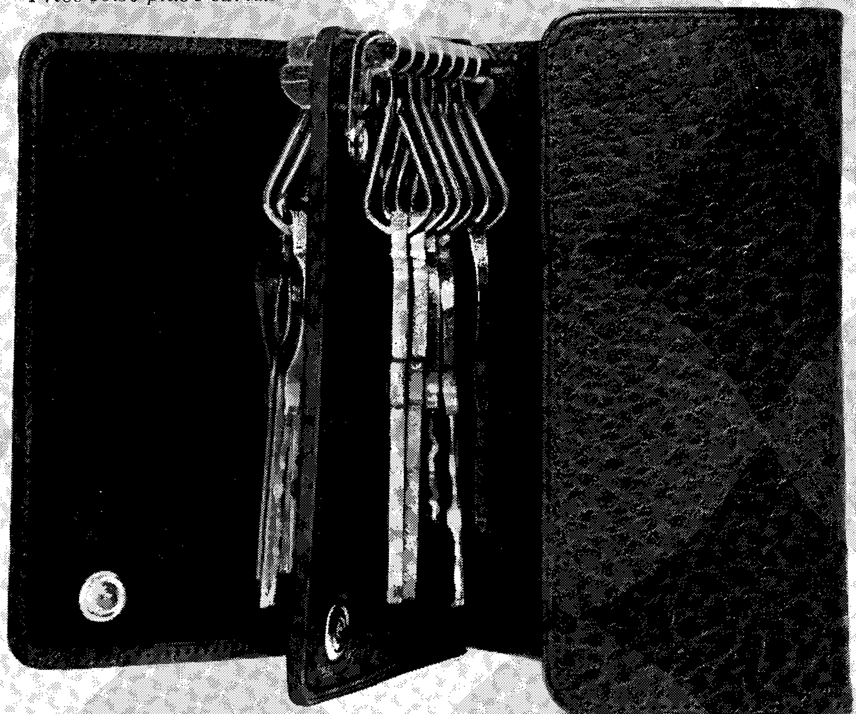
DEAR MR. W——:

If you are independently wealthy . . .

Keys are protectors of your material world.

Keep them safe in a Two-Fold® key case by Bond Street Ltd. Two-Fold is a new concept in the design and construction of men's fine leather accessories. This key case holds twelve keys, is made of the finest textured leather in black, brown and olive and has a convenient pocket. It is specifically intended for men whose requirements are beyond the ordinary. Every last detail in its manufacture is carefully inspected for longevity and safety. At better stores everywhere or write Bond Street Ltd., 30 East 33rd Street, New York City 10016.

Price $8.50 plus Fed. tax



the place to relax...

in sun and salt air. Stroll the Boardwalk. Dance nightly in the Mayfair Lounge. Dine festively in the Ocean Dining Room. Free 21" TV. World famous BATHERAPY free to our guests.

CLARIDGE
HOTEL
Atlantic City
Area Code 609-345-1271
George B. Bruni, Vice Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

SANDALWOOD
Alexander Shields
NEW YORK 10022
484 PARK AVE. AT 58th ST.

MID-MANHATTAN at its Luxurious Best

Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.

HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave.
A Bing & Bing Hotel

BOOKS

People Who Shoot Doves Out of Season

Erskine Caldwell has published forty-two books in the last thirty-six years, only two of which—"God's Little Acre" and "Tobacco Road"—are celebrated, and these as slatternly mixtures of naturalism and sentimentality. If the paragraph that appears on the next-to-last page of Caldwell's newest book, "In Search of Bisco" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), were on its first page, the reader might well suspect that he was in for still another shuffle through Caldwell's dust-and-low-cut-gingham country. But, instead, it provides a suitable climax for a rending book. Caldwell is explaining how slaves in the South occasionally afforded Sunday-afternoon entertainment for their owners:

> Going-to-the-barn was a special event for the men and usually it was an occasion that could be anticipated after hearing a casual hint several days in advance. There the men could drink bourbon from bottles and watch an exhibition on the corn-husking floor that the elderly Negro had been ordered to arrange. It was his duty at a time like that to use a shotgun if necessary to bring a young buck and a girl to the barn from the Negro quarter to strip naked and perform whatever sexually inciting acts the men said they wanted to see. Afterward, the older white men went back to the house and the younger ones could stay in the barn and take turns mounting the girl on the corn-husking floor. At a time like that, a white man had no qualms about crossing the color line with a Negro girl. In fact, on remote plantations it was often a customary ritual to celebrate achievement of Southern manhood.

"In Search of Bisco" builds carefully to this climax, and it has a simple, semifictional plan. In its opening pages, Caldwell tells how he discovered, when he was five, that Negroes and whites are different. He was living in Coweta County, Georgia, where he was born. He had been playing all day in the sand under his parents' breezeway house with his best friend, a Negro boy of his age named Bisco. At dusk, Bisco headed for his parents' shack, and Caldwell, reluctant to let the day end, followed him. Bisco's mother sat the boys down before a fire, gave them fried pork chops and chitterling bread, and undressed Bisco and put him to bed. Caldwell, entranced by the fire and the pork chops and Bisco's sofa-like mother, undressed and got into bed with Bisco. Then she told Caldwell that it was late and that his parents would be worried and that she would lead him the short distance back to his house. "I saw my mother waiting for us in the lighted doorway and . . . when I begged her to let me spend the next night with Bisco, she said that it was time to put a stop to anything like that and that I was never to go to his house again. When I asked her why, she said that it was because I was white and he was Negro, and that I was old enough to learn that we had to live in separate houses." Fifty-odd years later, Caldwell supposedly sets out to find Bisco, whom he has completely lost track of. His search takes him through South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas, and in the course of it he talks with a dozen nameless Southerners. Each is allowed an uninterrupted monologue, which Caldwell prefaces with appropriate geographical, historical, and biographical remarks. These remarks are quiet and to the point, and they provide perfect settings for the monologues, which are delivered by such as an expert Army-trained Negro truck driver whose color binds him, in South Carolina, to filling-station jobs; a New England housewife, whose husband's work has landed her in Bastrop, Louisiana; a couple of white racists; an Atlanta Negro college professor; and an eighteen-year-old Little Rock Negro high-school student. In time, these monologues form a contrapuntal chorus whose voices swing wildly back and forth between muddled idiocy and stately wisdom. Some of the voices seem to whisper, some to shout, and some to moan, but all are governed by Caldwell's perfect ear. Best of all, they give the impression of speaking face-to-face with the reader. Thus, a fifty-five-year-old white South Carolina storekeeper who has had eight years of schooling:

> I don't know why it is that there's so much talk against us down here in the South. . . . It's bound to be either ignorance or meanness, though. You read in the newspapers all the time these days about somebody up North saying we discriminate against colored people. You saw me take that colored money just now. I sell to the colored just like I do to anybody else. I couldn't stay in business to the end of the month if I didn't sell to them.

This prestidigital reasoning is answered

CUCKOO!
Hamilton

Not by golf alone need man live at The Equinox. After playing the superlative 6750 yard course your family or foursome may volley on the new tennis courts, cast for mountain trout or swim in the modern pool — all on 1600 acres of country club privacy. Historic New England scenes, a magnificent cuisine, nightly dancing and entertainment, and accommodations designed for dreaming round out your Equinox week or weekend.

New York—200 smooth miles, Boston—148, Albany—58. Commercial airlines to nearby Rutland.

The Equinox
HOUSE and LODGES
MANCHESTER, VERMONT

For details and reservations: Your travel agency or Thomas F. Farley, President and Managing Director

DANISH MARY
(A Bloody Mary gone Danish)
3 oz.tomato juice
juice of 1/2 lime
Dash celery salt
1 1/4 oz. imported
Aalborg Akvavit
Stir with ice until cold.
Pour into 6 oz. glass
Enjoy!
Munson G. Shaw Co., N. Y. 86 Proof, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · OPEN SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N. Y. C. · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION
FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
13 E. 55TH, N. Y. C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN
24 W. 55TH, N. Y. C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
PAVILION
JU 6-5950

twenty pages later by a well-to-do white Georgia farmer:

> I grew up in this country with colored people and I worked side-by-side with them all through the big depression and right up to the time I retired a few years ago. You just can't know the Negroes like I've done for a lifetime and not treat them like you would anybody else. Not after you think about how you used to open up your dinner-pails together out there in a mean piece of newground or a blistering cotton patch and eat side-by-side with them in the shade of a persimmon tree at noon-time and listen to them tell you their troubles one minute and then tell a real funny story about something the next. And not after all the times when I've been too sick to get out of bed to feed my stock and have some of them come around to help out without being asked and then not take a dime for the favor they did. If you can't get along in the world with people like that, you've got a mighty sorry excuse for living yourself.

Then the farmer broods about the present: "No matter what the law says, it's going to take time. Make no mistake about it. There're plenty of white people in the cities who call themselves nigger-haters just like some do in the small towns, and they're the kind who'll find a way to make a lot of trouble for Negroes no matter what the civil-rights law says. People who shoot doves out of season and bootleg liquor and steal gasoline from the state highway department won't pay much attention to the civil-rights law."

A white real-estate man in Demopolis, Alabama, unwittingly replies to the Georgia farmer forty pages later. His reasoning, unshakable and schizoid, rivals that of the South Carolina shopowner:

> Now you take this thing about us wanting to keep the colored out of motels and restaurants. There's a good sanitary reason for that. White people don't want to eat out of the same dishes they eat out of and we don't want to sleep in the same bed one of them slept in. That's the whole simple story. It's all right for them to cook for us and nurse white babies, but that's something we need them to do.

By now, Caldwell's counterpoint is swinging hard, and after noble depositions from the Negro professor and the Negro truckdriver we hear from a retired Negro millworker who runs a tiny store in Jackson, Alabama. He describes how he helped his three younger brothers through Tuskegee and how they moved north to become the principal of a Connecticut school, a professor in Pennsylvania, and a pastor in Michigan. His resignation and wisdom are that of a lifer:

> I know my color and I'm proud to stay with it and be what I am. Some of my grandchildren have got a lot lighter color

Thomas Baird
NICE TRY
"A grand mixture of savage satire and lunatic farce about the world of contemporary art and its pretenses, frauds, conspiracies, fashions, feuds. . . . *Nice Try* is wickedly entertaining, wildly absurd . . . must be read."—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N.Y. Times*
$4.95
Photo by Jim Theologos

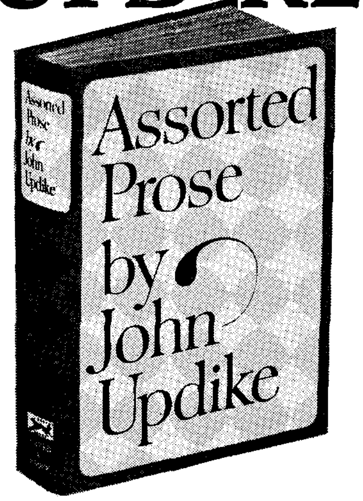
Ernle Bradford
THE WIND COMMANDS ME
A Life of Sir Francis Drake
A veteran sailor blends history, biography and maritime adventure in this rousing biography of the legendary English hero. "The one-man challenge to the mighty Spanish Empire acquires a new impudent brilliance." — *London Evening Standard*
$4.95

Mary Durant
AN END TO PATIENCE
A philandering ski instructor, three lively, lonely females, a young matron with an urge to murder her husband, and a restless prep school master cavort in this witty, civilized comedy about life and love. "Smoothly articulated diversion." —MARTIN LEVIN *N.Y. Times Book Review*
$4.95
Photo by Jim Theologos

AMBROSIA AND SMALL BEER
The Record of a Correspondence between Edward Marsh and Christopher Hassall
Arranged by Christopher Hassall.
Illustrated $6.95

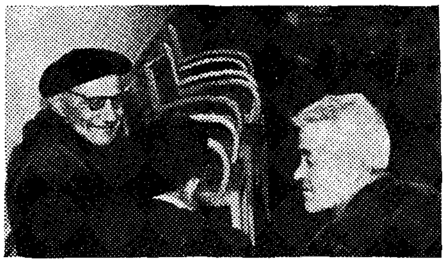
HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

UPDIKE



His first collection of non-fictional prose, written over the last ten years, ranges from early essays at parody and humor, to whimsical reportage, autobiographical first-person accounts, and a number of reviews of books by J. D. Salinger, Vladimir Nabokov, Muriel Spark, Max Beerbohm, Karl Barth, Denis de Rougemont, and others.

$5.95 • now at better bookstores
ALFRED • A • KNOPF
BORZOI BOOKS FIFTY YEARS
Much of the contents of this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker*



SUPPORT THE FOYER PABLO CASALS

THE FOYER is a center for needy old Spanish Civil War refugees in Montauban, France. It is more than a place where these lonely, forgotten people can get food and clothing packages to supplement tiny French pensions of $23 a month. It is their refuge in a cold, uncaring world.

SPANISH REFUGEE AID, headed by **Pablo Casals** and **Salvador de Madariaga,** runs the Foyer. Will you share our concern for these brave people who fought in the Civil War, survived internment camps and suffered the hardships of displaced people? The need is great. Can you help?

SPANISH REFUGEE AID
80 E. 11 St., Dept. N, NYC 10003
Here is $________for the Foyer. (Make checks payable to Spanish Refugee Aid)
Name________________
Address________________
City__________State______Zip______
Contributions are tax-deductible

> than me and my wife and the time may come when they'll go up North to pass and leave our race. That'd be all right with me. You can't expect the younger generation to keep the same old-fashioned ideas I've got.
>
> I was born and raised in the South and I've been colored for sixty-eight years. That means I've lived within my race all my life and I'm accustomed to it. And that's why you won't see me at my age getting out and demonstrating for integration and civil rights. That's something for the young people to do and I'm not going to blame them for trying to change things for the better as long as they use good common sense about the way they go at it. I'll stand behind them every step of the way as long as they do that.

We listen to a white supremacist in Laurel, Mississippi, and a young Negro sharecropper who has had extraordinary difficulties burying his father because the graveyard tax has not been paid up and because his employer refuses to have a Negro buried in his soil ("You don't know how poor poor can be till you get too poor to be buried in the ground"), and then to the Little Rock high-school student. The next monologue, spoken in a moan, comes from a sixty-six-year-old Negro sharecropper who is told to get off an Arkansas plantation because he is no longer useful:

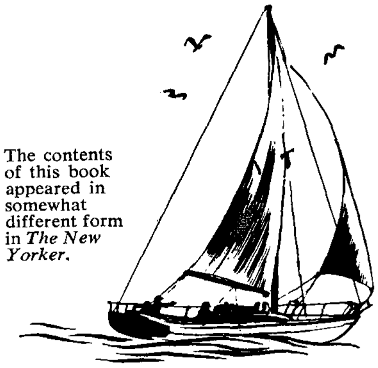
> When the white man said for me to pick up and go, I told him I didn't have a single dollar to my name to live on after that. He said that wasn't no fault of his. He said he wasn't God Almighty and didn't have nothing to do with the way things was in the world. He told me to pray about it and maybe I'd get some advice that way. I'm a religious man, but I never heard of the Good Lord telling anybody where to go to look to find money. . . .
>
> The last thing I spoke to the white man was I felt mighty sad leaving the plantation after being born on it and living and working down there on it for him and his daddy all my life since I was ten or eleven years old. That's all I could say. There wasn't nothing else I could think of to tell him that he'd be apt to listen to. . . .
>
> Then he gave me ten dollars of his own money out of his pocket and walked off. He walked off so quick I never got a chance to thank him. . . .

The moan gives way to maniacal shouting when a wealthy white Arkansas farmer tells how easy it was to get rid of *his* Negroes:

> I bulldozed some of their stinking shacks and set fire to the rest of them when I stopped hiring niggers about five years ago and told them to pick up and get the hell off my land. Some of the old niggers put on a pitiful face and said they didn't have nowhere to go. I told them I didn't give a good God damn where they went and the country would be better off if they went to hell or back to Africa. You have to talk like that to

A sailor surveys America in microcosm, from City Island to Little Narragansett Bay — in an affectionate, gently astringent account of two weeks under sail on that sea of contrasts known as Long Island Sound . . .

THE INLAND SEA
by
Morton M. Hunt



The contents of this book appeared in somewhat different form in *The New Yorker.*

$3.95 at all booksellers
DOUBLEDAY

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

The killer prefers blondes!
HOMICIDE BLONDE
by Maurice Procter

Of the new Inspector Martineau novel, ROBERT M. COATES says: "Procter has done it again, and this time even more so. There is no other writer I know who can invest the routine business of detective work with so much excitement and suspense." $3.95

HOUSTON'S TRADITIONAL HOST
THE RICE HOTEL

For reservations, phone SPring 7-5080 in New York or see your travel agent.

The Lookout HOTEL

Relax-by-the-sea at superb Maine resort in its 58th year. Less than 2 hours drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, modified American Plan. Championship 18-hole putting green plus swimming pool. Exciting color folder.
The Merrills, Ogunquit, 12, Maine

niggers to get any sense through their thick black skulls.

But perhaps the best and subtlest monologue comes midway in the book, from a poor white Appalachian storeowner married to a schoolteacher who may or may not have Negro blood. He is devoted to her because she does not condescend to him, because she has taught *him*, and because he knows he is a better man for her ministrations. In an oblique way, he becomes symbolic of the white South as clay in the hands of the Negro South. Indeed, he has been shaped to the point where, in a flawless Caldwell cracker-barrel slapstick scene, he chases an important white politician out of his store when the man insults his wife.

Quite properly, Caldwell never finds Bisco. His house has long since been razed for plowland, and Caldwell is told by an aging neighbor that Bisco is married, has children, and is living in "Alabama or Mississippi or somewhere else." Bisco has survived.

THE voices in William Melvin Kelley's new novel, "A Drop of Patience" (Doubleday), are quieter and sometimes less eloquent, but they are wholly authoritative. Kelley is a Negro and he has chosen an astonishingly difficult subject—a blind Negro jazz musician whose career loosely resembles that of the alto saxophonist Charlie Parker. Blindness, race, and jazz are the sort of materials that turn well-meaning novelists into polemicists, but Kelley goes about his work calmly. He imagines himself inside his hero's blindness and he refreshingly treats his hero's music not as a sentimental banner but simply as a craft that occupies only a part of his life. Here is how he makes us *feel* what it is to be a blind Negro. Ludlow Washington, his hero, talks to his landlady not long after he has been released from a home for blind Negroes:

> There was a boy at the Home called Four-Eyes—he wore these really heavy glasses. He could see a little bit, you know.... He said the Warden and Mister Gimpy was white. So we'd ask what he meant and he'd say there was two kinds of people, white and colored, who was mostly brown, and that we was all colored because all the blind white boys was in another place because the law wouldn't let them be together with us because they was better. So we asked why they was better and he said because they was white. So we was back where we started from.... Well, I did notice that Mister Gimpy and the Warden spoke different from us. So we asked Four-Eyes if it was being white made them talk different. And he'd say, Yes, kinda. Then he'd say white folks most always had

Beginning a publishing project of major historical significance
the first volume in the
AMERICAN FORTS SERIES
planned by
Stewart H. Holbrook

GUNS AT THE FORKS
by Walter O'Meara

The story of Fort Duquesne and Fort Pitt... in the wilderness war between France and England for the ownership of a continent

FORT DUQUESNE
BUILT 1754

FORT PITT
BUILT 1759-61

What happened at the forks of the Ohio between 1750 and 1760 profoundly affected the course of world history. It sparked a terrible global conflict. It helped decide the fate of empires. And the result is that Americans speak English, not French.

This is the exciting story of two frontier forts and their part in the French and Indian Wars. It is the story of young George Washington, who twice met the French on the battlefield . . . of Edward Braddock, whose epic campaign ended in tragic defeat at the banks of the Monongahela...of a long, brutal contest for control of the strategic wedge of wilderness where Pittsburgh now stands.

Walter O'Meara—author of *The Grand Portage* and *Minnesota Gothic*—has written a compelling narrative that combines first-rate scholarship with the color and excitement of a great historical novel. An epilogue tells the story of the city of Pittsburgh, bringing GUNS AT THE FORKS up to the present. With sixteen pages of illustrations, $6.95 at your bookstore or order from Dept. 301, PRENTICE-HALL, INC.

Books now in preparation for the
AMERICAN FORTS SERIES

FORTRESS LOUISBOURG
Fairfax Downey

SUTTER'S FORT
Oscar Lewis

THE FORTS OF MACKINAC
Walter Havighurst

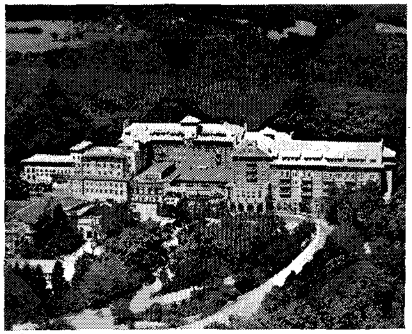
FORT LARAMIE
Remi Nadeau

FORT NIAGARA
Robert West Howard

VINCENNES
August Derleth

FORTS OF THE UPPER MISSOURI
Robert G. Athearn

THE AMERICAN FORTS SERIES
published by
PRENTICE-HALL, INC. ENGLEWOOD CLIFFS NEW JERSEY



Buck Hill
is a world of its own
...only 100 miles away

This grand resort in the Poconos offers acres and acres of vacation pleasure. And, something new has been added. It's a new wing with eighty guest rooms, enlarged dining area and an additional function lounge. Everything else is the same—golf on 27-hole championship course, tennis, lawn bowling and friendly, old-fashioned hospitality. Come for a change of pace. Only 2½ hours from New York, Philadelphia. Air charter service available.

THE INN
Buck Hill Falls
IN THE POCONOS OF PENNSYLVANIA
For reservations and information: N.Y. 30 Rockefeller Plaza,W.Circle 5-5620. Phila. — PEnnypacker 5-2433

A RINEHART SUSPENSE NOVEL

A deathbed reunion
in Ireland triggers
this chilling mystery
by an important
new suspense
novelist

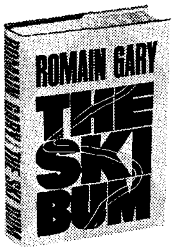
THICKER
THAN
WATER

by MADELEINE POLLAND
$3.50

HOLT, RINEHART AND WINSTON, INC.

THE SKI BUM BY ROMAIN GARY

"Snow is snow,
sex is sex
and Gary is a
storyteller" — MAURICE DOLBIER, N. Y. Herald Tribune



At all bookstores
$4.95
Harper

Second
Large
Printing

THE SKI BUM BY ROMAIN GARY

straight hair and their noses wasn't as big. But there was a boy in the next bed and I'd felt him and he had straight hair and a tiny nose where you could feel the sharp bone in it. And we'd ask Four-Eyes if [this boy] was white and he'd say, No, he was colored too, but very light in color. So then we was back at the start again.

Few men keep their careers and private lives in balance, and Washington is no exception. He becomes an original and successful musician, suffers a breakdown, scrambles for nearly a decade, and is rediscovered. Meanwhile, he marries his landlady's daughter and has a child by her, but he deserts her when she refuses to accompany him to New York from the small Southern town where he starts out. He falls in love with a white woman, but when she becomes pregnant she leaves him. *A much younger white woman falls in* love with him, but he drops her. Kelley tells us no more about Washington, and we last see him in his mid-thirties, half god, half human. He has developed a lot of scar tissue, and, like Bisco, he has survived. Kelley's characters, though, tend to spring from his ideas, rather than the other way around. If he were to press deeper into the ordinary hearts he writes of, instead of forcing them to grow on intellectual trellises, he would help us know our own hearts.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

QUADRILLE, by Frank Swinnerton (Doubleday). The scene is London, and Mr. Swinnerton collects an interesting group of secondary characters to illustrate his story of love, ambition, and revenge. Imogen Herkomer, who might have made a strong central figure, is too contradictory to be believable—the despairing fury she suffers seems impossible in a woman who has planned her career and her friendships with cold brilliance and who is already, at twenty-three, an outstanding success in London's literary circles. Others in the story are an ancient millionaire, Noble Buckingham; an aging but exceedingly vigorous Lothario, Lance Thomas; and a sweetly protected nineteen-year-old girl who is said to be a musician of genius, Laura Grace. The narration is a trifle desultory, but Mr. Swinnerton's great style and charm, and the astonishing reality of the rooms and halls he describes, give the reader the sense of having been entertained by a cheerful, generous-hearted, worldly man who knows far more

Whoo?

You!
Have a checkup
Send a check
to CANCER c/o Postmaster
AMERICAN
CANCER
SOCIETY

the finest from Mexico

TO MARK
YOUR PLACE
. . . Velvet ribbon
bookmark with
sterling silver
angel pendant.
5.00 plus fed. tax.
Add 50¢ for p.p.

THE PHOENIX
PAN AMERICAN SHOP
793 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y.
1514 Wisconsin Ave., Washington, D.C.

MUSEUMS DIRECTORY
4,956 entries • 1,040 pages • Every museum in the U.S. & Canada by location, hours, collections • Invaluable for touring • Reference for collectors, scholars • Published only by the American Association of Museums and the Smithsonian Institution • $8.00, including postage • Order from Book Department
American Association of Museums
2306 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20008

CRUISE THE MAINE COAST
THE HISTORIC SCHOONER
"STEPHEN
TABER"
Sail - Relax - Explore
on informal vacation. $125.00 weekly
all included. $100.00 in June and September. Write:
Capt. Jim Sharp, Box 561, Camden 6, Me.

about all these people and their lives than he cares to tell.

GENERAL

THE CARLYLES AT HOME, by Thea Holme (Oxford). An utterly delightful book about the Carlyles' housekeeping. In some respects, it was typical: there was trouble keeping maids (thirty-four in thirty-two years); mice and bedbugs could be controlled but not eliminated; there were professional dog stealers and a new income tax. In some respects, it was extraordinary: he demanded an impossible silence for his work, and she was—well, Jane, with two loaded pistols by her bed and a thimble inscribed "Ah, me!" The author now lives in Carlyle House. Drawings by Lynton Lamb.

BISMARCK, by Werner Richter, translated from the German by Brian Battershaw, with a foreword by F. H. Hinsley (Putnam). The author, a German historian and journalist, has a remarkable understanding of the variegated elements in Bismarck's story. He comprehends the complexities of nineteenth-century Europe in change—her statesmen, her petty frictions, and the grand conflicts between and within nations—and he also appreciates the peculiar characteristics of Bismarck's own narrow background, explaining what part of his personality was Junker and what part was pure Bismarck. He follows the often abrasive relations between Bismarck and the people he needed (such as his different royal masters). Bismarck appears to Mr. Richter not as a simple, powerful personality but as a man with nerves as well as nerve. His aim was no more than the aggrandizement of Prussia, and Mr. Richter thinks he overshot it. He destroyed all other Germanic powers and created, in the German Empire, a state that had everything to gain from permanent peace but was surrounded by too much distrust to be allowed to enjoy it. Mr. Richter's moral—that Germany was happier, greater, more peaceful, and more creative before Bismarck unified her—is too wistful to be just, but the general drift of his book, which shows how one of the ablest of leaders could not foretell, let alone control, the effects of his actions, is, for all its ruefulness, wise.

THE HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY, by Nan Fairbrother (Knopf). The pleasurable tribulations of acquiring land under the stringent conserva-

Your college dictionary is too old.

Funk & Wagnalls STANDARD® COLLEGE DICTIONARY is the newest college dictionary. It includes words, expressions, information you won't find in your present college dictionary.

It's more complete, too. Over 150,000 entries. (That's thousands more than you'll find in your old college dictionary.)

It has so much special information that it's been referred to as the "Instant Encyclopedia."

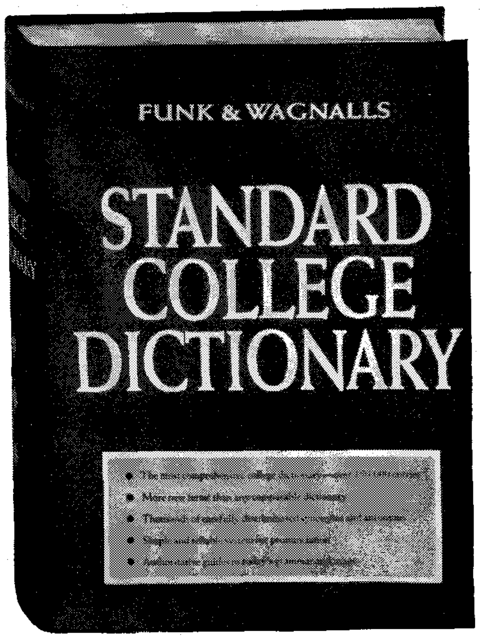
It's been acclaimed and bought by educators, colleges, and school systems all over America.

Get Funk & Wagnalls STANDARD® COLLEGE DICTIONARY.

$6.50 plain, $7.50 with thumb index.

At your bookstore.

Funk & Wagnalls Company, Inc.
360 Lexington Avenue, New York 10017.



SUBSCRIPTION
ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET • NEW YORK, N. Y. 10036

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—$8 ☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions:
Canada, Latin America and Spain—$1.00 per year;
Other foreign—$3.00 per year.)

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

____

(Please include ZIP code number)

Green for Amethyst

Emily Dickinson, the nineteenth-century New England recluse, wrote a poem about holding a jewel in her fingers, falling asleep, and waking to find it gone, leaving only "an amethyst remembrance." She was unconcerned about the value of her loss in terms of money and cared only about its value as the stuff of poetry.

Most people can't afford to be so casual about their valuables. So they're likely to take great care to keep these valuables where no burglar can steal them and where they can't simply disappear, as Emily Dickinson's jewel did. But too often they forget to provide protection for that most valuable valuable of all, money, against the subtlest thief of all, inflation, which robs money of its purchasing power.

If you have surplus cash tucked away in a strongbox somewhere, safe from burglary but not from loss of buying power, why not plant it where it has a chance to grow? Why not invest it in good common stocks and give it the opportunity of holding its own against inflation? Remember that money is the seed of money, but it must be planted in favorable soil and climate if it is to sprout and blossom and bear fruit.

Emily Dickinson may have been willing to accept "an amethyst remembrance," but why should you settle for just the memory of your money's purchasing power? A green remembrance may be better than nothing at all, but better still is a sufficiency of the green stuff itself. Agreed?

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

tionist land-use restrictions of postwar England and designing and building a house to accommodate a family of four and a modest pocketbook. Miss Fairbrother's tone is neither facetious nor solemn but straightforward, and her method is an agreeably Thoreauvian alternation of description and reflection. The latter, upon which the quality of a book of this sort entirely depends, ranges from the functional ("To removal-men are mercilessly revealed all our domestic shortcomings: the chipped cups we pushed to the back of shelves, the chair-seat we stuffed with a cushion instead of mending, the wine-stain on the carpet covered with a rug"), through the truly observant ("This house now defines this valley for everyone who comes here . . . the house has *created* the view"), to the memorable ("It is time to lay aside 'Crime and Punishment' when I find myself thinking how badly Raskolnikov would drive a car").

THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, by Samuel Eliot Morison (Oxford). A large, family-size American history, written with Morison's familiar joy in language, history, the United States, and, above all, the United States Navy. A work of scholarship and gaiety. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

NOTE: Scribners has published "Finding Them Lost and Other Poems," by Howard Moss. Many of the poems first appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "Assorted Prose," a collection of factual pieces by John Updike, most of which were originally printed in this magazine, has been published by Knopf. . . . Calvin Tomkins' Profiles of four modern artists—Marcel Duchamp, John Cage, Jean Tinguely, and Robert Rauschenberg—have been published by Viking under the title "The Bride and the Bachelors."

•

The Justice Department's brief contends that the County Commissioners' reasons for rezoning the tract were insufficient.

The Commissioners' reasons were that the apartments would be 3400 feet from the river; that Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall's opinion should carry no more weight than that of any other out-of-state citizen; and that George Washington interfered with the Piscataway Indians' view of the river when he built Mount Vernon. —*Washington Post.*

The Justice Department better wake up!

Do you have a cordless, rechargeable, electric tooth brush?
HOFFRITZ does.

SEND 12.95 PLUS 35¢ POSTAGE TO 49 E. 34 ST. OR POP BY 551 FIFTH AVE. OR ANY HOFFRITZ.

VACATION
in the cool green hills of
VERMONT
Opening June 10th
Each cottage of this lovely resort on Lake Morey has its own lake view. All sports. Planned entertainment. Families are welcome!
RATES: from $16-$25 daily per person, all meals included. Call N.Y. Res. Office, 30 Rock. Plaza W. Tel.765-2882 or write
Bonnie Oaks
LODGE AND COTTAGES
FAIRLEE, VERMONT
Your hosts, the Avery family

BOOK HUNTING?
Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. No obligation. Write:
BOOKS-ON-FILE
DEPT. NY-62 UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

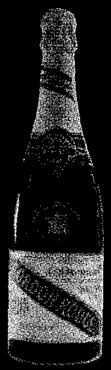
G.H. MUMM & Cie
BRUT
REIMS

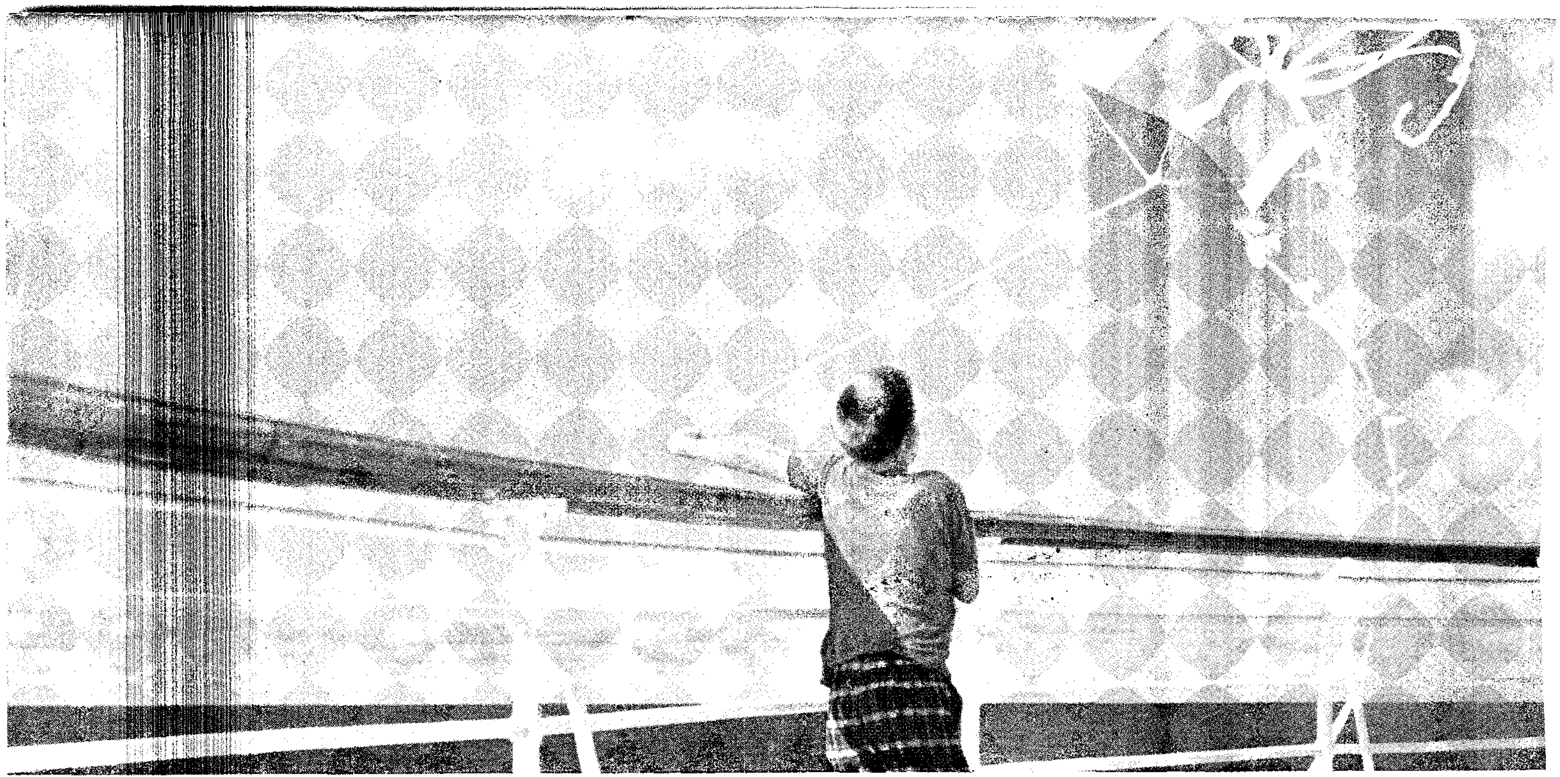
MUMM'S

THE WORD FOR CHAMPAGNE

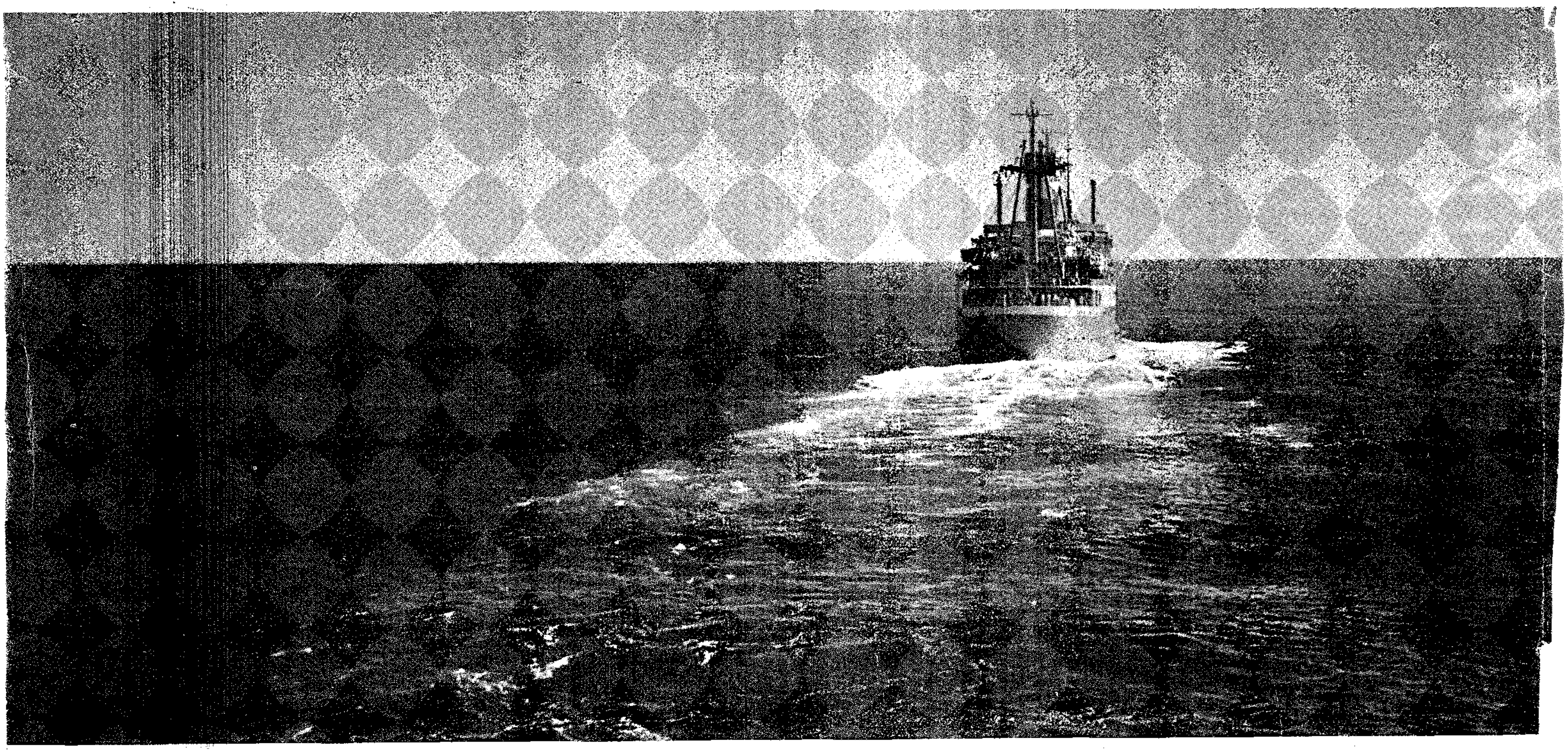
Cordon Rouge and Extra Dry · The classic champagnes of France

G. H. MUMM & CO. STE. VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE, SUCCR. · SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., N.Y.C.





Why Billy Phillips



is taking a great President Liner to the Orient

What do you do with a boy for 7,000 miles? Plenty—on board a President Liner. That's one reason the Phillips family is going by sea. He can count porpoises, watch flying fish skim the waves, maybe even sight a whale. He can play ping pong, shuffleboard and deck tennis. He can visit the bridge, go to the movies, or even fly a kite if he wants to. Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Phillips are doing one of the things *they* like best—relaxing. Their air-conditioned stateroom has a private bath, radio, telephone and 24-hour room service. They can dine every night in one of the world's great restaurants while a trained stewardess looks after Billy. They can go to parties, movies and dances. They can do as little or as much as they like, while their ship takes them to Hawaii, Japan, Hong Kong and the Philippines. If this is the kind of service you want when you travel, a great President Liner sails every two weeks from San Francisco to the Orient. First Class fares start as low as $642; Economy Class from $403. For details see your Travel Agent or American President Lines.

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

San Francisco • Los Angeles • Seattle • Portland • New York • Chicago • Washington, D.C. • Dallas • Honolulu